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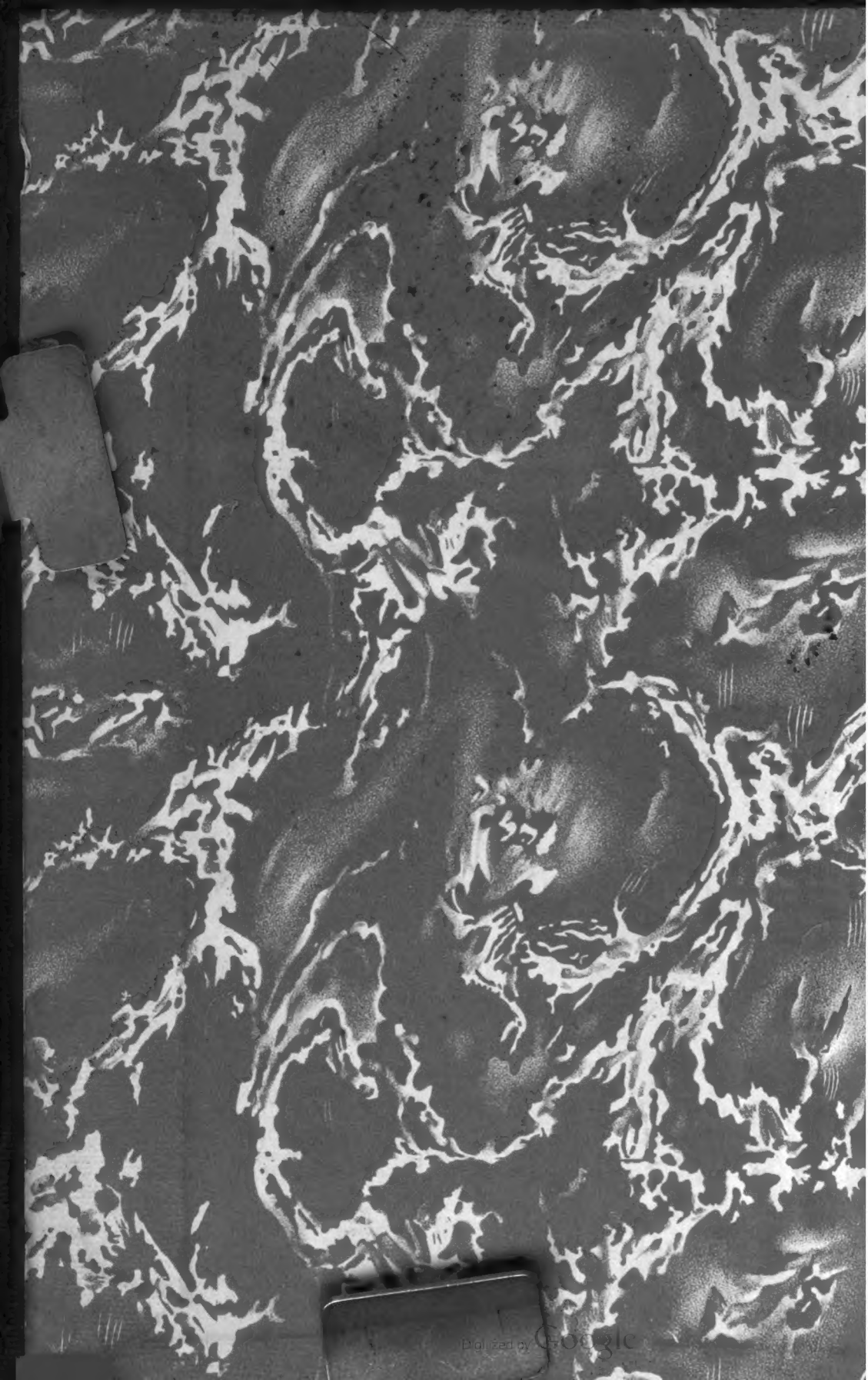
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# The American Catholic quarterly review







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THE  
AMERICAN  
CATHOLIC QUARTERLY  
REVIEW

Under the Direction of  
MOST REV. EDMOND F. PRENDERGAST, D. D.  
RIGHT REV. MGR. JAMES P. TURNER, D. D., ASSOCIATE EDITOR,

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**Donum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum  
veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive  
confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.**

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FROM JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1913.

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# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## THE NEWER GOSPEL.

THOSE who in the sixties or seventies of the last century were still young have passed through a change of spiritual and religious atmosphere as great in its own way as the change from the stage-coach to the railway period. Looking back fifty, forty or even thirty years, the difference shows when realized as enormous, and for Catholics, who alone among professing Christians can afford to recognize these facts with perfect frankness, the phenomena presented are not only of serious, but of singular and absorbing interest. For while the Catholic Church stands where she has ever stood, the world which faces her seems to have undergone a sort of kaleidoscopic transformation, and her own work, while still the same, is having to be carried out within a vastly altered medium.

Sixty, nay, fifty years since many things, now burning questions, had for the majority of even well-educated men and women no existence whatever. Protestantism had its recognized place as part of the universal scheme of things. Within it the High, the Low and the Broad parties had each their somewhat restricted standing ground, while beyond this territory there was a sort of "no-man's-land," the reputed haunt of "freethinkers" and "infidels," but within whose territory exceptionally daring spirits now and then scandalized their friends by penetrating. A survival, when we meet one, of this older order seems almost archæologic in its value, and what

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it was and how much it stood for in its working prime this only the oldest among us can recall.

But this is by no means the whole, for with the early years of the present century what was for most people a startlingly novel conception of Christianity appeared above the religious horizon and declared itself to be, in fact, neither more nor less than a new recension of the older Christian Gospel; a recension specially adapted to the changed and enlarged requirements of the modern mind.

Nearly four hundred years since now there occurred a very similar phenomenon. An "Evangelium," or "Message of Salvation," was then proclaimed by the Reformer Martin Luther, and declared by him to be a rediscovery of the true doctrine of Christ—and the Protestant Christianity which thus stepped into being drew to itself on a variety of counts so large a following as to split European Christendom into two hostile camps.

Is there any connection between these two Gospels? Are the attractions they offer in any degree the same?

Neo-Christianity, the Christianity of the "modern mind," says "yes" here, for though it affects to be as much Neo-Catholic as Neo-Protestant, it is the work begun, but not finished, by the Protestantism of the sixteenth century that it more particularly claims to be now carrying out. It is into the meaning of this claim that I here propose to examine.

Taking the "Gospel" of the sixteenth century to begin with—e. g., that special belief—in which, as Luther tells us, he himself found "a wide and unbarred door through which to enter Paradise"—what was it, and where lay its essential difference from the "Gospel" of the Catholic Church?

To this question obviously there would be no lack of answers. It might be described as "more spiritual," as "more Scriptural," as "making no account of human righteousness," as trusting not in "creature mediators," but only in the "finished work of Christ;" or again, from another point of view, as a "religion of sturdy common-sense," or of "freedom," or of "broadminded tolerance," or of "free inquiry," or else as a religion not of priestly tyranny, but of spiritual equality.

On examining what these kind of definitions come to, however, none of them, we shall find, go much beneath the surface, or touch the true root of the matter, this being comprised altogether in the fact that while Christianity in its Catholic interpretation rests upon one metaphysical basis, Christianity in its Protestant interpretation rests upon another—Modernism or Neo-Christianity taking its stand here, quite uncompromisingly, not with Catholicism, but with Protestantism.

How are we to locate the difference which thus has to be reckoned with?

There is no religious problem, no problem, that is to say, connected with the "why," the "whence" and the "whither" of man as a rational, self-conscious being, whose solution does not (at least tacitly) force on us, one or other, of two mutually exclusive assumptions; we are obliged, that is to say, before we can get any further, to postulate one or the other of two quite different relationships, as existing between ourselves and the final or Absolute Cause (whatever this may be) which brought us into being.

The assumption that all things stand in a necessary connection with some sort of first or final cause is a fundamental one, or, at any rate, it is one from which the mind cannot really escape, but, this once granted, a genuine choice of alternatives opens before us. For we may figure all things, ourselves included, either as having been created *by* this First Cause, or else as having been emanated or extended *from* it; and it is according as the mind finds its rest in one of these solutions or the other that its outlook becomes, speaking philosophically, that either of *Dualism* or of *Monism*, or, speaking religiously, that either of *Theism* or of *Pantheism*.

Of the two groups thus formed, Catholic Christianity belongs to the first, and Christianity which is Protestant or Modernist to the second. For convenience they may be distinguished as the "Two-will" and the "One-will" groups, and, practically speaking, the main difference between them lies in the attitude assumed by each towards the cardinal question of man's moral freedom.

Now, both Theism and Pantheism are able, at least theoretically, to exist as purely speculative opinions; but should either of them be called on to undertake the part of a "religion"—e. g., to offer any explanation which the general mind can receive of the problems of human life, or to furnish any even seemingly intelligible motives for human action, then for each some concrete means of expression becomes necessary; in the case of Theism because, without a mouth-piece, its utterances, however peremptory, would remain inarticulate, and in the case of Pantheism because this in its abstract condition has nothing of any particular moment to say at all.

Abstract Theism, however, and abstract Pantheism, in entering on the concrete state, do so under unequal conditions, theism bringing with it a capacity which in pantheism is lacking. For while abstract Theism, in face of the problem of evil, is able to point to this as at least connected in some way with an abuse of moral freedom, to Pantheism, in its abstract state, no such resource is open. For viewing as this does all things as manifestations of a single Essence, it is impossible that good and evil should be



anything more than names to it, and it can suggest no answer for those questions as to the purport of human life and the meaning of sin and suffering on which it is the special function of religion to throw some sort of light.

In taking on itself the religious office, therefore, pantheism labors under an initial drawback from which theism is altogether free, and it is in consequence of this disability on the part of *abstract* pantheism that all *concrete* pantheisms, however much they may otherwise differ among themselves, have come to exhibit one particular feature in common; for all of them, in becoming concrete, have found it necessary to become (after a fashion of their own) dual likewise; dual, however, not like theism, with the absolute and irreducible dualism of Creator and Creature, but with a dualism which is arbitrary and relative, and which, by locating good and evil in previously fixed conditions, gains, at least apparently, the power of discriminating between them, and this without at the same time forfeiting anything of the "group quality" of determinism.

In all concrete pantheisms or "Working Monisms," accordingly, one variety or another of this "spurious" or deterministic dualism is to be found, and whatever shape it may take—whether of "Spirit and Matter," "Essence and Will," "The Old and the New Adam," "Divine and Human" or "Human and Sub-human"—its function is always the same—that, namely, of providing a means whereby "good" and "evil" action may be set down to the working of separate and (in some sort at least) hostile powers.

The title of Protestantism to a place within the "One-will" or "deterministic" group is what we must now examine.

Protestant Christianity, from its infancy, has claimed, and claimed truly, to be in possession of a distinct "message" of its own. Through this it says something to human nature which Catholic Christianity does not say and to which human nature is often well inclined to listen; and if we wish to learn what this message really is and where its specific attraction lies, we cannot do better than follow the uniquely interesting process through which the cardinal doctrine of Protestantism—the doctrine of "justification by faith only"—came to be worked out in the mind of Martin Luther himself.

The common portraits of Luther, whether by friendly or unfriendly hands, are, taken as a whole, singularly unconvincing performances; indeed, they may be described without exaggeration as a sort of polemical "posters." The genial God-fearing Evangelist, held up to admiration on the one hand, would have been no more likely than the blatant beer-swilling stump orator, pilloried on the other, either to have experienced the Reformer's spiritual torments

or to have fled for refuge from them to the recondite theory which he finally thought out; and had it not been for the record left by him of experiences, wherein his own extraordinary mentality is reflected, the key to what he called his "Gospel" *par excellence* must have remained to a great extent, if not altogether, missing.

Luther is often represented by Protestant biographers as having remained, up to the time of his "conversion," an excellent, nay, even a super-excellent Catholic, but if his own account of himself is to be taken seriously, this was anything but the case, for even the most elementary acquaintance with the theology of the Roman Church as to "merit" and "good works" is enough to show the Reformer's earlier views on these points as no more orthodox than his later ones.

Taking his own evidence here simply as it stands, he seems, when he first entered religion, to have viewed man as possessed of an independent power in no way the result of any divinely given grace, by which he might propitiate God for his sins and extort from Him eternal salvation. God Himself figures for him as a hard Master and Lawgiver, reaping where he had not sown, gathering where he had not strewed and looking out for any pretext on which to overwhelm his vassals with his wrath. In the saints, as having themselves successfully stormed the gates of Paradise, he beheld screens between himself and a merciless Judge; in the sacraments, charms for turning aside Divine vengeance, and in good works and mortification the means of running up a counter bill of credit, through which he might cancel or diminish the debt he owed to heaven. "A Papist of the Papists," a "most presumptuous saint," seeking to appease God's anger by his own works and his own righteousness, is the description he applies to himself at this time.

Entering the cloister with, to all appearances, no vocation and in pursuance only of a vow made in sudden terror, precisely what in such a case might be expected to happen did happen. The restraints of the rule before long became intolerably galling, and with no will to observe, while fearing to disregard them, he alternated between fits of complete negligence and of self-imposed and almost suicidal austerity. His spiritual safety depending, to his imagination, altogether on such puny defenses against Omnipotence as he could himself contrive to rear, he was forever impelled to be testing the quality of his work, and an exuberant growth of scrupulosity was the result. The sacrament of penance brought him no consolation, because he could never satisfy himself that his own part in it had been sufficiently carried out. The words of his novice master and of his confessor fell on deaf ears, when, as was often

the case, these exhorted him to think less of his own sins and more of the mercy of God and to see the Divine purpose towards himself as exhibited in the wounds of Christ. Again and again, on the contrary, he returned to weigh his own deeds in the balance, but only to find them still more wanting; fear magnified every flaw and invented what it did not find, and he seemed to see himself exposed, naked and helpless, in the presence of impending doom.

"Following on my false confidence in my own righteousness," he says of himself, "came doubt, despair, fear, hate and blasphemy. I was such an enemy of Christ that when I saw His picture or His image as He hung upon the Cross, I turned away mine eyes and would sooner have seen the devil." The words St. Paul uses in speaking of the Gospel, viz.: "that therein is the righteousness (or 'justice') of God revealed," especially seemed to him as if fraught with a sinister significance. "Though I lived as a holy and irreproachable monk," he says, "I felt myself before God no less a sinner and could have no confidence that I had appeased Him with my satisfactions. Therefore I did not love—nay, I hated—this just and angry God. 'As if,' I said, 'it were not enough that sinners, miserable and ruined by original sin, should be crushed with all kinds of calamity by the Law and the Decalogue: but that God in the Gospel must needs add grief to grief and by the Gospel itself inflict further on us His justice and His anger.'"

It was Luther's idea of "good works" and "merits," as constituting a sort of legal tender—a *quid pro quo*—which their possessor might offer in his own behalf to heaven, that kept him for a long time engaged in this sort of defiant struggle; but when no enduring conviction ever followed that he had successfully removed himself beyond the reach of Divine vengeance, a process of change gradually set in which led not merely to the collapse of his earlier persuasion, but to the substitution for it of another, its exact opposite. For in the wake of his angry despair at feeling he had never done enough the suspicion at last intruded that if the truth were but known he had been all along really disqualified for doing anything at all; that the Almighty had in fact been playing a sorry game with him, first setting him, as it were, to make ropes of sand and then leaving him to take the consequences of failure.

For a time his mind seems to have worked doggedly at the problem thus raised. This "School of the Law," what was it, which according to his own experience could do so little? And the conclusion by and by shaped itself that the real purpose of God in giving commandments to men was not that men should keep these, but that they should learn, as he himself had learned, that to keep them was impossible.

This was the "slough of despond" into which his earlier creed plunged him, and it was out of this that the gleam rose which later on steadied itself into what grew to be his beacon light. If poor humanity was really as incapable, as he now saw it, of meriting Divine favor, might it not be—such was the idea which next suggested itself, that in this very impotence security might lie? If a man, that is to say, was powerless to save himself by his own works, might he not for this very reason trust that God would save him without his own coöperation?

An ecstasy of hope, proportionate to his earlier despair, seemed to seize him, and turning with renewed courage to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, an interpretation came to his assistance, which while robbing its most dreaded passages of their terror, contained, though he did not then recognize this, the germ of a theological revolution; for the conclusion he shortly reached was the momentous one that the "righteousness or justice of God," the thought of which had been used to haunt him like a nightmare, was not God's *righteousness in punishing sinners* at all, but simply the "righteousness of Christ," which, while remaining external to the sinner, is yet freely imputed to him, and in consideration of which alone God accounts him righteous and admits him to eternal life.

Thenceforth, Luther said, the meaning of the whole Divine Word became clear to him. The Scriptures, which had hitherto bristled with threats of vengeance, now glowed with promises of indemnity, and he felt himself to have been altogether born anew and to have found a wide and unbarred door through which to enter Paradise.

This, then, was the "good news," the "message of salvation," the "Gospel of Gospels" which Luther had at once accepted as coming to him straight from heaven. The rock on which it was founded was man's impotence except for evil, and its consolation to the sinner lay in the assurance that, since he could do nothing towards his own salvation, he might safely rely on God to do all things.

In its bearings on the history of Protestantism the conception which here meets us is of primary importance; and the two points which we should here note in regard to it are:

- (1) Its close relation to what is sometimes called the "just as I am" theology, and
- (2) Its specific determinism.

For the birth of the notion "safety in impotence" the ultra-morbid psychology of the Reformer himself accounts; but for its earliest theological setting this was supplied to it by a school of Mystical Pantheism, which was carrying on in Germany at that period a sort of parasitic existence within the Catholic Church.

Luther seems, soon after his conversion, to have fallen under the

influence of the "Friends of God," as the members of this school called themselves, and when in 1516 a small Latin book, called by Dr. Döllinger their "catechism,"<sup>1</sup> was republished in German, he wrote a preface to it, in which he describes it as "having taught him more than aught else of "God, Christ, man and all things."

That God is all and all that is not God an "evil nothingness" is the leading idea set forth here. The human individual is represented as made up of two things—the *being* which is in essence divine and the *will* or *self* (these two being identified), which is "nothing" and "evil." Man sins consequently, not when he *misuses* his will, but when he *uses it at all*; and he does his duty conversely, not (as according to the Catholic Church) by acting in conformity with the will of God, but by passively yielding to the action of the divine *force* (e. g., the divine *being* or *essence*) within him. Man's deliverance from the domain of evil, showing itself therefore as a consequence, not of the purification of the human will, but of its elimination or paralysis, this, and this only, being assumed as necessary in order to allow the higher or divine element to assert itself.

In the antithesis which here meets us of "Divine Essence" and "human will" we have a sample case of the "determinist" or "spurious" dualism already spoken of. With the truest perception of its suitability, Luther grafted his own doctrine of Justification on the stock thus furnished; and as an outcome of the combination we have the "Wittenburg Theology," or the *essential Gospel of the Reformation*, in its earliest and at the same time its most sublimated form.

The extent to which Luther had adopted the system of the Pantheistic mystics is shown clearly enough by such propositions as the following, all of which were maintained by him, either in the pulpit or in public disputations, during his theological professorship at Wittenburg:

(a) The just sin necessarily, even in their best actions.

(b) Man, since he became an "evil tree," neither can nor will do anything but evil.

(c) The will cannot choose between two lines of action, for it is not free, but captive. Man has not the power, Luther says, referring to this last point, of having, "as is vainly babbled among the pulpits of Christendom, a *good* will, a *good* intention or of making a *good* resolution." "Where there is no will," he adds (practically summing up the whole contention), "there is the will of God, which is best of all."

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<sup>1</sup> "Theologia Germanica," translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth.

Propositions such as these cut at the root of man's duty to God, to himself and to his neighbor in its Catholic acceptance; but owing to the fact that Luther had, to begin with, located the quality of impotence in the *will* only, and not (as he afterwards found himself obliged to do), in the *entire human entity*, room was still left for a note of austerity which afterwards disappeared, and a kind of thorny screen wove itself round the cradle of the new theology, which for many people, and notably for Luther himself, kept its real drift very much in the background.

An antagonism so deep, however, only waited occasion to manifest itself, and such an occasion was, as it happened, supplied in the first instance by the Catholic doctrine of indulgences—a doctrine which, apart from the Catholic recognition of human free will, is destitute of any intelligible meaning whatever.

The history of the Protestant Gospel as a fighting force opens with Luther's campaign against Tetzl and culminates (so far as its primary effects are concerned) in its rejection of the Catholic doctrine of the sacraments and the conversion of these from *vehicles of sanctifying grace* to mere reiterated *pledges of indemnity*.

That Protestantism scored at least one victory in the struggle of the sixteenth century may be freely admitted, for wherever it really "took hold" it obliterated, with a surprising thoroughness, the idea of man's duty to God as something with whose neglect or discharge spiritual consequences of some sort are unavoidably connected, and it was in fact the very magnitude of its success here which brought it face to face with the first great crisis of its life history.

As often happens with movements which are partly popular, as being "agin the government," "knocking down" in the case of Protestantism had turned out extremely easy, and it was not until the question of rebuilding became importunate that its real troubles began.

Luther's early optimism had made him prodigal of "Gospel liberties," but these had by no means borne their expected fruits. His own theory was, that so long as one did not feel obliged to do a thing, one would be quite ready to do it; but, in the case of the multitude, this had proved fallacious. But few of the converts had shown themselves moved to keep the law by the assurance that they might safely break it, while through the privileges bestowed on the faithful in general, in the matter of Scriptural exegesis, doctrine and discipline had been alike cast into the melting pot. The balance which the Catholic Church holds between faith and reason had been upset, and Reformed Christianity stood stripped, by its own hands, of any means of restoring it: for setting reason aside,

it could do no more than maintain an arbitrary dogmatism or nourish a subjective spirituality; while allowing reason free scope, it would, as it was well aware, soon find its own hands bound and its house despoiled.

But the need it had itself created was an urgent one; so urgent that something—almost anything—had to be done to meet it. Tyranny or no tyranny, a law of some sort had to be reërected; filthy rags though it might be, a certain modicum of human righteousness could not be done without; in short, the time came when the Gospel of the Reformation found itself so far compelled to bow to the necessities of the hour as to place some of its chief jewels in pawn to avoid bankruptcy.

"Assurance," "Inwardness," "Liberty," had to suffer some degree of eclipse. "Good works," chiefly through the ingenuity of Calvin, became reinvested with a certain face value, as "inseparable tokens" of previous election. The inner kernel of the Gospel, in short, passed, as a biologist might say, into a sort of "resting" stage, becoming encrusted within an exterior husk of "Creeds," "Articles," "Confessions" and "Catechisms."

In essence a "Religion of the Spirit," Protestant Christianity assumed under compulsion some of the trappings and played, as far as might be, the part of a "Religion of Authority;" and it is from this stultification of its higher aims, this falsification of its inner nature, that the Modernism of our own day is now anxious to deliver it.

There are two tendencies which, present from the first within Protestantism, have throughout its history never ceased to be more or less active. These are (a) the *Evangelical* tendency, or tendency of the mind to seek emotional solace in the idea of a Divine energy, working *within*, but not *with* man, to sanctification; and (b) the *rationalizing* tendency or tendency of the intellect to claim complete freedom from control and to exalt itself as the sole measure of all things.

Working more or less continuously within the limits of orthodox Protestantism, both the one and the other have from time to time made rifts in its dogmatic fabric, and, in their future development, have so far acted upon each other as to lead in the event to something of an understanding between them, the whole external world of objective fact being in the terms of this made over to reason and intellect, while faith in the "religious sense" appropriates for its share "the Kingdom of the Spirit."

Thus was born Modernism, with its claim to be a "transformed" Christianity; and in offering now to Protestantism a new and widely extended Gospel Liberty, it is but offering to lead it out of the same

house of bondage from which it has already made its own escape. Its cry, like that of the old woman in the "Arabian Nights," is "New Lamps for Old," and its promise that under the illumination these bring neither the most modern thought, nor the most advanced science, nor the highest criticism shall be able any more to injure the integrity of the Christian's faith; nay, further—that the very differences which now separate believers shall all shrink to nothing beneath a wider synthesis.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in a novel published not very long since, "The Case of Richard Meynell," has given us, together with a forecast as to the possible methods of a Modernist Crusade, a presentment of the Modernist point of view, which makes the book very instructive reading; and as she is not only a fervent sympathizer with the cause in the present, but has been for many years one of its most staunch protagonists, her witness cannot be questioned as a hostile one.

It is nearly thirty years ago now that Mrs. Ward first came prominently before the public as the author of "Robert Elsmere;" and "Robert Elsmere" was the first of a series of "novels with a purpose" which culminated, a little over a year since, in "The Case of Richard Meynell." Following each other at considerable intervals, "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve" and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," each reflects a stage in the movement which was all the time going forward in the direction of the Modernist ideal; while in "The Case of Richard Meynell" we have this depicted as fully fledged and in working, or rather "fighting," order.

The first and the last of these volumes stand, as the writer herself tells us, in a definite relation to one another, the different action taken by Elsmere and Meynell, under very similar circumstances, being made to serve as an index to the change, undergone by the *Zeitgeist* between the earlier and later periods.

The three earlier books, taken in order of time, furnish a very interesting study in connection with the present subject. What we find exhibited in "Robert Elsmere" is the loss of hold on the supernatural element in Christianity, sustained by a religious mind, under the blows of scientific materialism, and also in addition to this a rather tentative adumbration as to some possible method of recovery.

In "David Grieve" a further step is taken in the same direction, this time by the hero's frank acceptance of an Ideal Monism. In "Robert Elsmere" the Catholic Church scarcely appears at all. In "David Grieve" we get a fugitive glimpse of it, bracketed with Ritualism, only as "rather more so." But in "Helbeck of Bannisdale" we have what in the writer's intention is a stand-up three-



cornered fight, the combatants being the Catholic Church, represented with much cleverness as it appears to many outsiders: "Modern Enlightenment" of the purely scientific order, and—destined to succeed where both the others fail—"Reconceived Christianity"—the "Church of the Free Mind"—in which the risen spiritual nature of the man of to-day may look to walk, no longer stooping, but upright, no longer a servant, but a son; delivered from the crushing burden of the sense of sin, of abjection, of humiliation, which the old religions of fear and of the law had laid on the childhood of a race, now outgrowing its earlier needs.

In "Helbeck of Bannisdale" the vision was pictured as one shortly to be realized; but in "The Case of Richard Meynell" it is represented as even now with us—the book, in fact, carrying something of a suggestion of having been meant as a sort of "trumpet call" to the Modernist contingent within the Church of England.

Richard Meynell, who plays the part of *choræagus* here, had been more fortunate than Robert Elsmere in coming into the world of thought some twenty years later. The difference being that while Elsmere's beliefs were pulverized beyond repair by the smashing blows of the terrible "Squire Wendover," Meynell, just as his earlier faith was collapsing under pressure of "typical modern problems," sees the vision of the "New House of God" rise before him, and experiences at the same moment a "crystallization of doubt" and "the passion of a freed faith."

Meynell, when we meet him, is an active leader of the Modernist Cause, and this, we are given to understand, is represented in the Church of England by a "minority" sufficiently powerful to "dare" the authorities to meddle with them.

To provide a test case, therefore, a new Liturgy of a Neo-Christian character has been put together, and its introduction into their own churches determined on by the modernist clergy.

Of a preliminary experiment by Meynell in this direction we have an enthusiastic account. On this occasion some things were left out and some put in. The Lord's Prayer was said once only. Some of the Psalms were omitted, "the rector explaining from the chancel steps that they were not fit to be read in a Christian church." Several of the commandments (we are not told which) were also set aside; but to make amends, the Beatitudes were chanted. The Apostles' and Nicene Creeds supplied the text of the sermon, and here much "fascinating" information was apparently given, as to their great value, as expressions of an outworn Christian consciousness, while in conclusion the congregation were told that if they themselves were only now "faithful," "another Christian creed" "would flower out of their lives and souls," just as the older one

had done out of the lives and souls of an age now passing away. A Communion service followed, with "lights," "flowers," "music," with everything "symbolic," "mystic," "poetic," with all the "magic," the "mystery" of Catholicism; the one difference here being apparently that there did not seem much to make mysteries about, as no particular belief appeared to be expected from anybody about anything.

Of the regular Liturgy, by means of which later on "Militant Modernism" threw down its glove to the Anglican episcopate, we have also some particulars—of a sort, however, which, though fervently given, seem scarcely in themselves impressive.

People, we are told, find they can now attend divine service without being distressed by scandalous mistranslations, cursing psalms and "old semitic nonsense about God resting on the seventh day." The marriage service has undergone a certain amount of expurgation to suit modern ideas; "a few new prayers of great beauty" being introduced instead of the "ugly primitive legend" of Adam's rib.

Mourners, it is true, have no longer the fallacious consolation of the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" but, then, though the arguments in St. Paul's great chapter are dead, its "cries of poetry and faith are immortal;" and these, apparently, give a new and thrilling impression when heard apart from their context.

Under the touch of Neo-Christianity religion thus shows itself as a thing primarily of imagination and emotion, and we require in fact only to enter into the Modernist theory to see that this could not be otherwise. For the "religious sense," as Modernism understands it, is held as apart from all other senses; as being in fact the "sense experience" of an interior upwelling of divine force—an "experience" which, shadowing itself on the screen of consciousness, produces just those subjective images which traditional Christianity has exteriorized and translated into objective religious beliefs.

A point on which Modernism lays a vast deal of stress in connection with its own advantages is the "security" acquired by the faith of the Christian from the exaltation of this to a wholly spiritual plane.

For let Christianity as a religion, it is implied, still remain entangled with material happenings, and how can its professors ever know a moment's peace? Modern enlightenment will be always ready to pounce on them like the wicked Squire Wendover on poor Robert Elsmere. The "critic" will have only to show that the "mind of the first century" knew too little about the probable to be capable of witnessing credibly to the improbable; and there will be then

nothing to prevent him from making any hay he pleases of what used to be called "Christian evidence." But once let dogmas be changed to symbols and the office of an "historical Christ" transferred to an "eternal Christ-spirit," and at a faith so founded there will be no one who can ever shake a finger; a treasure such as this can indeed be safely garnered!

Meynell is particularly strong on this point, and his treatment of the subject of the Resurrection is a good sample of the Modernist "transformation method" as applied to historical Christianity.

"These Resurrection stories," he is represented as having said, in a volume of published sermons, "have for our own days mainly a symbolic—perhaps one might call it a sacramental importance. They (the stories) are an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual mystery. As a simple matter of fact, the continuous life of the Spirit of Christ in mankind began with the death of Jesus of Nazareth. The Resurrection beliefs, so far as one can see, were the natural means by which that Life was secured."

But how is Protestant Christianity to be raised to this higher level? Are the points which Protestantism and Modernism possess in common of a sort to make the task of thus raising it an easy one? Both, as already pointed out, are in essence religions not of "authority," but "of the Spirit," and both are quite agreed in attributing the sustenance of the spiritual side of human life altogether to the interior workings of a special form of divine energy.

Here, however—and this is in truth their only radical point of difference—Protestantism and Modernism join issue. For the "energy" thus postulated, and which, in the eyes of Protestantism, is that of a Personal God and Saviour, represents for Modernism the action of a universal, impersonal "Christ-Spirit," and thus arises, as to what sort of pressure has been or is likely to be most effective in inducing Protestantism to take what is in fact the one step needful to bring it into line with Modernism.

Its own history exhibits Modernism as the output in the near past of a spirit of destructive criticism, acting on the subjective illuminism inherent in Lutheran Protestantism, the products of these being "fluxed," as one might say, by a philosophy which recognizes no truth other than what is relative.

For resistance to combined forces of this description Protestantism is very ill adapted, since whether in its proper quality of a "religion of the Spirit," or, to use Sabatier's phrase, as "an inconsequent and acephalous Catholicism," it has enemies within its own gates. Thus, for instance, the saying that "religion is purely spiritual" is among its most cherished aphorisms, and the notion of a "spiritual Christ," therefore, seems naturally to bring its welcome with it, while, on

the other hand, no claim that Protestantism can make on its own behalf to the *status* of a "religion of authority" needs more than pressing home in order to show as fantastic.

Such being its case, then, let the "higher critic" tell it on the one side that "the Jesus of history" was a dreamer and enthusiast, over whom the grave closed as over his fellow-men; and Modernism, with its "faith venture," reassure it on the other by letting it know that this same Spirit which uniquely animated Jesus during life has since His death lived on with an increased intensity in mankind, and in proportion as these ideas bite home, Protestantism will find itself unable to repel them. Hardly consciously the image of the Personal Saviour will begin to yield before that of the "eternal Christ-Spirit," while the continued reference to the latter as the "Man from Heaven," the "New Adam," etc., will help to throw a veil, at least for the time being, over the full import of the change.

Persons to whom the Modernist appeal is a strong one are eager to represent the "old wine" of Christianity as having lost nothing of its essential quality through its transference to new bottles.

"We deny nothing," says one of these, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, "that Christian devotion has ever affirmed" (of Christ) "but we affirm the same things of humanity as a whole, though in a differing degree. . . . Our view of the subject does not belittle Jesus, but it exalts human nature; . . . Jesus was God, so are we . . . Jesus expressed fully and completely, so far as a finite consciousness ever could, that aspect of the nature of God which we have called the "Eternal Son," or "Christ" or the "Ideal Man," and we too are expressions of the same primordial being."

Meynell, speaking for Mrs. Ward, delivers himself in much the same vein: "The Christ who thus speaks to you and me, my brethren, is no longer a 'man-made God'—a 'God-made man.' Those categories of thought for us are past.<sup>2</sup> But neither is He merely the Crucified Galilean, the Messianic Prophet of the first century. For by a mysterious and mighty destiny, unique at least in degree, that life and death have become Spirit and Idea. The Power behind the veil, the Spirit from whom issues the world, has made of them a lyre, enchanted and immortal, through which He breathes His music into men . . . and as we listen to it to-day, expressed through the harmonies of that thought which is ourselves . . . we are listening . . . as the Disciples listened in Nazareth, to the God within us, the very God who was 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.'"

"To the poor the Gospel is preached," our Lord said. Was it this sort of Gospel? Was it anything even remotely related to this?

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<sup>2</sup> "Case of Richard Meynell," p. 542.

However, Modernism tells us, this is the "Christianity of the Future," and is really come to stay; and if so, we may at least ask what it is going to bring us in exchange for what it will certainly do away with.

As to one benefit that may be expected, Mrs. Ward, writing some years since,\* said what was very much to our present purpose:

"It is the personal abjection of Catholicism," this passage runs (and the same thing is true of all theisms) "which jars upon us most and divides it most deeply from the Modern Spirit," and in the mental attitude thus exhibited the signal attraction of Neo-Christianity is exhibited also. Catholicism "jars" upon the "Modern Spirit." Why? Because it asserts, as every theism must assert, a right of absolute sovereignty on the part of God and a debt of absolute obedience on the part of man; and Neo-Christianity does not so jar, because, though the identification it effects, between the "truly human" element in man and a "universal divine force," this right and this debt are both extinguished together.

"The fear of the Lord," we used to be told, is at least "the *beginning* of wisdom." There is, at any rate, not much room for it here; and the optimism, it may be safely said, will be a hardy one which can look forward complacently to a future for mankind in which, whether as an incentive or a restraint, such fear shall have entirely ceased to operate.

The New Theology is much given to reproving the Old Theology for failing to "honestly face facts." It might do worse than occasionally follow its own advice.

"Things that are different can never be the same," to quote a trite saying. "Traditional" or "historic" Christianity (even as crystallized within non-Catholic formulæ) is a theism; Neo-Christianity, whether its exponents like the name or not, is a pantheism.

In regard to difference of inherent properties, the two stand related to one another something as an ellipse to a circle. The demands they make severally of human nature are altogether diverse. Always laboriously, often painfully, the moulding of the will of man to the will of God is what is called for by the one, while the other asks nothing, can ask nothing, except that a "Something" which it calls "the divine will or purpose in each of us" shall be simply given the rein. The difference is not one of degree. It is a difference in kind.

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\* "Helbeck of Bannesdale."

## STATE INTERFERENCE IN THE ELECTION OF BISHOPS.

THERE are few intelligent Catholics who have not heard or read something of the serious deadlock which exists at the present moment in Italy with regard to religious affairs. The Pope has nominated to the Archbishopric of Genoa Mgr. Carron, an able and zealous prelate. Genoa, however, is one of the sees for which the Bishop-elect must obtain the permission of the Italian Government—or the Exequatur, as it is usually called—before taking formal possession of his diocese. Now, Mgr. Carron does not happen to be a *persona grata* with the present Government. The reason is not far to seek. He had on several occasions manifested a spirit of uncompromising loyalty to the Pope with regard to the question of the Temporal Power. For this reason the Government has seized upon this chance of punishing him and has refused to grant him the Exequatur. The Pope, nevertheless, has refused to cancel the election, and in consequence there has arisen a very delicate situation, for which, up to the present, no solution has been found.

The whole affair brings back to our minds a somewhat similar conflict which took place only a few years ago; both of which go far to show that whenever modern States have been permitted to dabble in ecclesiastical affairs the result has been disastrous to the Church. The most notable example in our own time has been the case of France. That the divergence between Church and State in that country was very wide is quite evident from the fact that when the Concordat was broken up in 1905 and the State completely severed from the Church no less than nineteen French sees were without a Bishop. Each side, of course, held the other responsible, and the man in the street formed his opinions on it in accordance with his religious and political prejudices. For the question was a historical one, and in the pages of history, just as in the Bible, every one seems able to find exactly what suits him.

In the fourth and fifth articles of the Concordat drawn up between France and the Holy See in 1801 were laid down the respective rights of the two powers with regard to the election of Bishops. These articles—or rather their interpretation—were the main cause of the dissensions which took place in France in the beginning of this century and which were only partially remedied by the drastic law of separation passed in 1905. The articles in question run as follows:

"Article 4. The First Consul of the French Republic within three months after the promulgation of the Apostolic Constitution will nominate the Archbishops and Bishops to be placed at the head

of the new dioceses. The Supreme Pontiff will confer canonical institution upon them in the same manner as was observed in France before the change of government.

"Article 5. The First Consul shall likewise nominate the new Bishops to the sees which shall fall vacant in future, and on these, as was laid down in the preceding article, the Holy See shall confer canonical institution."

That these articles gave the State some power in the election of Bishops is quite evident, but how much precisely they did give was the disputed point, the unsatisfactory solution of which may be said to have brought about the separation law of 1905. The Vatican held that the right of nomination conceded to the State meant merely the power of proposing what it regarded as suitable candidates, leaving to the Pope, however, the right to inquire into the merits of the candidates proposed and to pronounce upon their fitness from a canonical point of view. For very naturally the politics of a candidate was the only thing that would receive attention from the State. The power of the State, therefore, consisted in this, that no Bishop would in future be appointed in France who had not been nominated by the State, but the Church by no means pledged itself to create Bishop each and every candidate whom the State nominated for that office. Anybody can see what terrible consequences the Church would have exposed itself to had it promised to do that; and in solemnly pledging itself to some course of action the Church does not look to probabilities merely, but to possibilities as well.

Far different, however, was the interpretation which the present Ministers of France wished to put upon these articles. According to them, the power granted to the State was an absolute power of election. What part precisely the Pope had in the transaction was by no means certain. According to some, his only power was to ratify the selection made by the State. Others, however, though holding this same opinion, did not wish to express it in such blunt fashion. The State, they said, confers on a candidate the temporalities of a see, the Pope then invests him with the spiritualities. But as they meant by this that the Pope should confer spiritual jurisdiction on each and every candidate whom the State thought fit to rule the temporal affairs of a diocese, this opinion was not an iota different from the first. It was a distinction without a difference.

Two great conflicts had their origin in the disputed interpretation of these articles. The first of them was the controversy known as the "*Nobis nominavit*" question. It received this name from two words contained in the Bulls issued by the Vatican whenever a new Bishop was appointed in a French diocese. The exact words con-

tained in the Bulls, however, were "Nobis nominaverit," but somehow or other during the course of the controversy the "nominaverit" got changed into "nominavit," and that is the word that is always applied to the controversy now. The Bulls to the Bishop-elect were drawn up as follows:

"Since, in virtue of the Concordats entered into between the Holy See and the French Government, the nomination of a suitable candidate to the vacant diocese of N. to be made to the reigning Pontiff, belongs now to our beloved son in Christ N., the actual President of the Republic, and since our beloved son N. has, by his letters patent, nominated you to us (Nobis nominaverit te) for this office, etc."

All through the last century this was the form in which the Bulls were drafted, and none of the governments which succeeded each other in France took any objection to the words which were used. But in 1902 the republican Ministers suddenly came to the conclusion that the word "Nobis" contained in the Bulls was contrary to the terms of the Concordat and an infringement on the rights of the State. In consequence, M. Nisard, the French Ambassador at Rome, sent, in December, 1902, an official note to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, demanding that the word be omitted in all future Bulls.

In the early part of the following year Cardinal Rampolla replied in a long memorandum to show the necessity of either the word "Nobis" or at least some equivalent expression. Absolutely speaking, the demand could have been refused for three reasons. In the first place, the etymological meaning of the verb "nominate" implies the putting of a case before some ulterior authority. Hence, for example, when a man is nominated as a candidate for a parliamentary constituency it does not mean that there and then he becomes a member of Parliament. It does not even give any hard and fast guarantee that he ever will become such. It simply means that his name is put before the electors of the division, but with them rests the power of rejecting or of accepting it. In the very same way if the French Government nominated, it must have been to some authority having power to reject or to accept their selection. Now, who was likely to possess this right of saying the last word? We need only remember that there was question of electing Bishops, and we must see that to the Pope, and to him alone, could this right belong. If the French Government wished to get the power of electing the Bishops, it would have been far more sensible for it to have striven for the abolition of the word "nominaverit." But, allowing the "nominaverit" to stand and attempting to get rid of the "Nobis" was an extremely foolish performance. For it simply



meant that the Government did not object to admitting that it referred the names of its candidates to some outside authority, but objected to that same authority making a casual mention of the fact.

From a historical point of view the attempt to strike out the "Nobis" was wholly unjustified. For the word was contained in practically every Bull issued by the Vatican since the drawing up of the Concordat. Immediately after the reception of M. Nisard's note the ecclesiastical authorities set to work to find out if the word had been generally in use during the nineteenth century. The Vatican does not keep a verbatim copy of the Bulls issued for the consecration of Bishops, but only a summary of them, and these summaries are preserved in the Vatican archives, where they may be seen by everybody. When investigations were made in this case, it was found that 510 Bulls had been sent to France between 1801 and 1897. In the summaries of these the word "Nobis" is contained expressly in 427; in 67 others it can easily be comprised in the comprehensive, etc., by which the concluding phrases of the Bulls have been summarized; in only 16 was it beyond all doubt omitted. The Vatican contended that the omission of the word in these cases was due to the carelessness of the man who drew up the summaries. This was all the more probable from the fact that the omissions all occurred within the space of a few years. At any rate, the fact that for every one Bull which had not the word there were twenty-five which had was in itself quite sufficient to justify the Vatican from a historical point of view.

But even these important considerations might have been overlooked by the Pope were it not that a principle of the highest importance lay behind the controversy, and that it was what the word implied rather than the word itself that the Pope wished to defend. For the Pope could not under any circumstances accept a system which would force his hand in such an important matter as the election of Bishops. He could not think for a moment of allowing the civil power to pronounce upon the canonical fitness of a candidate and leaving to him the mere power of ratifying their choice. This was in reality the position into which the French Ministers wished to force the Pope. Their argument was that if he possessed the power of rejecting one candidate, he possessed the power of rejecting twenty, so that in the end the power of the State came to nothing. This was the sort of argument that was scattered broadcast through France in the years immediately preceding the separation law, and it no doubt induced many honest men to regard that measure as the only means of remedying a state of things that had become intolerable.

The argument is one, it must be admitted, which is not without a certain amount of truth. For the Pope did as a matter of fact claim the right to reject twenty or twenty times twenty candidates if he deemed them unfit for canonical reasons to be promoted to the episcopal dignity. But it is by no means easy to see how this fact reduced to nothing the power of the State. It may more truly be said to have protected the rights of the Church rather than to have infringed upon those of the State. Nor is it to be supposed, as some seem to think, that Pius X. was the first Pope to claim this right. Before ever the Concordat was promulgated, or even signed, this very right had been strongly insisted upon by the Pope. We find certain evidence of this in a letter which Pius VII. wrote to the Emperor Napoleon on May 12, 1801, concerning the question of the election of future Bishops in France.

"With regard to the nominations which shall be made in future," wrote the Pontiff, "we are fully persuaded that in choosing the subjects whom you will propose to us you will take principally into consideration their love and sincere zeal for the Catholic religion and their solicitude for the welfare of souls, to which qualities must be added sufficient learning and virtue, for if unworthy subjects are proposed to us, we shall regretfully be obliged, as is done in all countries where the Bishops are nominated by the rulers, and as was done in France itself in the time of the monarchy, to insist upon the nominations being withdrawn and more suitable and more worthy candidates being proposed."

It was then no innovation on the part of Pius X. to claim the power of rejecting a candidate proposed by the State. The innovation indeed was on the side of the State itself in asking the Pope to relinquish this claim. For that was, of course, what the whole controversy was started for and that was what the omitting of a seemingly unimportant word would have meant. That the Pope could never relinquish this right very few people will fail to see. For if he gave up this, what would he have become? He would have become a mere figurehead, expressing his approval of all the actions of the civil power in a matter of entirely spiritual interest. Pius X. very naturally had no intention of doing this. But he, nevertheless, was not the man to make much ado about trifles, and, provided the principle implied by the "*Nobis*" could be safeguarded by other means, he expressed his willingness to have it struck out. He was the more willing to do this from the fact that while this controversy was in progress two French Bishops had died and no attempt had been made to fill up the vacancies. As a result of the Pope's conciliatory disposition a satisfactory way out of the difficulty was found. The solution finally accepted by

both parties was one suggested by the Vatican. The terms of it were that in future the French President should nominate the candidates to the Pope in letters patent, drawn up in a form which clearly admitted the Pope's right to pronounce upon their canonical aptitude, while in return the Pope agreed to omit the word "Nobis" from the Bull of institution.

But even after the clearing up of this controversy troubles began to multiply round the interpretation of the fourth and fifth articles of the Concordat. Many persons at the time found it hard to understand how, after matters had run smoothly for more than a century, these articles should quite suddenly have given rise to hopeless complications. The very fact that matters had run so smoothly was used as an argument against the Vatican. The Pope, said the French politicians, has invariably accepted our candidates for the last hundred years, but now he has adopted a policy of aggression and candidate after candidate is rejected. And to many persons who only just heard these things stated, but never heard the reason of them, it seemed certain that Pius X. had deliberately set himself to complicate the religious situation in France.

But the action of the Pope was neither autocratic nor in the least inconsistent with the actions of his predecessors. If Pius X. did what none of his predecessors had done, the fault was not with him. The whole reason was that in the beginning of his pontificate the French Ministers threw aside the very means which had made matters run so smoothly during the past century. The real meaning of the fourth and fifth articles of the Concordat, according to the Pope's idea, was this: In a country which had just gone through the horrors of a revolution, overthrown one régime and established another, it was quite natural that the clergy, like the laity, should be very divided in their political opinions. Some were in favor of the new régime, others against it; many idolized Napoleon, others sighed for the return of the Bourbons. Nobody could fail to foresee that if a priest of the latter class were to be elected Bishop, serious trouble might arise between Church and State. His leanings being known, his words or actions would easily be construed in a sense unfavorable to the constituted authority. Now, this was what the Pope was as anxious to avoid as was Napoleon himself. The Pontiff therefore by these articles guaranteed that no priest hostile to the reigning dynasty would be appointed Bishop in France, and to make this certain he promised that no Bishop would be appointed who had not been nominated by the head of the State. But that was entirely different to the construction put on these articles in the beginning of this century. To promise to elect no Bishop who had not been nominated by the State is one

thing; to undertake to elect each and every candidate nominated by the State quite another.

Not merely was this the meaning intended by the Pope, but it was the interpretation given to these articles by the State itself up to a few years ago. To avoid, therefore, the possibility of any nomination being rejected, the Ministers of the State invariably held a conference with the Papal Nuncio before submitting any names to the Pope. The Nuncio was in touch with the clergy of France as well as with the Vatican; he could always obtain accurate information as to the character, the zeal, the piety and the ability of a candidate, and he could in consequence inform the representatives of the State whether any objection would be made against the candidate they were about to propose. There was nothing humiliating or underhand in this transaction, commonly known as the *entente préalable*. It was a perfectly open diplomatic negotiation, which helped to preserve religious peace in France throughout the last century, and, had it not been abandoned, it is safe to say that there would never have been a separation of Church and State in that country.

No sooner, however, had M. Combes assumed the reins of power in France than he broke through this method of action and bluntly refused to hold any conference with the Nuncio before nominating the candidates to the Pope. In a speech delivered on March 21, 1903, he stigmatized the *entente préalable* as "a humiliating transaction, a trick, or, more correctly, a culpable abandonment of the rights of the State." If all these charges were true, it is strange that they should have remained undiscovered from the time of Napoleon down to our own days. M. Combes was no doubt a man of very high ability, but few will deny that there existed equally able men among the Ministers of Napoleon. Yet none of these seem to have discovered all those terrible arguments against the *entente préalable*. The fact of the matter was that the *entente préalable* was a method of peace, but M. Combes was out for war.

And very soon the conflict began. In December, 1902, three French bishoprics were vacant, and, without previous consultation with any one, M. Combes proposed three candidates, two of whom were already Bishops of other dioceses. The third candidate was a priest whose name had on several previous occasions been submitted to the Nuncio, but had always, at his suggestion, been withdrawn.

On January 1, 1903, the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, replied to the note of M. Combes. Having first expressed his regret that the *entente préalable* had not been held, he proceeded to give the reasons why the Pope found himself compelled to reject each

of the three candidates. As regards the only one of them who was not already a Bishop, the Cardinal pointed out that his name, when put forward previously, had invariably been withdrawn, and as the same reasons against him still held good, his nomination could not now be accepted. With regard to the other two, the rejection was rather a question of principle than anything else.

Many people will doubtless be surprised to hear that a man who is already Bishop of one diocese is canonically inapt while so to be nominated for another. For there exists between a Bishop and his diocese a spiritual matrimony, and until this has been dissolved by the Pope himself there can be no question of his being united to another. Now, the Pope does not do this; indeed he cannot do it without some very cogent reason. Unless it can be clearly shown that the welfare of souls will in some special manner be benefited by the change, the Pope never transfers Bishops from one see to another. This was the defect in the nominations made by M. Combes. He in the most offhand manner demanded the transfer not as a favor, but as a right, and without offering a single reason as to the benefit to be derived from the change. He did not even go through the customary formula of requesting the Pope to free them firstly from the bond which united them to one see and then consider them nominated for another. His note merely came to this: Canon Law and every other law is to be set aside; you are only to know that I want a certain thing done, and do it at once. To such arrogance the Church had but one course to adopt, namely, to reject the nominations till M. Combes should comply with the conditions which not merely Canon Law, but even etiquette rendered necessary on such occasions. The Cardinal made it clear that if these were complied with, there was little fear of the candidates being rejected on any personal grounds.

The answer of the Holy See was conveyed to M. Combes on January 9 by Mgr. Lorenzelli, the Papal Nuncio. M. Combes bluntly replied that the candidates would not be changed "until it shall have been shown that any of them has led a scandalous life or has taught heresy." To his mind, the Pope was quite unjustified in refusing any candidate against whom one of these charges could not be proved. "You have no idea," he said, in conclusion, "how far I am prepared to go if my candidates are not accepted."

On the very next day he sent a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, to be conveyed to the Papal Nuncio. Having explained how he had, in December, made his nominations to Rome, M. Combes proceeds:

"To-day Mgr. Lorenzelli has been with me and has brought me a verbal response to my communication. This response is nothing

but a long criticism—a very polite one, I grant—of our manner of acting with regard to the nomination of Bishops, as well as of the candidates we have proposed. According to the Nuncio, the method we have followed is altogether new. The Government, he says, when it wished to nominate a Bishop to a vacant diocese, was accustomed to confer with the representative of the Holy See regarding the candidate to be put forward and thus arrive at an agreement before the nominations were made."

The letter goes on to describe the reasons why, in his opinion, the candidates he had proposed had been rejected. "I replied to the Nuncio," he continued, "that, as far as my method of acting was concerned, I, as Minister of Worship, have but made use of a right formally conceded to the State by the Concordat, and that I most emphatically refuse to forego this right by the holding of a conference, which was nothing but an undisguised abdication of the rights of the State. I added that I have not introduced an innovation, for I acted in precisely the same way in 1895, with the explicit approbation of the Government which was then in power. Finally, I observed that it seemed strange on the part of the Nuncio to insist on the holding of an *entente préalable*, the past results of which were not calculated to commend it very favorably to the Government. For it is because of these pretended agreements that nine out of every ten candidates favorable to the Government have been withdrawn and their place taken in the hierarchy by Bishops of whom the majority are entirely opposed to the Government, and in consequence disobedient to the instruction of the Holy Father himself." M. Combes next proceeds to criticize the reasons which had been given by the Holy See for its rejection of the three candidates. The criticism, though scathing, is entirely unconvincing, for the simple reason that it is more or less irrelevant. The only thing which the Minister proves—or even attempts to prove—is that the candidates he has proposed are men against whom no public scandal has ever been proved. This the Pope had never attempted to gainsay, but that fact alone was surely not sufficient to explain why it was necessary, or even advisable, to transfer a Bishop from one diocese to another. "Most assuredly," the note continues, "the Holy Father is at liberty to confer or to refuse canonical institution to the candidates whom the Government has selected. But if he should refuse to do so, the sees will remain vacant. I shall make no more nominations, as I have already declared expressly to the Nuncio. I have made use of a right, and I will stand by my action as a necessary safeguard for the working of the Concordat."

M. Combes then points out the serious calamities that will befall

the Church in France should the Pope continue to hold out against the Government. This note has been written, he concludes, to warn the ecclesiastical authorities of these dangers and to shake from himself the responsibility for them, should they come to pass.

On February 15 Cardinal Rampolla, in the name of the Pope, replied to the note of M. Combes. The Cardinal's letter is, we need scarcely say, a masterpiece of sound reasoning and clear exposition of Catholic principles. It could hardly be anything else coming from such a man. In the opening passages Cardinal Rampolla passes in review the arguments brought forward by M. Combes in his official note.

"I have not failed," he continues, "to submit the contents of this highly important letter to His Holiness, and the Holy Father, after having given it his most careful attention, has ordered me to notify your Excellency that, notwithstanding his desire to accede to the wishes of the French Government, he finds himself reluctantly compelled to confirm the reply already given many times and repeated now by your Excellency. Nevertheless, by order of His Holiness, I am instructed to add some observations which make clear the canonical foundation of this determination and will help, moreover, to answer some questions of the highest importance."

The Cardinal treats first of the action of M. Combes in abandoning the *entente préalable*. Such a conference, he says, has been the chief means of preventing the unpleasant situation which of necessity must arise if the Church is obliged to reject any candidate proposed by the State. That this must almost inevitably happen if the State makes the nominations without any consultation with the ecclesiastical authorities, is evident from the admitted fact that about what are known as canonical impediments the majority of laymen know little or nothing. Hence, he says, the holding of a conference beforehand, while diminishing in no way the rights of the State, is of the greatest importance in helping to bring about the peaceful and harmonious working of the Concordat which both parties must naturally desire.

"But far more serious," continues the Cardinal, "are the various questions of principle which M. Combes has raised in attempting to maintain the two candidatures rejected by the Holy See, questions to which the Holy See must give a clear and definite answer."

Special circumstances, he goes on to say, very often require special qualities in the man to be appointed to a vacant diocese. Thus it may happen that a man who would be a very suitable Bishop for one diocese would be entirely unsuitable for another. Of this fact we have examples every other day. Perhaps the most prominent one that came before the notice of the people of this country

in modern times was the case of the present Archbishop of Dublin. All Irish and English Catholics must recognize that the very qualities which rendered Dr. Walsh a most suitable candidate for the See of Dublin would have rendered practically impossible his candidature for, let us say, the See of Westminster, had it been vacant at the time. This was one of the many things which M. Combes seemed quite unable to understand. Provided a man was not a heretic or a public sinner, he could not understand his not being eligible for the episcopal dignity. For this reason, Cardinal Rampolla continues, the Pope might sometimes be compelled to reject for one diocese some candidate whom he would willingly accept for another. He next goes on to consider the question of the transferring of Bishops. To change a Bishop from one diocese to another, he says, is a thing strictly forbidden by the Sacred Canons, unless there be some very strong reasons for the change. For the Sacred Canons compare the union of a Bishop and his diocese to the union existing between man and wife and even apply to the union the words of the Redeemer: "What God hath joined together, let no man separate." But though this bond can be dissolved by the Pope, yet he is by no means at liberty to do so arbitrarily. Before changing a Bishop from one diocese to another the Pope must have solid grounds for thinking that his doing so is, if not a matter of necessity, at least of the greatest utility to the welfare of the Church and the progress of religious interests. Hence, the Cardinal concludes, the nomination of a candidate already a Bishop must always take the form of a request, namely, that the Pope would inquire into the case and find out if sufficient grounds existed for making the change. Until, therefore, M. Combes had acted thus, the Pope would be compelled to reject the candidates who were thus, in a manner, uncanonically proposed.

There is very little doubt that the calm and clear defense of the Church's action made by Cardinal Rampolla was just the thing that M. Combes did not want. It would have suited his purpose admirably at the time if the Vatican had plunged into a torrent of abuse and denunciation. But nothing could have been a greater blow to him than the manner in which the Cardinal, with unanswerable arguments, showed who it was that was responsible for the whole conflict.

To Cardinal Rampolla's note M. Combes never made any official reply. His admirers claim that the speech which he delivered in the Senate on March 21 was a crushing rejoinder to the Cardinal's arguments. The speech in question was an answer to nothing or to no one; it was a fiery, illogical and most impolite exposition of grievances which never had any existence outside of his own



imagination. He accused the Vatican of everything that could tend to arouse passion in the minds of his hearers. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in parliamentary annals an instance in which a Minister attacked a foreign State with anything like the violence with which M. Combes on this occasion attacked the Catholic Church. The late Mr. Gladstone's tirades against Austria do not equal it either in bitterness or in unfairness.

A temporary lull in the storm occurred just about this time. The reason was that Pope Leo XIII., now in his ninety-third year, was stricken with an illness which every one knew must be his last. In July the venerable Pontiff passed away and was succeeded by the Venetian prelate, Cardinal Sarto, with Mgr. Merry del Val as Secretary of State.

In the meantime the Diocese of Ajaccio had become vacant. On September 27 M. Combes made the nomination, without, of course, the holding of any *entente préalable*. The Minister's choice for this diocese could scarcely deserve serious consideration. The candidate he proposed was a priest who was seventy-six years of age, and even had there been no other objection, the idea of a man of that age governing an immense and scattered diocese like Ajaccio was entirely absurd. So ridiculous indeed was it that M. Combes made no public protest when the rejection of his candidate was officially made known to him by the Papal Nuncio. He did not, it is true, propose another candidate or in any way recognize the rejection of the one he had proposed. But he did not, as on former occasions, make a "case" out of it, for he knew that nobody, except those absolutely blinded by prejudice, would sympathize with him in this case.

Towards the end of the same year the Dioceses of Vannes and Nevers fell vacant, and on January 5 M. Combes made the nominations. On March 2 Mgr. Lorenzelli conveyed to the Minister the decision of the Vatican, which was that the candidate he had proposed for Nevers had been accepted, but the one for Vannes rejected. As on the previous occasion, M. Combes took the decision quite calmly—we might almost say, philosophically. But he made no attempt either to make the necessary arrangements for the institution of the accepted candidate or to propose another instead of the rejected one.

Meanwhile the zealous mind of the new Pontiff was sadly grieved by the numerous and prolonged vacancies in the French dioceses. Wishing, therefore, that the unpleasant and injurious situation should be righted as soon as possible, he expressed the desire that Mgr. Lorenzelli should seek a personal interview with M. Combes, in the hope that a calm and friendly exposition of things may lead

to some good results. In accordance with this wish, the Nuncio on several occasions asked the favor of an audience with the Minister. Without actually refusing to grant his request, M. Combes invariably found some excuse for not granting it just then. Not even the decision of the Vatican with regard to his most recent nominations succeeded in drawing any definite statement from him as to whether he thought the interview advisable. At last a rather unforeseen circumstance drew from him an expression of the opinion which he had evidently always held, namely, that things had now arrived at a stage which made peace impossible. The occasion in question was a state banquet, given by the President of the Senate, at which all the members of the diplomatic corps were present. What took place on this occasion we can learn from the official dispatch which Mgr. Lorenzelli sent to Rome on March 23: "In the evening of March 19," he says, "after the state banquet given by the President of the Senate, I conversed with M. Combes. He began by excusing himself for not yet having fixed a day for the interview which I had asked, owing to his being constantly occupied. Besides, he immediately added, he did not see much use in it, for, he said, since we approach the question from conflicting principles, we cannot hope to come to an understanding. I endeavored to mitigate the significance of his words. I told him we were concerned not so much with principles as with hard facts. But M. Combes did not seem to be of this opinion. Just then our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of other guests who approached to chat with us. A quarter of an hour after, while I was speaking with M. Millaud, M. Combes passed by us. M. Millaud made him a sign, as if to invite him to join us. M. Combes pretended not to have noticed; he went to seek his wife and daughter in the ladies' room and quitted the Luxembourg Palace."

Feeling, however, that such flagrant want of courtesy would do much to prejudice public opinion against him, M. Combes on the very same night sent an official ultimatum to Mgr. Lorenzelli, stating his reasons for refusing to hold the suggested conference. Having explained how he had, for more than a year, protested against the action of the Vatican, the letter continues: "The Government then finds itself faced at the present moment by five vacant bishoprics, for only one of which the candidate it has nominated has been accepted. It considers, therefore, that it cannot make any further nominations as long as its first nominations, which it maintains absolutely, shall not have been accepted, for the bishoprics which have more recently fallen vacant cannot be considered until the earlier vacancies shall have been filled up. The President of the Council in consequence cannot agree to the holding of the conference

which has been suggested, experience having proved that such methods have been instrumental in establishing in France a hierarchy composed for the most part of open opponents of the Government, which possesses the confidence of the majority of the national representatives."

The chief obstacle insisted on by M. Combes, namely, that sees should be filled up in the chronological order in which they fell vacant, was an entirely new doctrine. No such rule, it is almost needless to say, will be found in any book of Canon Law. Nor did M. Combes himself appear to be consistent when, holding this view, he nevertheless went on nominating candidates for the different dioceses as they became vacant. His action seems entirely at variance with the principle he professed to hold.

Mgr. Lorenzelli replied to M. Combes by a private letter written on March 27. In it he informs the Minister that the Pope has been extremely grieved by the fact that several dioceses in France have been left for so long without a Bishop. The Concordat, he continues, recognizes the right of the Pope to inquire into and pronounce upon the canonical fitness of any candidate proposed, and that in doing so the Pope was fulfilling a duty rather than claiming a right. As regards the accusation made by M. Combes that the Pope was rejecting the candidates merely because of their attachment to the republican régime, the Nuncio said that it was without a shadow of foundation. All the past instructions of the Papacy had tended to inculcate into the clergy a spirit of genuine loyalty to the Republic, and the fact that the candidate for Nevers, who had been accepted, was, it might almost be said, an ultramontane republican, was sufficient to prove that Pius was imbued with precisely the same spirit as his predecessor, a spirit of good will towards the established government. The Nuncio concludes by saying that the filling up one diocese before another, which had been longer vacant, was neither contrary to any of the articles of the Concordat nor an infringement in any way on the rights of the State. A few days later the Secretary of State sent a note to Mgr. Lorenzelli containing substantially the same ideas as had been set forth in the letter of March 27.

On April 2 M. Combes replied, but only touches in a very general way on the questions at issue. He seems rather to take his own case for granted, and therefore, very naturally, assumes the tone of an injured innocent.

"It has never been denied," he says, "that the Concordat, while giving the head of the State the right of nomination, recognizes the right of the Sovereign Pontiff to refuse canonical institution. But the abuse of the power of refusing, as is carried on at present,

amounts in practice to an abolition of the right of nominating. All protestations to the contrary are fruitless in view of the fact that out of five nominations made by the Government only one has been accepted, although the candidates selected all occupy high positions and one of them has for a long time been a Bishop."

In the concluding passages M. Combes renews his old argument against the holding of a conference, namely, that it was by means of these that the Holy See had invariably succeeded in thrusting into vacant sees prelates imbued with strong anti-republican prejudices.

"As for nominating candidates to the bishoprics fallen vacant more recently," he says in conclusion, "that would be a process absolutely contrary to all logic and to all sense, and the State will not tolerate it."

The letter of M. Combes did not cause any great surprise at the Vatican. The ecclesiastical authorities at Rome had got to know him by this time. Nevertheless, his attack upon the Church, and more especially his accusation that the Pope was encouraging opposition to the established régime, was too unjust and too damaging to be allowed to pass without an answer. Mgr. Lorenzelli, having communicated the letter to Rome, replied to it on April 23. There is nothing in this letter which had not been said, in substance at least, in one or other of the documents from which we have already quoted. One cannot fail to recognize in it a certain dispirited tone, for Mgr. Lorenzelli, like every one else, had come to the conclusion that a pacific termination to the negotiations was out of the question now. M. Combes had set his face against peace, so there was no remedy but to prepare for war. No reply was ever made to the Nuncio's letter, and a complete deadlock set in between France and the Holy See. Bishoprics in the course of time became vacant and no attempt was made to fill them up, and thus it came about that when the separation law was passed in December, 1905, nineteen dioceses in France were without Bishops. What would have happened if the Concordat had been allowed to stand for much longer no one can say. As far as human eyes can foresee, it looked certain that in a short time France would have been without a single Bishop. But the Providence of God ordained otherwise, and thus it brought about that the cruel and unjust cloud of persecution was not without its silver lining. For the very first action of Pius X. after the separation law had been passed was to appoint to the vacant dioceses nineteen worthy, zealous prelates, men who may be relied upon to carry out in France, in the teeth of injustice and tyranny, the work which the saintly Pontiff himself is striving to carry out throughout the whole of Christendom, "*renovare omnia in Christo.*"

The question of the election of the Bishops in France presents in itself very little resemblance to the question of the Genoa Exequatur, which is now occupying public attention in Italy. Yet the principle underlying each of them is the same. The truth is that modern States cannot safely be trusted with any part, however small, in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. Legislators of to-day are imbued with principles which leave no room for hoping that they would use all their influence to forward the real interests of the Church. There is no reason that this should be so; there is, on the contrary, every reason that it should not be so. No Catholic could for a moment think of casting a shadow of doubt on what Pope Leo has laid down, that a natural, healthy union ought to exist between Church and State, similar to the natural union which exists between the body and soul of any human being. Nor can anybody doubt that these words apply as forcibly to the twentieth century as they did to the tenth. But the very comparison made by the Pontiff is full of suggestion. For the union between body and soul ceases at the very instant that the body becomes inanimate, or, as we commonly say, when the body dies. And similarly we cannot help thinking, when a State becomes imbued with the spirit of incredulity, false freedom and atheism, which are, we might say, the characteristics of the present age, it may be said to have died as far as Catholicity is concerned, and the Church does not stand to lose, but to gain by separation from it. This no doubt would be altogether false if said about what we may call the ideal State. But, then, the ideal State can hardly be said to exist to-day. More than any others, the Latin countries fall far short of the perfection which would enable them to carry on harmonic relations with the Church. We cannot dwell in the air and dream of ideals; we must descend to earth and consider hard facts. And a hard, undeniable fact it is that most States of to-day—most European States at least—are imbued with a strong spirit of antagonism to the progress of the Catholic Church. Under such circumstances the separation of Church and State cannot always be regarded as an unmixed evil. Anybody who considers the freedom of action possessed by the Pope over the French Church to-day and contrasts it with the galling restrictions to which he was subjected in the days of the Concordat cannot help admitting that in this case, as in many others, out of great evil has come much good.

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## THE LIBERATION OF THE CHURCH BY CONSTANTINE.

**I**N the year A. D. 284 the son of a Dalmatian slave put on the imperial purple. Diocletian was a cool-headed but superstitious man, endowed with an iron will and superior qualities of generalship. It was these latter which had helped him to a throne on which he felt very comfortable. He wore silks and satins with as much vanity and love of display as any fair, foolish damsel; was decked in gold and gems in right regal Oriental splendor; delighted beyond words that his predecessors had vindicated for themselves and their successors the honors of divinity. He came to the throne with a programme of reform in the system of government by which he hoped to restore the prestige and power of the empire, which were vanishing like snow before the sun. He understood aright the significance of "the Reign of the Thirty Tyrants," which meant that Rome would most certainly and inevitably degenerate into a mere historical centre of authority unless the pretensions of the hardy barbarian peoples were annihilated by a centralization of power in Rome, constructed out of their suppressed local rights and abrogated liberties. He was an autocrat (as might reasonably be expected of any slave come to power) after the mingled Persian and Muscovite types. Byzantine politics began with him. Now, Rome was the last city in the world to scruple at injustice to others, because her instincts were hopelessly wolfish. But the Golden City desired no autocrat within her own splendid republican walls. Diocletian, therefore, tried to placate the Romans and win their sympathies and allegiance for his schemes by proposing the abolition of the hereditary succession of their rulers. The best man at hand, he contended, the clearest-headed and most dauntless was alone worthy to be adopted as ruler of the city by the Tiber and its fortunes.

Diocletian diagnosed the popular feeling well, for men, since the days of Tacitus, had made their own that daring sentence which he had written: "To be born of royal blood is the purest of chances." Now, as the empire was too large and unwieldy to be governed easily by one man, and as the prætorian guards arrogated a power which might become dangerous if not broken, Diocletian put his theories into practice by adopting as co-emperor, in A. D. 286, Maximian Hercules, a valiant general, popular with his troops, to whom he gave Italy and Africa as a command, with Milan as capital. He transferred the seat of his own rule to the Orient, selecting Nicomedia as his own city of residence, where from the shores of the Sea of Marmora he could keep watch on

the Tigris, the Danube and the Euxus, by which the outlying peoples must pass into Asia Minor, which, with Egypt and Thrace, he reserved to his own command. In this he followed a sure political instinct. Later on Constantine will ratify this course of action by recognizing the strategic superiority of an Eastern city over the City of the Cæsars. History also shows that the Oriental outlived by many years the Occidental portion of the empire. To himself as Cæsar (or under-ruler) he associated Galerius, who received the Balkan States, with a capital at Sirmium; Maximian took Constantius Chlorus as Cæsar, who got the "præfectura Galliarum"—Spain, Gaul, Britain—with a seat of government at Treves. These four military commands were subdivided into twelve dioceses, each ruled by a vicar, and ninety-six provinces. Diocletian, who had shown himself a good general, betrayed himself, in this splitting up of the empire, a poor organizer.

But he also showed himself an even less efficient and sagacious politician. At the very moment of the division of the empire he began to persecute the Christians, amongst whose number were his own wife, Prisca; his daughter, Valeria, and many trusted officials of his household, like Gorgonius, Peter and Dorothea. Lactantius assures us that at the beginning of his reign Diocletian did not wish to shed blood on account of religious convictions; and we know that his first measures of intolerance were restricted to the destroying of churches, the books of the Gospels and so on. What, then, induced him to dip his hands in Christian blood?

There were a number of causes which we can best discover by a study of the psychology of this man who was at once very strong and very weak. The Christian writer Lactantius and the pagan historian Aurelius Victor agree that the unscrupulous Galerius exercised a preponderating influence over the conduct of Augustus. Galerius was a rough soldier, savage in manners, as he was a barbarian by birth; an eminent general, violent, astute and slippery of speech, who could bring men in an incredibly short space of time to see things in his own light, which was nearly always sinister. By instinct and family traditions he was a sworn enemy of the Christians. Hardly invested with power, he commanded all his soldiers to sacrifice to the gods on the plea of strengthening discipline in the army. He inflicted death on those Christian soldiers whom military degradation and withdrawal of pension did not bend. If we may believe Lactantius, he now began to prey upon the fears of Diocletian by sly insinuations, menaces and threats pronounced in his hearing by large bands of soldiers and officers who had been hired for the purpose. Toleration of the Christians who were stubborn and insubordinate must inevitably bring on the disruption

of the empire! Now, Diocletian, like all ungloved reformers, tried to persuade himself that he was sanely conservative. The people must believe the same if his authority was to pass undisputed. But it was commonly believed in the empire that political success was inextricably bound up with respect for the national gods, whom the Christians flatly refused to adore. Diocletian was at heart a religious-minded man, who frequented the temples, punctiliously sacrificed to the gods out of reverence for one of whom he officially took the name of Jovius. He was, therefore, precisely the sort of man whom religious sincerity and apparent political conservatism and expediency might easily turn into a bigot. And Galerius saw to it that Diocletian was never allowed to forget two occurrences which were made to appear symptomatic; the Christians on one occasion had interrupted the priests who were on the point of sacrificing to the gods, and the oracle of Apollo at Milet had denounced the Christians as enemies of the State.

Diocletian's first edict against the Christians was very lenient. It was posted in the city on February 24, A. D. 303. At once a foolish Christian on his own initiative and responsibility tore it down. Shortly after fire broke out in the imperial palace on two occasions, caused by lightning, Constantine, who was present, assures us. Galerius saw his golden advantage. Simulating fear of the Christians, he fled from the place. Diocletian was made to believe that he had been betrayed into the hands of his enemies, of whom there were many in his immediate entourage. In fear he ordered all the Christians of his household, as also many priests of the city, who were falsely suspected of connivance in the plot against his life, to be thrown into prison. Though he strictly forbade the shedding of blood, blood yet flowed in profusion. A second edict called still more urgently for the incarceration of the Christians. By another, which was published in that same year of A. D. 303, the Emperor granted liberty to all who should sacrifice to the gods. The prisons everywhere were filled to overcrowding with confessors of the faith, who looked upon their noisome dungeons as the vestibule of heaven. In the early months of the year A. D. 304 Diocletian, enraged, it was said, by the sight of his crowded jails, let loose the hounds of persecution in whose nostrils was the smell of blood. None, it was designed, should escape the clutches of the penal laws. Bread and wine were offered to the gods before being put up for sale in the shops, and whoso refused to buy or carry home this defiled food was suspected of sympathy for the hated sect. The Christians soon realized that they must carry their lives in their own hands on the red ridge of battle, where the circumstances of the times forced them to take a stand,



and that he who had succeeded in preserving his life must now make ready to cast it from him like a worn garment.

For two long, weary years the persecution lasted. Then partial relief came, because the tetrarchy, like the huge, cumbrous machine it was, became dislocated. Lactantius relates that Galerius preyed so mercilessly and unrelentingly upon the fears of Diocletian that, mentally unbalanced, he abdicated on May 1, A. D. 305, withdrawing to Saloma, in Dalmatia, where he proposed to seek for health and quiet as a gardener. At Milan Maximian Hercules laid down his command unwillingly, out of compulsion.

The events of the following years succeed one another with the rapidity of moves in a game of chess. Constantius Chlorus now shared with Galerius the office of Emperor. The latter—pushing aside Constantine, son of Constantius Chlorus, and Maxentius, son of Maximian Hercules, whose right to succeed as Cæsars had already been agreed upon—intruded in their stead the drunkard, Flavius Severus, who staggered through his provinces of Italy, Africa and Rhætia until he fell upon his own sword in A. D. 307, and a half-savage nephew of his own, Maximin Daza, who received Egypt and Syria as his command. In three-fourths of the empire, especially the Oriental sections, the persecution which raged was characterized not only by a thirst of blood, but by a debasing quest of the virtue and innocence of the Christian women. When Constantius died at York on July 25, A. D. 306, Constantine was called out as Emperor by his father's loyal troops. He received from Galerius as Cæsar an astute politician, Licinius. Now, Maxentius, who lived near Rome, having murdered the prefect of the city, was proclaimed Emperor by the prætorian guards on October 28, A. D. 306. And forthwith Maximian Hercules, who had reluctantly laid aside the purple, appeared before men as a candidate for the throne. There were now six Emperors in the empire: Maximian Hercules and Maxentius at Rome. Severus in Italy, Constantine in Gaul, Galerius and Maximin Daza in the Orient. The work of Diocletian was forever undone!

The lot of the Christians in the Occident was tolerable because Maxentius overlooked them, Constantine befriended them and Maximian by his death in A. D. 310 was removed from them. In the Orient, however, the political status of the empire changed little, which means, in other words, that Galerius maintained his hierarchical preëminence, whilst the Christians by enforced labors in the mines of Cilicia, Palestine and Cyprus supplied him and Maximin Daza with the riches that were required for war and luxurious living. But in A. D. 311 Galerius, like his prototypes, Antiochus and Herod, was struck down with a hideous disease, the result

and wages of a vicious life. No remedies could alleviate the pains of the sufferer, who lay on his rich, soft bed, moaning like a wounded beast; the wisdom of Apollo's oracle could suggest no relief. And as the physician who had waited upon him was being led out to death for his failure, he reminded the Emperor that no earthly remedies could heal the disease which a just God had sent upon him as a punishment. Galerius, reduced to the last extremity, sought to wrest a cure from the God of the Christians. The edict of toleration which he published concludes with these words: "In exchange for our clemency the Christians must beseech their God for the restoration of our health, for the State, for themselves, so that the Republic may enjoy full prosperity and they may live in security." The edict was signed by Constantine and Licinius. Lactantius read it on the walls of Nicomedia on April 10, A. D. 311.

Maxentius did not sign it because his authority was not recognized by Galerius. Maximin Daza enforced it half-heartedly up to the time of the death of Galerius on May 5, A. D. 311, when, becoming Augustus for the Oriental division of the empire, he revoked it and began at once to persecute the Christians in good earnest. He went about in person from city to city to see that the penalties which he had attached to the profession of the Christian faith were scrupulously enforced by his magistrates. With a shrewdness which shows the depths of his hatred of the Gospel he began to organize paganism on a hierarchical basis, in order thus to galvanize its waning power and declining influence. At Antioch the cult of a new Jupiter was inaugurated, with priests and adepts and an oracle whose first word was an injunction to extirpate the Christians. Maximin caused to have circulated throughout the Orient, Asia Minor and Egypt a parody of the Christian Gospel, the so-called Acts of Pilate, which had been composed many years before by an archenemy of the truth. This blasphemous parody was placarded everywhere on the city walls; its study was made obligatory in every school; snatches of it were recited at every public entertainment. The Emperor tried by this subtle means to bring the Gospel into disrepute among the people, but the faithful put its chief lesson—charity—into execution during a famine which raged with especial vehemence in Syria. The poor, hunted, outlawed Christians, by their lives, their devotion and their alms during the famine and the plague which followed upon it like a shadow, won the good esteem of their fellows, frustrating thus the deep-laid plans of Maximin. He was now preparing for an expedition against the inhabitants of the five satrapies beyond the Tigris—vaguely known as Armenia—which though they had been subdued by the Roman legion in A. D. 297, had never been made provinces,

as Mommsen has clearly shown. On the eve of departing he received a menacing letter from his colleague in the Occident, to this effect: the God of the Christians had shown Himself propitious to Constantine.

And Constantine, because he was a magnanimous man, determined to adore the Christians' God and to show himself the friend of His people.

Now, there was nothing overpoweringly strange in this resolve. Aside from supernatural motives which we may not hope to scrutinize, heredity and education are elements which we must reckon with in this as in every conversion. There is a fund of truth in that profound observation of Schopenhauer's that, as a rule, a child inherits his character from his father and his mental gifts from his mother.

Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine, was an able general and a better administrator of the law. He had subdued the enemies of the empire in his own command, and had applied the Roman law when its peaceful operation was bitterly resisted by a people who were led by Druid priests whom the Roman eagle had never done to death in their impenetrable sacred groves hanging heavy with mistletoe. It may be that Constantius learned from his wife, St. Helen, that it was not necessary to stamp out Christianity by force in order to preserve peace in the State. If the prestige of Rome depended upon the gods, then surely the gods ought to be able to take care of themselves; surely they could not need the powerful protection of the State. If Christianity was but a human institution upon which the divinity had not breathed its saving breath, then it must of a certainty fall of itself. Only a divine work could hold out against Rome. Hence when Diocletian bade the entire empire to rise up like a man to extirpate the Christians in defense of the national safety by a protection of the national gods, Constantius Chlorus, "not to appear to be acting against his colleagues," Lactantius wisely remarks, caused a few Christian meeting places to be pulled down, that is, a few rural churches, thus preserving the true temples—man—in whom God dwells." This was the only safe course of conduct for Constantius. During his rule "Gaul never knew the scourge of persecution," the Donatist Bishops remarked later on in an address by whose fine praise of his venerated father they hoped to win the good will of the son for themselves.

Constantine, therefore, inherited a deep-seated disdain and aversion for polytheism from a father who, though he never embraced the Christian faith, was nevertheless a firm believer in one God. There seems to be no ready reason at hand why we should exclude

the influence of his mother, St. Helen, from the causes which made of him, even before his conversion, a warm sympathizer with the Christians. He could see for himself to what heights the Gospel of Jesus might lift the daily life of man from the conduct of the several Bishops whom Constantius, as Eusebius informs us, always kept at his court. This may have influenced him to engage the services of Lactantius as instructor of his children—and that ardent Christian was not the manner of man to maintain a stolid silence about the teachings of the Divine Master in the presence of his royal master. But Constantine was early removed from this congenial atmosphere to Nicomedia, where Diocletian hoped to wean him from any possible thoughts as to his presumptive right to succeed to his father's throne. Later on he passed to the lascivious Court of Galerius, where he found himself in the humiliating position of a hostage, or semi-prisoner, whom all tried to rid themselves of by ruses which were made to look innocent and unintentional. The noble instincts of the youth rebelled vehemently against this mean plotting of his royal keepers, and his heart sickened at the sight of the gilded vice and intolerance against the Christians which obtained at the court. He himself confessed later on with what fierce indignation he was seized when reading the edict of Diocletian against the Christians—a feeling which betrays to us unwittingly the contempt he entertained for the tyrants. Right gladly did he prepare to join Constantius when the latter on the eve of an expedition into Britain reclaimed his son from Galerius. Fearing to be recalled by the latter, Constantine gave to his departure all the appearances of flight. To forestall any danger of capture, he caused all the horses of the relays on the way to be lamed by mutilation. He arrived in Gaul—Gessoriacum, the modern Boulogne-sur-Mer—in time to take ship with his father. In Britain he stood by the side of Constantius during several engagements with the Picts. At York he watched his father's brave soul leave a body that was writ all over with the hieroglyphs of war. Over the dead body of the Augustus, Constantine was proclaimed Emperor by the troops. At once, as was customary, he sent to all the princes his portrait surrounded with laurel leaves. Galerius received it with fury, and would have dashed it to the ground had not his advisers begged him to keep an eye on the complications which might arise from such conduct. In sullen rage he must recognize and confirm the new Augustus. The plans which Galerius had carefully laid for the reorganization of the empire were completely overturned. He wreaked his revenge upon the innocent Christians.

Constantine took up his command forthwith. He enjoyed the

love and confidence of the soldiers, to whom he had been recommended by the dying Constantius. They had not forgotten the tales of valor which were told of their new leader when he was still a mere boy at the courts of Diocletian and Galerius.

Now, it chanced one day that Maxentius, who lived in luxury near Rome, passed through the city, where at every turn the eye was distracted by statues of the great dead and the successful living. He saw in the forest of statues that of Constantine, his brother-in-law—a man who had been pushed aside from the throne on the very same day of May that Galerius had dispossessed Maxentius himself at Nicomedia. He was devoured with a desire to emulate his success. Like most blindly aspiring men, he dreamed that he was able to rule the world when in very fact he had failed all along to rule himself. He swore on the spot that he would wrest Gaul to himself. The sorcerers whom he consulted promised him victory because they were his tools; the interpreters of the Sibylline books insinuated that, since they read on the sacred page that Rome would carry off victory, it must evidently mean that victory would descend upon the banners of him who now held Rome; in the viscera of strangled lions he read favorable omens; the blood of women and children augured success for his venture. Maxentius was satisfied of victory because the gods were propitious. He drew Maximin into his place; he levied troops in Southern Italy and Mauretania; he mobilized all available guards in Rome; he forced the prætorian guards of the city to do him homage as Augustus; he sent a messenger to Constantine to ask the cause and reason of the death of Maximian Hercules in A. D. 311; he threw down from their pedestals the statues of Constantine, whom he called a tyrant because he envied him his success. Would Constantine accept the challenge which had been offered him with such outrageous insolence?

Now, Constantine stood in friendly relations with Licinius, to whom he had given his sister, Constantia, in marriage. By reason of the alliance which this marriage sealed, Maximin Daza was practically excluded from engaging in the war. For should he make common cause with Maxentius, he would come into conflict with Licinius, who jealously resented any encroachments on his rights and territory.

Against Maxentius Constantine now prepared to march. His army was not large, because he been compelled to leave ample garrisons behind to defend his frontiers on the Rhine. Zosimus puts down the total number of his men at 25,000 to 100,000, whilst Maxentius had mustered together no fewer than 190,000 men.

As he rode at the head of his forces, be it in his own Gaul or

on some difficult if lovely Alpine pass, Constantine was lost in thoughts which Eusebius reproduces faithfully for us in his own alert style. In the first place, he could not deny that his numbers were small. Worn out by long, fatiguing marches, his soldiers would soon have to come to close grips with the superior forces of Maxentius—renowned prætorian guards of Rome and the picked fighters of Italy and Africa! Besides, the enemy was in a state of high mental exaltation as to the providential mission of their leader. Would not the gods be by his side again as they had been in the riot which followed upon the death of Severus, and, once more, when Galerius had taken to flight? Had not the augurs and haruspices indicated victory to the Roman troops? This assurance of victory acted like old wine to their courage. Then the thought of fighting with the prætorian guards on a foreign soil, where the methods of warfare differed much from the guerrilla skirmishing of provincial woods and marshes, had lain like a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of his troops. Had this undefined hesitancy of his generals not induced him to give immediate orders for a quick march across the Alps? Indeed, Constantine's mind was troubled. The heart that had not quailed as he stepped down into the arena at Nicomedia to kill a starved lion now trembled with fear and a superstitious awe. Of one thing he was certain—the issue of this battle depended upon more than military valor and prowess.

But whence must help come if he could not succeed with the men he was leading towards Rome? To whom could he turn, since all were turned against him? Certainly, not to men—much less to the gods who had so often failed the men whom they had promised to assist in battle. Of all the warriors in the past who had attempted to accomplish the work which he was now undertaking all had failed—save one—his own father, the brave and valiant Roman who, despite—perhaps on account of his love—for Rome had ever adored one god. But where was this “one god” whose arm was strong and whose help was never-failing? How could He be known, because, men said, He was not visible? Where must one turn to obtain His protection?

And as an answer to all the questions which rose to his lips wakened by the cold, bitter logic of his present need, as a sign of the forthcoming victory over Maxentius, and a still greater victory over his own ignorance and pagan hesitation and unbelief, there appeared to Constantine somewhere on the way between Colmar and Saxa Rubra a Cross in the heavens.

“And whilst the Emperor prayed with supplication,” Eusebius writes, “a marvelous sign was sent to him by God. If any other

persons should have reported it, his hearers would with difficulty believe it. But who can longer doubt it, since the victorious Augustus, a long time afterwards when I was admitted to his intimacy, told it to me and swore to it on oath. He declared having seen with his eyes, after midday when the sun was already going down to the horizon, a luminous cross appear in the heavens, just below the sun, with this inscription: 'In this thou shalt conquer.' This apparition struck him with astonishment, as also the soldiers who followed him and were witnesses of it. He asked himself, so he told me, what this sight might have meant. He thought a long time; then night came, and during his sleep Christ appeared to him and commanded him to make a military standard similar to the one that had appeared to him and to make use of it in his battles as a salutary protection."

Constantine believed the sign that had been given him. Though the pagan soldiers of his army, believing the soothsayers and haruspices, wished to discontinue the march on account of this "adversum signum," or bad sign, the Emperor gave instant orders for the preparation of a standard on which appeared, in abbreviated form, the name of Jesus Christ. This standard was carried by Constantine in every march and in each of his armies. It later became known as the "Labarum."

It is Eusebius, the learned Bishop of Cæsarea, "Father of Church History" and confidant of Constantine, who relates the apparition of the cross in his "De Vita Constantini." In his earlier work, "The History of the Church," he is less explicit, simply stating that before commencing the battle Constantine "piously called upon the God of heaven and his Son Jesus Christ," who gave the Emperor victory. The account of Eusebius bears on its face the hallmark of truth and genuineness. He states the facts simply, soberly, without any effort at embellishment or any apologetic pleading for the cause of Christianity. He does not flatter the Emperor with fulsome praise, but shows him to us in all his weakness and human limitations. He reproduces the fears and hesitations of a man who knows that he is going to a battle whose odds are all against him. He allows the less spiritual, more earthly, motives that lay at the back of Constantine's prayer appear in all their nakedness. Everything he says accords with the character of the Emperor as we know it from his life and all his actions. If the story were an invention of the Bishop, we would find more of the idealistic in it than in fact we do. There is no hero-worship here. We must therefore accept Eusebius' words if we are ready to accept Constantine's oath to the truth of the story which he told the Bishop.

But there have not been wanting rationalistic historians who,

if they cannot impugn the veracity of Eusebius, question the good faith, sincerity and mental sanity of Constantine. These special pleaders at the bar of history are guided by the sole preoccupation of removing from the history of Constantine the miraculous apparition of the cross in the heavens. In the first place, we cannot believe that Constantine would have staked his good name on a fictitious story which the many soldiers who were with him at the time could have easily contradicted. Moreover, he had nothing to gain from such a fiction, first, because he had already gained the victory and was enjoying its glory, and, secondly, because the friendship of the Christian God would not go far in increasing his popularity with the mass of the Roman people, who were still pagans. Truth to tell, he would have acted more in accordance with the tastes of Rome had he ascribed the victory to the pagan gods or to his own valor. His reign would have been less wearisome had he left the Christians severely alone. He could have found an easier way to surround his victory by the Milvian Bridge with the glory which some modern historians make out he was desirous of obtaining than by the invention of this story. It could not have been thrown out as a bait for the favor of the Christians, for they were far less numerous in the empire than the pagans, less influential. If, then, we may not suspect Eusebius, who wrote of the apparition in A. D. 338, nor the pagan Nazarius, who wrote in A. D. 321, nor Lactantius, who wrote in A. D. 314; if we may not put down Constantine's own account as a wilful deceit, we can, at least, according to another class of modern historians, ascribe the vision to hallucination. This is the explanation suggested by the last writer on the subject of the apparition. In *"The Cambridge Medieval History,"* edited by H. M. Gwatkin and J. P. Whitney, we read: "But we need not, therefore, set it (the apparition of the cross) down for a miracle. The cross observed may very well have been a halo such as Whymper saw when he came down after the accident on the Matterhorn in 1865—three crosses for his three lost companions. The rest is no more than can be accounted for by Constantine's imagination, inflamed as it must have been by the intense anxiety of the unequal contest." It is just as well to say at once in answer to this insidiously plausible explanation that by means of subtle insinuation and the heaping up of analogies any one who knows the force of words can explain away any occurrence whose outer effects and appearance come under the senses of man. Thus the miracles of Christ have been gotten rid of by daring rationalizing historians and critics. It is true that the senses of Constantine may have been defective; of this we have no knowledge, and we can hardly suppose it in a general way.



But if he was deceived by what he saw, imagining it to be a cross in the heavens, then also were the thousands of soldiers who were with him. Now, we know that soldiers are the least imaginative men, never hysterical and, as a rule, not over religious-minded. It would be preposterous to maintain that all were deceived together. So far we have discovered no contemporary who has denied the apparition. It matters little whether it was a halo, or nebula, or any other aerial substance. What matters alone is whether something unusual appeared in the sky. Of the appearance of a cross we cannot doubt—antiquity is entirely in favor of an apparition. Constantine, having called upon the God of the Christians for help, saw in the cross a sign from the Christian God that his prayer had been heard. And because, good general that he was, he knew that he could not win by his own forces, he ascribed the victory to the help which he believed he had received from above. This is the verdict also of those who were in the best position to judge for themselves—those whose lives were conterminous with the appearance of the cross and the gaining of the victory at the Milvian Bridge—the pagans and Christians who were one in looking upon the whole affair as mysterious. Nazarius, a pagan writer of Gaul, reëchoes the tradition of his fellows with regard to some wonderful apparition made to Constantine; the Roman Senate and people when erecting the Arch of Constantine, in A. D. 315, mentioned in the inscription on its base that he had overcome the tyrant “*instinctu divinitatis*,” the Christians on their sarcophagi in the Catacombs reproduce the cross and words which they believed the Emperor had seen in the heavens; the Augustus himself ordered his statue in the Forum to bear a lance in the shape of a cross, with this inscription below: “By this salutary sign, emblem of true courage, I have delivered your city from the yoke of the tyrant.” No one demurred. No one contradicted the popular belief. If Constantine was a victim of his imagination, then the same is true of all antiquity; or else antiquity allowed a huge lie to be foisted upon itself without protest or contradiction. Besides, the careful editions of the classics which were then prepared show us that it was a hypercritical age; the system of espionage which obtained in Rome succeeded in laying bare the truth of every important statement, as Seneca and Philostratus assure us; pious fictions could not expect a long lease of life at the hands of the people and the colleges of priests who were never listless and indifferent to tales that spoke of the oracles and the intervention of the divinity in favor of man. Being pagans and enemies of the Gospel, it is but natural to expect that they would exercise an especially rigorous censorship over a story which made in favor of Christianity. If

all this be true, it would seem to be the part of ordinary prudence and good sense to accept the story of the apparition of the shining cross for what all antiquity took it to be—an intervention of the God of the Christians in favor of Constantine. And he, believing the sign that had been given him, marched on quickly to the Milvian Bridge.

But before giving orders to march into the land that had taken up the sword against him, Constantine received another vision of the Prince of Peace, who bade him to engrave upon the bucklers of his soldiers the monogram which every Roman took as the badge of a most stupendous defeat and lost cause—the sign of the cross, which already glimmered on the Roman standards. And under this new ægis the soldiers, having crossed the Alps, captured in quick succession Susa, Turin, Milan, Brescia, Aquileia and Modena. Near the borders of Etruria the army suffered a defeat. But strong in his trust, Constantine continued, by forced marches, to swoop down on Rome.

Now, Maxentius was living at Rome in great splendor and ceaseless feasting. His mind was busy with preparations for the feast which was to mark the sixth anniversary of his accession to the throne. He believed in his own good fortune. He trusted the gods, whom he called his own, because they had promised him success. There was nothing to fear except the fickle Roman populace, whom he must keep from revolt by games and gratuitous provisions—*Panem et Circenes!* The rival who was descending upon his city with the rapidity of an avalanche would yet learn to walk slowly in the triumphal procession through the city streets. It would be sweet to see him doing homage, in the dust, at the feet of the Roman Augustus! Hence Maxentius did not leave his banquet table and his pleasures, though the best of his generals kept ever close to him expecting orders. Without, in the camp, the soldiers paced up and down restlessly, eager for the carnage of war. At last Maxentius did give the command: the army was to march out by the Flaminian Way to meet the invader. The forces were to cross the Tiber and leave their rear guard on the right bank of the river. It was a blind order, foolish, dangerous, because there was no way of retreat left to them in case of need except the Milvian Bridge, made of small boats. But the hoary generals durst not speak out their minds to their master. It was the Roman's to obey—and here were Romans of the Romans. And the prætorian guards and the skilled warriors of Southern Italy and Mauritania did as they were commanded.

About two hours' march from Rome, on the further side of the Tiber, close by the Red Rocks, which overlooked the former villa

of Livy, the advance guard of the Roman army met the one thousands of Constantine. A slight skirmish took place. It was but the foretaste of the morrow's battle. It was but as the tentative crossing of swords in a duel. It was but the first of the orchestra which was to play the sad dirge for those who were to fall and to be beaten!

On October 28, A. D. 312, the anniversary day of Maxentius's coronation, Constantine marched on swiftly towards the river.

In the distance lay the Golden City, early alive with the thought of people who were to be feasted that day by the Emperor. The gladiators bathed their nimble limbs, oiled with the choicest balsam of Africa, in the morning sun. The keepers of the wild beasts of the circus prodded the lions and panthers with long, sharp spears in order to stir up their instincts of killing. The streets, which were decorated with festoons of flowers and laurel wreaths, were surged with people from the surrounding country who had come to the Eternal City as guests of their own generous Augustus. A few birds, uninvited, came to the celebration. Maxentius, the victor of the victory which the gods had promised him—the spoiled son of fortune—watched from his imperial lodge the games of the circus.

The entry of Constantine into the City of the Cæsars on the morrow of the battle—October 29, A. D. 312—was a real triumph because a people's soul was in it. The pleasure-mad Romans, once in their lives, did not seek by ovation to satisfy their love of display and diversion, but meant in downright earnest to show their gratitude to a hero who had broken the oppressive chains from their necks. The procession was œcumenic in character because in it marched those whom we should never have expected to find there—the poor, the lowly, the women, the children—a word, all Rome. There, too, we might have seen the seven Senators whom Constantine had freed from the jails, where the patriots, who had refused to keep a servile silence, had been confined by Maxentius for their freedom of speech. The crowd was mad with enthusiasm. It was drunk with the new wine of freedom. It followed Constantine to the Palatine Hill, cheering him with shouts which the heavens had protected and, forgetting the pagan prejudices of the past, bowing in reverence before the sign of the cross which glistened on the Roman standards and the soldiers' bucklers. And no one asked himself the question why Constantine had foregone the sacrifices to the gods and the visit to Jupiter Capitolinus which were customary on such occasions. And as the banners fluttered in the air a mighty cry went up from the people when Constantine appeared on the balcony of the palace which stood on the hill.

and the cry seemed to come from one throat, probably because it came from hearts that were one in gratitude to the hero. Eusebius tells us that the people almost forced their way into the palace in their efforts to show visibly to the man who had freed them the great love that was in their hearts.

Later on, the Senate decreed that two days each year should be set aside as national holidays in veneration of him whom they honored with the official title of "The First Augustus." The small temple which Maxentius had built on the Appian Way to perpetuate the memory of his son Romulus was turned into a shrine bearing the victor's name. An arch that was to stand between the Cœlian and Palatine Hills began to rise from the ground, fair and beautiful with the sculptured blocks that came from other arches which other men had built for themselves in their vaulting ambition and desire of immortality in the minds of men. On the crest of the Esqueline Hill the Consul Junius Bassus built a basilica, on whose walls costly mosaics perpetuated each phase of the recent battle and victory—a basilica which was destined to become the Christian Church of St. Andrew, in which, for many years, there was enacted early each morning the victory of Christ over the devil. Throughout the empire there was rejoicing; processions passed through the cities almost daily for a month. Especially true was this of Africa, which Maxentius had devastated and trampled upon by his ceaseless pursuit of Alexander. In the name of the Roman Province of Africa the authorities instituted colleges of priests in nearly all the important cities, priests who were forbidden to offer sacrifices to the gods, but whose duty it was to preside at the periodic games in honor of the Flavian "gens." Cirta changed its name into that of Constantine, from whose wise rule it hoped to regain its lost splendor, importance and opulence.

Constantine's great heart must have gone out in love to his people, who clung to him with the affection and abandon of children. Be that as it may, he set about at once to heal the social wounds from which the empire bled. Radium-like, his measures of reform brought light into a world that had lost its way in the worse than Etruscan darkness of Maxentius' misrule. He suppressed the debasing system of informing which wrought much havoc amongst the people, because each man watched his neighbor narrowly, like a criminal, in order to draw pecuniary profit from his mistakes past and present. By this very means, too, he was able to protect the men who had formerly cast in their lot with Maxentius and were for that reason hated by a people burning with resentment for past evils suffered at their hands. Indeed, the Emperor showed great leniency for the partisans of his former opponent—he did

not require fresh hecatombs of victims to satisfy his outrage—that had been avenged at Saxa Rubra—now only the Maxentius and his most intimate agents were led out to the milestone beyond the walls on the Flaminian or Salerian to be beheaded. In order to guarantee his own safety, strengthen his own rule and save the city from military oppression, he dismissed the prætorian guards and dismantled their camps, which had been nurseries of insurrection. He reduced the number of guards. Rome, because it was his Rome, must be a free city as long as he ruled no one could dare snatch the pearl of power from the proud front of Rome where he had set it.

Soon strange faces, devastated by fear, corrugated by sorrow and disfigured by the hot irons of torture, appeared in the streets. Those who had long memories tried to recall what these human temples had once looked like! Men whose limbs had been mutilated in war or maimed in some great catastrophe hobbled painfully through the Eternal City—those the muscles of whose legs had been cut before going to work in the pestilential mines. Widows and orphans came on their way daily to booths where money, clothing and food were dispensed by carefully chosen almoners, whose hands were generous because the Emperor's heart was warm. These remnants of humanity were the salvage from the storm which had raged against the Church. They streamed into Rome because it was the city of their souls, and their souls were Roman and Catholic, and Constantine was the Church's Deliverer.

From the first the Emperor took a decided stand in favour of Christianity. He not only opened his hand to the Christians but encouraged them by his sympathy for the Gospel. He issued an edict shortly after the victory at the Milvian Bridge granting freedom to the Christians. It has never reached us. We know of the edict only from the words by which several months later he rescinded some of its regulations. As we shall see, he regretted the strictness of his first edict of tolerance as utterly unworthy clemency.

The Romans, so Eusebius tells us, were struck dumb with wonder at the sight of humble ministers of the Gospel at meat with the Emperor on the Palatine and moving freely in his council chamber. For the first time in the history of the world the Roman emperor received orders to contribute to the erection of Christian churches. The old Lateran Palace, which had recently been named in honour of the Empress Fausta, was handed over to Pope Miltiades as his residence. Here the seat of ecclesiastical administration was transferred. In the following year a council of eighteen Bishops

convened in the palace, since it was but just that the convention of Church legislators be held in the "First Cathedral of Christendom." By order of the Emperor, all ecclesiastical property which had been stolen or confiscated by State or individuals was returned to the rightful owners.

In the Orient, where the rule of Constantine was not recognized, the persecution against the Christians still pursued its bloody and unholy way. For Maximin Daza was not the man to let go the throats of the Christians. Now that his power was becoming more dominant every day throughout the empire, and his name was a talisman to conjure with, Constantine resolved, with the concurrence of his colleague, Licinius, to force Maximin to put aside the rack and torture-wheel. Together they wrote a menacing letter to the Oriental Augustus, which he did not dare, as was his wont, to leave unanswered. He prepared for the bitter business of replying to the summons by first drowning several Christians. Then he took up his writing materials. In a shifting, shuffling, non-committal letter to Sabinus, the prefect of his prætorian guards, Maximin wrote among many other things that "I have wished to remind you that our provincial peoples must be brought back to the gods by leniency and persuasion. If some return of their own free will, you must receive them with open arms. But if others prefer to persevere in their religion (Christian), it is necessary to leave them to their own free choice. This, then, is the rule which you must henceforth follow: Grant no one permission to oppress the inhabitants of the provinces; gain them to our religion by clemency." There was not a single Christian who trusted the half-hearted promises of Maximin. This was but a truce, a cessation of open hostilities; Maximin was, obviously, trying to gain time. If fortune should smile upon him, he would not tarry to unsheath the sword. Hence the Christian fugitives remained in their caves and hiding places; priests still wore their careful disguises; the name of Jesus was still pronounced behind locked doors, with caution, as if it were an execrable name. Men still prayed hard and earnestly for the breaking of the new day when Christian justice should shine forth like the sun after the long night of oppression in which Maximin had tried, by dark ruses, to promote the universal spread of paganism in the Orient. The "*potestates tenebrarum harum*" were at work like the darkest powers of hell.

But Constantine, too, understood the trickery of the hypocritical Augustus. He had unearthed at Rome a long correspondence between Maximin and Maxentius, where they had made common cause against him. If he got as much as one favorable opportunity, Maximin would undoubtedly declare war on him. But Constantine

feigned to be satisfied with the edict of Maximin. He knew what he was about. After having received in Rome the insignia of his third Consulate, Constantine departed for Milan, where Licinius was awaiting him.

Though the obvious purpose of this convention at Milan was to celebrate the wedding of Licinius with Constantine's sister, Constantia, important business pertaining to the empire was to be despatched. It was probably for the latter reason that Diocletian was invited to attend the meeting. But when he refused to come, alleging old age and infirmity, and was on this account open to be accused of collusion with Maximin, he took poison in order to escape a worse death, Victor Aurelius assures us. The Christians looked upon his tragic end as the work of divine vengeance. Like nearly all the persecutors of the Church of the fourth century, he ended miserably. The Senate inscribed his name amongst the good and the people erected a magnificent mausoleum for him. But what he would have preferred to all this posthumous honor was denied him: to join his name to the great work that was being inaugurated at Milan.

Diocletian had let loose a storm in the empire in the driving mists of which Christianity was enveloped as in a halo—a halo as beautiful as is the milky white mantle of mist with which a shower sometimes clothes the sombre mountains of Scotland. For the long duration of the storm had caused much internal disorder in the empire, which was far more really dangerous than troubles whose ominous warnings came from without. Galerius, it is true, had tried to stay the arm of the persecutor, because his own was no longer able to deal out blows. Gaul, Spain and Italy, which were governed by Constantine, and the land that lay between the Adriatic and the Bosphorus, which was governed by Licinius, were the only parts of the vast Roman Empire where humane treatment was dealt out to the Christians. The rest of the empire was at the mercy of every whimsical ruler. The edict of Galerius was too flexible to satisfy the juridic mind of Constantine who had signed it. It was open to any kind of interpretation in the hands of the magistrates' lawyers. These were commanded to "do nothing against the law" with regard to the Christians. What was the law? In theory it was tolerance for Christianity. In practice, however, the lawyers and magistrates could take refuge in several restrictive clauses which were appended to the edict and which were an annulment of the liberty which it had granted. These regulations were prototypes of the later Napoleonic "Articles organiques" and operated in the same destructive manner. For Galerius had made no provisions as to the restitution of the co-

cated possessions of the Christians. The Galerian edict, therefore, was not fit to stand upon the law tablets of Rome.

Constantine was convinced that this edict was an inefficient charter of religious liberty. In content and form, by reason of the circumstances which had dictated it and in view of the application which it had received in certain quarters, he determined to publish a new law in favor of the Christians. Eusebius gives us, in Greek, the preamble, whilst Lactantius preserves for us in Latin the official text of the Edict of Milan.

"For a long time we have been convinced that liberty of conscience in religious matters must not be limited, but that it is necessary to allow every one to obey the dictates of his own conscience. Thus we have permitted all—and this includes the Christians—to follow the teachings of their religion and worship. But because many and diverse conditions were enumerated in the rescript by which this privilege was granted them, many have, perhaps on this account, renounced it after a time." (Here the preamble ends.)

"Hence we, Constantine and Licinius, emperors, having met at Milan to treat of all the affairs which concern the interest and safety of the empire, have thought that among those matters which must occupy our attention, nothing would be more useful to our peoples than to regulate first of all those things which regard the manner of honoring the divinity. We have resolved to grant to the Christians and all others the liberty of practicing the religion which they prefer, so that the divinity who resides in heaven may be propitious and favorable to us as to all those who live under our rule. It has seemed to us good and reasonable not to refuse to any of our subjects, be he Christian or adherent of any other cult, the right of following the religion which seems best to him. As the result of this action, the divinity, whom each one of us will honor freely hereafter, will grant us His wonted favor and good will. It behooves, therefore, that your Excellency should know that we suppress all the restrictions contained in the edict which we sent you with reference to the Christians, and that henceforth we permit them to observe their religion without being disturbed or molested in any way. We have taken pains to make this known to you in the most precise manner, so that you may not be ignorant of the fact that we leave to the Christians the most complete and absolute liberty of practicing their worship; and because we grant this to the Christians, your Excellency will understand well that all others enjoy the same right. It is worthy of the age in which we live and it is conducive to the peace which the empire now enjoys that a full liberty be given to all our subjects to adore the



god of their choice and that no religion be deprived of the honors which are due to it.

"Moreover—as regards the Christians—we have decreed that their accustomed places of worship (of which there was question in the instructions sent to your office) which have been alienated by the State or individuals are to be returned to them without indemnity, without any payment, without delay or civil process. Whoso has received or even bought the same will be obliged to hand them over as soon as possible; if he think that, in exchange he is entitled to some mark of our liberality, let him address himself to our vicar (or the prefect of the province). But all the possessions must be returned immediately to the Christian body. And as these same Christians did not only possess meeting places but also properties belonging to the corporation, that is to say, churches, and not to private individuals, we ordain, in virtue of this same law, that the said possession be given back to the corporation and community without any excuse or discussion, observance of the forenamed law: those who return these possessions without demanding payment are to receive an indemnification from the State. In all these matters you will seek the advice of the Christians, so that our command may be quickly carried out since it makes for the public peace. May the divine power, which we have experienced in great things, as was said before, assure continued success and the happiness of all our subjects. So that this act of our benevolence may not remain unknown to any one you will see that it receive official promulgation everywhere."

From the most casual reading of this important document we can see that Constantine spared no pains to make himself understood by the people. This was all the more necessary, since he spoke a language of clemency that was unknown to the Roman juriconsults. These lawyers would, undoubtedly, exercise their ingenuity in foisting upon the people forced interpretations of law, since they would have considered themselves hopeless if failures had they been unable to discover another side to the edict of Constantine, who knew this chicanery of the lawyers, prevented the possibility of subterfuge by repeating, five times, the central idea of the edict. It was a model of precision. It was definite as the Roman law ought to be. It was an absolute permission—not a mere pardon, as was the edict of Galerius—in straightforward unmistakable language. There was no misinterpreting its purpose or mistaking its meaning for the present and for the future.

As it was an unusual law, and by its very nature liable to surprise and scandalize the pagan Romans, Constantine insists that in issuing it he had followed true wisdom and palpable good sense.

does not frame this law like a weakling—like Galerius, for example—giving way to an opposition which he could not defeat; he does not allege motives of political expediency or national safety; he does not invoke philosophic reasons for his assertion. The only reasons he knows and sees fit to mention are religious reasons: “that the divinity who resides in heaven may be propitious and favorable to us and to all those who live under our rule.” And to leave no doubt as to his motives, he repeats the same idea three times: Only a Catholic could have made such a humble profession of dependence on God. He thinks only of the Christians in drawing up this law; he mentions them alone; the pagans receive tolerance only because he has granted it to the Christians. The pagan jurists and advisers of the Emperor had nothing to do with the drafting of this law. It goes counter to ethnic ideas of religion and statecraft. For though Constantine as Emperor was by that very fact the “Pontifex Maximus” of paganism, he yet is the first ruler in the history of the pagan world to deprive the cult of the gods, definitely, of its essentially political and national ethos. It was a Christian emperor who first engraved on the law books the principle of liberty of conscience, just as it was a Christian apologist who first defended and justified the thesis.

In the fewest possible words the Edict of Milan meant this: Christianity was a licit religion in the empire, on an equal footing, juridically, with paganism. The Roman police could no longer watch the Christians like lynxes, nor hunt them out for persecution like ferrets. Their measures which had defiled the edict of Galerius in A. D. 311 are abrogated, formally, by the edict of Constantine in A. D. 313.

Some modern writers have attempted to disprove the Christian origin and authorship of the edict by insisting that expressions are to be found in it for which no Christian would wish to stand responsible. Constantine, they say, could not have been a Christian at the time he published the edict, because he uses a word for God’s name—“Divinitas”—which belongs to the terminology of the syncretists. For the lovers of moderation, these outspoken religious pacifists tried to make Christianity the equal in all things of paganism. The concept of divinity was made flexible enough by them to fit any religion. Syncretism was the clearing-house of the Roman pagan world. It was an early form of a doctrine which is heard to-day from the mouths of theists and indifferentists that one religion is as good as another, because all are equal amongst themselves. Hence a phraseology was invented which would wound the sensibilities of none. That Constantine was no syncretist is clear from the dominant ideas and measures of the edict, which

are plainly Christian. If, however, he used the pet word of syncretism, it may well have been for the purpose of not unduly rousing the pagans, who, he knew, would take umbrage at a law which ran counter to the traditions of the law schools and the religious prejudices of the people. After all, the edict was throughout Christian in tenor, and the ambiguous word was capable of Christian interpretation; nay, use, for we find it sometimes on the graves in the Catacombs. But by using it Constantine assured himself of the good will of the pagans, their fidelity, their loyalty. Besides, he had to give to the pagans some proof of his continued interest in the old State religion, since he maintained the office of "Pontifex Maximus" for political reasons. After all, the words are not more pagan than many which we find in professedly Catholic writers of the Renaissance, at which no critic takes scandal. And yet Constantine was guided by political considerations which the later word-brokers could not have had. Some writers—it is a too evident—have sworn amongst themselves that Constantine must walk by the help of the crutch of paganism in order to catch up with their theories and hypotheses.

It might also be ventured as an explanation that these phrases were due to the scribes who wrote out the edict. We know that the Roman chancery remained pagan in terminology a long time after the State had embraced Christianity and all the clerks had stepped down into the baptismal font. The Roman law, even after it nestled under the wings of the Church, still persisted in speaking its original language. It is, therefore, just possible that the scribes who were drawing up in writing a new law in behalf of Christianity used a few of the current phrases which were familiar to their lips.

The presence of these phrases in the Edict of Milan disposes of another objection which has been urged. Since not even a novice in theology would have been hardy enough to make use of these terms, we can dismiss the objection of an episcopal or clerical authorship.

The edict as it stands is the work of Constantine. To him alone belongs the glory of having dictated to his secretaries—sometime in a halting language, for he was speaking of a subject that was still new to him—the famous document which like a sun was to shine in the sky of politics and statesmanship for many years to come.

The second part of the charter, which had reference to the Christians alone, was a public and official act of reparation by one who had the courage to be just. For it required a fair-minded man to admit that Rome had in the latter times been guilty of grand larceny in no small degree. The law which bade every one

give back to the Christians their lost possessions was a public confession of guilt and corrupt politics. Under Septimus Severus the Church had received permission to possess temples and schools, cemeteries and charitable institutions—most of which were sold by the hammer in the third century, the rest confiscated in the beginning of the fourth. Gallien, in A. D. 260, had made restitution, in part, to the Church, which he recognized as a corporation possessing the right of ownership. Galerius, in A. D. 311, had returned the churches to the Christians, and Maxentius had given back to the deacons of Pope Miltiades the property of the Roman community. But these measures were carried out very unsatisfactorily—the Church received less than she had formerly possessed. In the Occident the various churches had not obtained the possession of their goods regularly; in the Orient the persecution of Maximin threatened to swallow up the Christian estates which still remained. It is true to say that only those possessions had at one time or another been returned to the Church which the State had alienated. Everything which had been sequestered by individuals or had passed into private hands by theft, purchase, donation or legacy was irretrievably lost. The retroactive action of the edict not only restored the lost goods to their lawful owners, but what is more noticeable, established beyond a doubt the right of the Church to possess in her own name. Constantine's action was drastic, because justice had not been heeded by Rome. His law was synonymous with expropriation, but only because the Romans had laid violent hands on goods whose possession by their rightful owners no one could have legally contested. It was a tardy act of reparation, though a full act of justice. To temper justice with equity, and to inspire confidence in those who were affected by the edict, Constantine twice declared in this charter of liberty his willingness to indemnify all those who suffered by its regulations.

The Church no longer need linger in the Catacombs! The Pope dwelt in the Lateran; Constantine, the law-giver, the edict-maker, ruled in peace from the Palatine; and the Cross was planted, at last, upon the Seven Hills of Rome.

In the Orient, however, Maximin refused to recognize the Cross. If by sheer fear of the threats of his Occidental colleagues he had given liberty to the Christians, he did not mean on that account to be unrevenged upon the men who had denied his sword its soft feeding of Christian blood. The marriage feast of Milan was scarce over when Maximin gathered his troops for a quick march through Syria, Bithynia, Thrace and Byzantium to Heraclea, where he entrenched himself against Licinius. He did not purpose to stop his conquests here; Constantine would, in his turn, be called upon to

render an account. On his knees, with outstretched arms, he swore to Jupiter that, should he be successful, he would blot out the last vestiges of the Christian name. This was a religious war—even the war of Jupiter on Christ! Licinius, whose troops were no numerous, hastened to defend his empire. His soldiers were of good courage and cheer, because they were mindful of the help which had come to Constantine in a like war. And Licinius, knowing their desires, ordered a prayer to be said in unison by all the men before the battle—a prayer which, if it was no explicit acknowledgment of Christianity, was nevertheless an open repudiation of polytheism. On the broad plain before Heraclea the contending armies were drawn up in battle array. Licinius offered honorable terms to Maximin. He refused. Then the clarion sounded; the standards moved forward; the battle cry went up; men fell quick and fast like grass before the sickle; the victory was almost won. The greater part of Maximin's men fled from him in terror at sight of the awful carnage. Heaven had been against them. Forsaken by his own bodyguard, Maximin threw aside his purple toga and covered his trembling shoulders with the rags of a slave. Thus disguised, he fled to the river and escaped to Nicomedia by boat. Now, it was the first day of May when he entered the city—the eighth anniversary of his enthronization as Cæsar by Galerius in the small fane which stood outside the city in a sacred forest. The deserted Emperor gathered a small troop of soldiers in Cappadocia, whom he constrained to do him imperial homage.

Licinius incorporated the remnants of Maximin's army into his own, and arriving in the capital city of Bithynia, at once promulgated the Edict of Milan. It was June 13, A. D. 312. In this very place, ten years earlier, Diocletian's first edict of persecution had been posted. The world was, evidently, rising to a higher plane. He restored the churches to the Christians and exhorted the people with his own mouth to take up the manner of life which they had abandoned out of fear of Maximin. He pursued the fugitive Emperor towards Cilicia, where he had taken refuge in almost defenseless condition behind the natural fortifications of the Taurus mountains. Deserted by those he trusted most, despised by the men whom he had frightened into service, Maximin now sought the support of the Christians, whom he thought to win to himself by publishing the Edict of Milan with added assurances of favor and indulgence of his own. But no one trusted this man of false speeches. Alone, with a handful of soldiers who, because they did not love him, did not venture much for him, Maximin prepared for death in his own fashion. He got ready a sumptuous banquet whose crown and finish—at least in his eyes—was a draught of

deadliest poison. But the potion did not bring on instantaneous death. Whilst the poison drove the blood to his brain, he seemed to hear the distant tramp of Licinius' soldiers. On his cot of stripped yew branches he lay a raving maniac. In this troubled dream of his last hours he saw the King of the Five Wounds appear before him with menacing mien, surrounded by the army of His Wounded Friends, whose scars, Maximin knew, he himself had caused in his days of earthly power. And the dying man for the first time in his life prayed to Christ for mercy. But the fire burned within him. The poison hammered the nails of death into his brain. He ordered the unsympathizing physicians away from him as they stood waiting for his life to ebb away.

Licinius, soldier that he was and not overgiven to mercy, had the name of Maximin called out as that of an enemy of the city. His statues were everywhere thrown down into the dust, where they lay objects of scorn to all passersby. His face was besmeared in every picture so as to make it unrecognizable and his memory contemptible. His wife was pitilessly dragged out of her palace in the city of Antioch and thrown into the yellow waters of the Orontes; his children and adherents were massacred. The temple of Jupiter was torn down and Theotecte, the inventor of the fraudulent responses of the oracle which had instigated Maximin to battle, was beheaded. At Thessalonica Diocletian's wife, Valeria, and daughter, Prisca, were decapitated and their bodies cast into the sea. Their end was tragic, for having once known the truth of Christianity, they abandoned it to please the Emperor Diocletian.

When Maximin fell a long breathing space of peace seemed to be assured to the empire. For a time Licinius appeared to live up to the stipulations of the Edict of Milan. Then he grew jealous of the prestige of Constantine, and a change was seen. The cause of the rupture, as far as we can learn, was the religious policy of Constantine.

For the Roman Augustus was not satisfied that restitution be made to the Christians for all the losses which they had sustained during the era of persecution. In spite of the recent law, the Christians had not yet received back all their confiscated possessions. A strict justice was possible only by the personal generosity of the Emperor. At his cost a basilica arose near the old Lateran palace, which had already been given to the Pope for his private use. Over the graves of the chief martyrs magnificent churches were erected at the cost of the State—one on the Vatican Hill, where Peter had confessed the faith; another on the Ostian Way, which perpetuated the memory of Paul of Tarsus; another on the Tiburtine Way, where Lawrence, the intrepid deacon, lay in death. The saintly

mother of the Emperor, St. Helen, who lived in the "domus Sessoriana," near the Lateran, prevailed upon her son to erect an unpretentious church on the Labican Way, over the cemetery where the martyrs Peter and Marcellinus were buried. When the Saviour Cross was discovered in Jerusalem, she procured a notable portion of the Sacred Wood, which she kept in her palace, that was later converted into the basilica of Santa Croce. Constantia, daughter of the Emperor, built a church over the grave of St. Agnes on the Nomentan Way, whilst Anastasia, sister of the Emperor, had a church constructed in honor of her namesake at the foot of the Palatine. From the "Liber Pontificalis" we learn that sacred edifices sprang up all over Italy owing to the Emperor's generosity—Ostia, Alba, Capua and Naples, even at Cirta, in far-off Numidia.

During the years which elapsed between the publication of the Edict of Milan and the definitive break of friendly relations between the two Emperors, Constantine promulgated many laws which, in one way or another, favored the spread of the Gospel. He introduced the legal observance of Sunday in the empire and suppressed the ancient regulations against celibacy. He recognized the right of the Church to inherit by testamentary bequests and to free slaves in the precincts of the churches. Priests were empowered to raise their slaves to the rank of citizenship without recurring to the formulæ prescribed by the Roman law. By forbidding divorce and establishing the right of slaves to their patrimonies he, indirectly, sanctioned the family rights of the servile classes. Abandoned children were assured help; the pretexts for divorce were limited; legitimization by marriage was facilitated; female prisoners were safeguarded. The laws against immorality were stringent and far-reaching. Death by the cross was abrogated out of reverence for Christ and the branding of slaves' faces was done away with.

Most of the ordinances, which were carried out with great difficulty, were owing to the advice of the Bishops whom Constantine kept at his court. Chief amongst these was Osius, Bishop of Cordova, the Emperor's intimate friend and adviser. From all parts of the empire they came to Rome to assist the Emperor with the counsel, to eat with him at his table, to lend a new splendor to their presence to the brilliant life on the Palatine. To facilitate their coming he put the imperial post at the Bishops' disposal. Ammianus Marcellinus bitterly accuses the Emperors of having ruined and disorganized the postal service by too easily granting free passage to prelates. Now, all would have been well had the Bishops at court been able to maintain Constantine's high respect for their august office. But this seems not to have been the case. We must not be too hard on them, for, so far, Christian churchmen

had had little experience of court life. Then, too, many of them came up to the city from distant, half-savage countries, where the pomp and splendor of the imperial palace was quite unknown. Finally, the Emperor had done such great things for the Church that they might be excused for refusing to rebuke him sharply when he usurped privileges to which he had no right. After all, Constantine was the friend of the Church, and it was but just to treat him as such. Yet having made all allowances for the Bishops, it must be confessed that they showed themselves unduly weak in not withstanding the Emperor's interference in ecclesiastical matters. It required little knowledge of theology to know that Constantine's pretensions were unwarrantable when he proclaimed to these prelates: "You are the Bishops for the interior of the Church; as to myself, God has established me the Bishop of the exterior Church." It required little knowledge of the prerogatives of the ecclesiastical state to understand that Constantine was exceeding his powers when he sought to appear in the sanctuary as a priest. If the Bishops, out of deference to his good will and pure intentions, did not cry out when Constantine convened a council, they should have resented being instructed by him in their duties and being lectured for their supineness. As the priesthood comes from God and is not the appendage of the crown, the Bishops should have been the first to protest against the arrogance of the Emperor. But their attitude of subservience was dangerous and unfortunate. The extravagant praise of the prelates, who saw in him "an angel of the Lord," who took all the strange pomp before their eyes as "an image of the reign of Christ," encouraged him in his presumption. And, meanwhile, he had grown fond of this adulation. Hence when he was refused blind obedience by the Bishops, he did not hesitate to use menacing tones.

But it was not only this extravagant gratitude of the Bishops which impelled Constantine to follow the way he now began to walk. The dictatorial spirit needs other food than the cloying honey of an overwilling submission. Because it is essentially military and aggressive it thrives best and grows strongest on the rude, scant rations which are palatable only to the hungry soldier. Psychologically, therefore, this overweening arrogance of Constantine arose, in great part, from his position as regards paganism. Though he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, as is shown by nearly every one of his official acts since the apparition of the cross on the way, Constantine—still an unbaptized Christian—consented to remain the head of paganism—a flattering concession to a cult in which he no longer professed to believe. Constantine kept the office of pagan high priest for the simple political purpose



of maintaining religious peace in the realm. To suppress paganism which was so intimately interwoven with the history and institutions of Rome, would have been suicidal at the moment. It was therefore he authorized its legal existence. But he assumed towards it an attitude and policy which can be summed up in the two words—tolerance and publicity. The former was promised and guaranteed by tradition, centuries of statute law and, finally, renewed official approbation by the Edict of Milan. As most of the religious difficulties of the State with Christianity arose from the secret workings and machinations of the pagan priests, the Emperor determined to forearm himself for the future by dragging the whole unseen machinery of ethnicism into the broad daylight. In A. D. 319 he forbade under the severe penalties of death and exile the offering of sacrifices to the gods in the secrecy of the fireside; the haruspices and pagan priests were forbidden to enter private houses even on the plea of friendly visits. One might still consult these functionaries, but only in public. Magical arts were absolutely prohibited. Some Oriental cults, which had filtered into the Roman world, were suppressed as dangerous to public morals. Several of the temples where secret worship was conducted in an infamous ritual were destroyed, such as that of Æsculapius at Ægea and that of Venus at Heliopolis. Their priesthoods were completely disbanded. In depriving paganism of its secret régime—which was its strength—Constantine earned for himself the hatred of the people, and especially of the priests who lost prestige and power. This hatred never dared to show itself very openly, because paganism had learned to fear publicity. But it always existed, and the Emperor on more than one occasion had to take account of the popular feeling. Baronius concluded that Constantine, late in life, thought of abrogating the Edict of Milan, because he was compelled to make concessions to it. If no one accepts this explanation to-day, it at least shows that the Emperor's way was made difficult by the secret opposition of the old cult. The pagans' hidden hatred contributed in no small measure to encourage that dictatorial spirit in the Emperor, which begins to appear more noticeable as his difficulties with the ancient superstition grew. A man of his temperament would naturally seek to vindicate his authority as "Pontifex Maximus" over the old religion in revolt.

If he was inclined to be friendly to the Christians, and yet, on the other hand, must show favor to paganism, Constantine could scarce escape becoming arrogant. He was flattered into it by the gratitude of the one party and driven to it by the opposition of the other.

Now, since he could not constrain the pagans by arms or law

to embrace that Christianity of whose truth he was convinced, Constantine adopted the only other alternative open to his zeal to make the Gospel known. He turned preacher. It came natural to him, for all Romans were orators. And in the latter days of the empire rulers had often appeared in the rôle of religious speakers. Eusebius gives us a picture of Constantine passing his nights in the preparation of lengthy discourses. On every available occasion he preaches long sermons to the people full of the warmest invitations to come over to the Gospel. His apologetics were those of the worldly wise Christian, simple, direct, without any straining at originality and philosophic profundity. He is the preacher of common-sense. Christianity, he argues, is superior to every other cult, because its profession brings the greatest amount of earthly happiness and success. He himself had received "the hundredfold in this world" since his conversion. Then making an appeal to the craving for "*felicitas*" which gnawed at every Roman heart, he exhorts the pagans to gather before the altars of a God who treats His own so generously and regales them with such princely gifts. With the long visage and solemn voice which we generally find in those who preach without having been sent directly by God, he discourses on the providence of God and His justice, which, if it rewards the good that men do, also punishes the evil that they commit. He profits by the opportunity to attack those who lived at the expense of the State. He goes out of his way to poke jibes, perhaps maliciously, at the dishonest politicians and fawning sycophants of his court. He has nothing but blame for those who, not being able to see the cogency of his arguments, persist in holding their old errors. As there was a deep strain of subjectivism and egotism in his apologetics, he grows wrath at those who took advantage of his tolerance of paganism by remaining its adherents. Like an Egyptian high priest calling out the faults of the dead king over his body, he recounts, at length, the cruelties of the last persecutions of Diocletian and Galerius. He does not hesitate to confess that he has other arrows in his quiver than the tolerance which he had so far shown. And just as we expect him to discharge his missile, he breaks down—and with a shortsightedness which we cannot but wonder at in a man so sagacious and arbitrary, he admits his inability to dissipate "the culpable errors which were too deeply anchored in the hearts" of the people. And he adds, perhaps with a sigh, that "he resigns himself to suffer that which cannot be removed without violence." There was a deep fund of pedantry, the evident marks of a "poseur," in the words which Constantine was fond of repeating: "God is my witness that my first effort has always been to bring all my peo-

ples to agree on the concept which they should form of the divinity."

But Constantine soon convinced himself that in order to unite the splintered sects of Christendom it was necessary for him to act as theologian. If his own dominant idea was to bring about religious peace in the empire by uniting all his subjects in a lil adoration of the same God, Constantine soon realized that he must begin with the heretics and schismatics who had broken away from Peter. He detested division, because he was an empire-maker. He could not understand the reason for the existence of heresy and schism, because he was a politician whose philosophy revolved on the pivot of unity of belief and action. If men wished to believe in Christ, they must make the sacrifice of their own opinions and interpretations of religious matters. It was precisely this unity of teaching, this definiteness of doctrine, this self-identity which had invested Christianity with the unmistakable mark of truth in the eyes of Constantine. It gave an answer to the questions of life and the soul. And whoso did not feel satisfied with the answer was not only gently bidden, but fearlessly commanded to seek elsewhere. To introduce a religion of authority, such as Christianity, into the empire seemed to Constantine the quickest and surest solution of the political schemes he had in his heart—the religious pacification of the realm as a means to the political unification of the empire. His chagrin and disappointment must have been poignant when, having acquainted himself with the Christian faith and volunteered to become its boldest protagonist, he found that the seamless garment of the Church was torn to tatters by stubborn men who wished to be wiser than the Spouse of Christ herself. The Emperor was scandalized at the disputes which even persecution had not been able to eradicate and arrest. His most intimate hopes, ambitions and interests were touched to the quick by the controversies which are known as Donatism and Arianism.

Owing to the wise regulations or canons of the Council of Nicaea in A. D. 314 the abuses which had crept upon the Christian body as a result of the persecutions were quickly and effectively removed. The Orient, which has always loved religious contention, not to say dissension, was pacified. But the Church in Roman Africa was in a sorry plight, because some fanatical Christians had refused to walk the middle way of moderation which the Church had counseled. Far back in the days of Decius we see this hot-headed people casting suspicions on the orthodoxy of St. Cyprian when he advised the weak Christians to take flight rather than run the risk of apostatizing in face of the irate Roman judge or under the lash of the Roman lictor. Here Montanism taught an iron rigorism

which was little in accord with the "sweet reasonableness" of the Gospel. Here, too, men like Tertullian, whose words often sound like the screeching notes of frenzy, incited men to fanatical disobedience towards the Church.

When Cecilian, the deacon of Bishop Mensurius, of Carthage, and partaker of his sane wisdom and moderation, succeeded him upon the episcopal throne, a synod was summoned in a private house of the city in A. D. 312 under the leadership of Donat, of Casa Nigra. The seventy quarrelsome Numidian Bishops deposed Cecilian because he had been consecrated by Felix of Aptunga, whom they branded as a "traditor," since he had handed over the book of the Gospel, they said, to the emissaries of Diocletian in the time of persecution. Majorinus was installed in his place, to be succeeded in A. D. 315 by Donat himself, from whom the faction took its name. During the intrusion of Majorinus, all Africa was divided into two camps. Constantine, enlightened by his friend, Osius of Cordova, addressed his letters to the rightful incumbent of the see and directed to him and his party such imperial favors as a pecuniary subsidy, exemption from public offices and protection "against turbulent men who corrupt the people of the Holy Catholic Church by unjust and adulterous falsehoods." The Donatists complained loudly that they had been condemned without a hearing. This was a charge which roused Constantine. At the request of the Donatists to be judged by Gallic Bishops who could not have been invalidly consecrated, since they never were "traditores" (inasmuch as persecution had never put them to the test), Constantine replied by convoking a council at Rome on October 1, A. D. 313, in which the innovators were formally condemned. The Donatists appealed against the decisions of the council and reiterated still more vehemently the old accusation of unfair and high-handed treatment. The Emperor grew impatient, saying: "These men do not wish to consider the interests of their souls, nor the respect due to an all-powerful God. Not only do they cover themselves with infamy, but, worse still, they give occasion of scandal to those who are far off from our holy religion." To Albavius, Vicar of Africa, and Chrestus, Bishop of Syracuse, the Emperor expressed his fears for the good repute of the religion which he befriended. "I cannot live in peace," he writes to Albavius, "and promise myself the full grace of the favor of the all-powerful God until I see all these men, united in sentiments of fraternal union, render to Him the established worship of the Catholic religion." Ceding to the Emperor's wish of again sifting the charges of the heretics, a council of all the African, Gallic, English, Spanish, Italian and Dalmatian Bishops, under the presidency of Pope Sylvester's priests, Claude and Vitus,

and his deacons, Eugene and Cyriacus, was convened in the Gallo-Roman city of Arles in August, A. D. 314. The decisions of the Roman Council were unanimously approved, and the Emperor thanked the Bishops for their just sentence of condemnation of the sectaries.

But these latter, who refused to subscribe to the canons of the council, appealed against Constantine, whom they thereby recognized as the highest arbiter in the Church. The Emperor was enraged at this effrontery, as he did not fail to make known forthwith in a letter to the conciliar Bishops. He saw himself forced to the bitter alternative of using severe measures with the Donatists. In November, A. D. 316, he heard both parties at Milan, adjudged Cecilian innocent and branded his opponents as calumniators. These accused the Emperor of being the tool of Osius of Cordova, and hence Constantine published an edict commanding Comes Ursacius to deprive them of their churches, to sequester their possessions and to banish their leaders. The head of the faction, Donat the Great, traveled about the empire inciting his adherents to violence against the Christians. Constantine revoked his edict on May 5, A. D. 321, in the hope that the clamorous sect would die from inanition. But the Emperor's conduct encouraged them the more, whilst it left the Christians defenseless. These Circumcelliones, as they were called by the Christians (who prided themselves in the name of Agonistici, Sons of the Saints or Soldiers of Christ), went up and down Africa carrying devastation to the Christian communities. They cleared the way for the Vandals and Mussulmen of a later day, who tore down what the Circumcelliones left standing.

Whilst Constantine was busily engaged with the affairs of the Donatists, Licinius was secretly nurturing towards him a hatred which his defeats at Cibalæ, in Pannonia, in A. D. 314, and Murdie, some time later, had not in any way diminished. About A. D. 321 he openly began to hamper the free action of the Bishops in the hope of thus striking a blow, indirectly, at Constantine. By degrees the Edict of Milan was abrogated. This man, whose avarice was notorious—Eusebius compares his lust for gold to the insatiable thirst of Tantalus—laid hands upon the treasures of the Church. He ordered every one in his realm to offer to the gods, and before taking up his sword against Constantine swore publicly, at a pagan festival, to extirpate Christianity. A species of persecution so far unknown to the bloody annals of Roman intolerance was introduced for the first time; the Christians were hacked to pieces and thrown piecemeal to the fishes which Licinius kept in his ponds. Constantine's trespassing through his States to pursue the Goths was made by him a pretext for war. Near Hadrianopolis, in Thrace, in July,

A. D. 323, the first battle took place and Lucinius retreated hastily to Chalcedon. At Chrysopolis he suffered another defeat; entered Nicomedia as a fugitive on September 18, and was strangled at Thessalonica some time later. The goods of the Church were forthwith restored by Constantine; the penal laws which Licinius had made were quickly annulled; the Edict of Milan was again promulgated as the common law of the land; the magistrates were commanded to abolish the sacrifices to the gods. Constantine was now the sole ruler of the entire empire. He had overcome his jealous brother-in-law by arms and prayers, for the Emperor had spent hours together in supplication to heaven before the decisive battle at Chrysopolis. In Licinius perished one of the first and staunchest friends of the Arians.

Now, Arianism was an outgrowth of the Trinitarian controversies which had pululated all over the Orient in the fourth century. It was in the East, where Hellenism lived longest, that men refused to accept on faith the doctrine of the Church on the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation. These men asked the why and how and wherefore of mysteries which the human intellect, just because it is finite, can never hope to solve. The explanations which men substituted for the revealed teaching of the Church diverged according to the bent and dialectical acuteness of their respective authors. It was the age which saw the birth and growth of Sabellianism, Ebionitism, Theodotianism and Docetism, all of which split up into schools of thought whose names are legion. Neo-Platonism once more came forward with a self-vaunted solution of the whole difficulty; but Subordinationism was a heresy as crude as it was material. In Antioch it was the priest Lucian who infected his pupils with this unreal concept of the Trinity. Arius was his favorite disciple.

Now, Arius had had a devious record before posing as a teacher. Only with difficulty had he succeeded in being admitted amongst the Alexandrine clergy. He soon separated himself from his Bishop to become a member of the schism of Miletus. He was a tall, lank man; quick in dialectics if sophistical; a good companion and a better conversationalist; almost feminine in his bearing, artistic of temperament and avaricious. He was not the man to make a deep impression on theological thought, for he was flippant, garrulous, lightminded, inconsequential in argument, superficial. He loved a clean-cut, cameo-like conclusion; he would have accepted any that sounded paradoxical and epigrammatic, but thought little over the premises. He first broached his errors during a hot dispute of the clergy with Bishop Alexander, of Antioch. He gained many adherents amongst the disaffected clergy; won over

many unsuspecting nuns to his side; infected the people by means of popular songs and ballads which set forth his errors. Thus it happened that the world, as St. Augustine somewhere says, woke up one morning to find itself Arian. Even the pagan actors on the vaudeville stage poked fun at the divided Christian communities.

Constantine had in the meanwhile despatched Licinius and felt assured that his dreams of a universal peace in the empire were coming true. At Nicomedia, however, he heard from his friend Eusebius of the Arian disputes. His first and most natural desire was to put an end to the controversy. He looked upon it as his duty "to dissipate errors, to arrest rash opinions, to bring all the world to the true religion and to God the honors which are His due." But the Emperor was quite incapable of judging in so subtle a matter. He looked upon the whole affair as an empty, useless quarrel of words, as he himself wrote to Osius of Cordova in A. D. 324. He reproved the Arian faction for its foolishness in raising this unnecessary cloud of dialectical dust. He does not approve of the Bishops who had entered so vehemently on a quarrel that would soon pass over. He begs both parties to remember that, as brothers, they should embrace one another, leaving each to believe as he would. This letter shows clearly that Constantine had not grasped the importance of the questions in dispute. He was fundamentally mistaken on the import of the quarrel. His one concern was to maintain peace in the empire at any cost. "Grant me," he writes, "peace for my days and rest for my nights. Allow me to bask in a light that knows no cloud and to taste the pleasure of a tranquil existence till my death. See to it that I may behold you all united and happy, so that I may give thanks to God for the liberty and concord which are now established in all the world." But Osius, whom the Emperor consulted, saw the dangers of the dispute and did not fail to make them known to his imperial correspondent. In the summer of A. D. 325 three hundred and eighteen Bishops met in the first œcumenical council of the Church, at Nicea, in Bithynia. Many of these prelates, who came on the invitation and at the expense of the Emperor to settle the dispute, were eminent for learning, as Alexander of Alexandria, and St. Athanasius, his deacon; Eustathius of Antioch; Macarius of Jerusalem; Marcellus of Ancyra; others were renowned for the gift of miracles, as James of Nisibis; Spiridion of Cyprus; Leontius of Cæsarea; others were venerable for the wounds which they still bore as a souvenir of the persecutions as Paphnutius of the Upper Thebaid; Paul of Neo-Cæsarea and Potamon of Heraclea, in Egypt. Osius of Cordova, together with the priests Biton and Vincent, represented Pope

Sylvester. Constantine provided for the bodily needs of the assembled Bishops. He presided at the council as honorary president and delivered an oration to the conciliar fathers. The council formally condemned the errors of Arius and other innovators—and the Emperor approved the decrees of the council as the accepted law of the empire. Before their departure the conciliar Bishops were entertained at the imperial table.

But the partisans of Arius, who called themselves Eusebians after one of their leaders, Eusebius of Nicomedia, tried to circumvent the Emperor and obtain his good will. In this they were assisted by Constantia, widow of Licinius, who was a warm partisan of the Arians. For a moment the Emperor wavered, being unable to distinguish between truth and error. And the Arians did not fail to profit from the Emperor's hesitation. By a lying profession of faith, in which the questions under dispute were carefully glossed over, Arius obtained leave from the Emperor to return to Alexandria, from which he had been banished. Later on Constantine, who now lived in the city on the Bosphorus, where he had removed in A. D. 330, convoked a synod at Tyre for the purpose of putting an end to the heated disputes which raged in the Oriental Church. But the three hundred and thirty-five Bishops could not bring about this desired result, for the Arians had vowed themselves to a campaign of contention and religious agitation. And whilst they were still disputing amongst themselves and with the orthodox Bishops of the Church took place the death of Constantine.

It was in a suburb of Ankyrona, near Nicomedia, that Constantine went forth to meet the King of kings. During his last illness he prepared carefully for death, and with words of thanksgiving to God on his lips, he died on May 22, A. D. 337.

As is the lot of all great men who change the current of history, he was praised beyond measure by some, by others was besmirched beyond recognition. It is true, indeed, that we find in him faults which no amount of exegesis can explain away. In several of his public acts he was guided by the pagan traditions of his predecessors. He was, to say the least, unfortunate in the men who misled him, often for their own ends. Many of the shortcomings of his character were fostered by the position he held and the blind obedience which was demanded by an emperor. If he is called "Great," it is not because of intense personal holiness.

But he was no worse than any other of his predecessors on the throne. Truth to tell, he was far better than any who had so far sat upon the seat of Cæsar. Not for nothing, not without right has he merited and retained the name of "Great." He deserves the eternal gratitude of Christianity, to which he gave untrammelled



liberty—an act which a less fair-minded, magnanimous and justice-loving man would not have had the courage to perform. A monarch of great deeds, prudence and lofty ideals (especially in the earlier years of his reign) he was carried away by the very temper of his character and the influences of the times. Without holding a brief in his favor, it is true to say that he would have walked more unfalteringly on the tortuous road of politics had those whose right it was to let the light shine through the night of his doubts not befogged his mind and beclouded his way by disputes and wranglings which the Emperor could not understand and whose import and purport he could not measure. On his deathbed he tried to repair some of the deeds which the light of eternity, that was breaking on his eyes, showed him to have been unwarranted. Thus he recalled several of the exiles whom he had banished in the heat of the disputes which marked his career. He left large legacies to the Roman Church as a perpetual sign of his good will towards her whom he had befriended and legislated for.

Despite his faults—which are no more than are flies in amber—the Church has persisted throughout the ages in holding his name in grateful remembrance as that of her first imperial friend—a friend whose good will and friendship were the more worth noticing and remembering because they were given in the dark hour of need and trial.

The Flock of Christ still remembers Constantine the Great.

Suddenly a cry breaks in upon the festivities like the distant howl of a tornado. It is the alarm cry of the men who saw, out there by Saxa Rubra, that the god of war was no longer battling on the side of Maxentius' troops. The Emperor at once understands his danger. He sends in all haste to consult the Sibylline books. The "quindecimviri" return the answer that the enemy of Rome would perish. But Maxentius, face to face with danger, can no longer draw the conclusion which the priests would have him draw—the enemy of Rome cannot be any other than the enemy of Maxentius. As if riding on the wings of the wind, he hurries out to the plain where his soldiers are fighting. He crosses over the bridge of boats, which breaks in twain after his passage over it. At sight of the Emperor disorder begins amongst the men. The prætorian guards rush to defend the sacrosanct person of their Augustus. The army mistakes it for a retreat. The Mauretanian soldiers are driven back to the grassy banks of the Tiber. A headlong flight begins. Retreat this cannot be, for it is far too disorderly. Thousands of men scramble for the narrow bridge across the river—some falling over its sides; others, discovering too late the break in it which the Emperor's coming had made, are

carried by the onrushing soldiers behind into the waters below. Maxentius, with his bodyguard, who tried to protect him, is pushed into the river. He is seen to fall into the waters, where his heavy armor draws him down like a millstone around the neck of a swimmer.

"Let us sing to the Lord! He hath shown forth His power! He hath thrown the horse and its rider into the waters. He hath shown Himself our protector and our savior. Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, amongst the gods, who is like unto Thee, great in holiness, terrible, worthy of all praise and working marvels?" Thus Eusebius rejoiced over the battle by the Milvian Bridge.

THOS. M. SCHWERTNER, O. P.

Washington, D. C.

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## A LAYMAN'S BREVIARY: A SUGGESTION.

THE recent remodeling of the Breviary Offices and the more frequent use of the ferial psalms, both by the regular and by the secular clergy, revives, in the mind of one who, however imperfect and spiritually unprofitable his knowledge may have proved, is familiar with both the (old) Roman and the revised Benedictine Breviary, the question as to how far it might be possible to place the work of God, in some form or measure, within the grasp of the ordinary, devout Catholic layfolk.

Of Missals for the laity there are, fortunately, many excellent editions, and if not so widely nor so universally in use as those who realize something of the Missal's inestimable spiritual value would fain see, yet, judging by such signs as are available, growing in favor—if one may use such an expression—with the increase of frequent and even daily Communion. That there should be an intimate, a growing and, one might say, a necessary connection between the two, an increase of the Church's liturgical spirit among those whom God has moved to an increased use of the Church's "unspeakable Gift," must surely seem, to those to whom the Divine Liturgy—the Divine setting, so to speak, of the Divine Presence of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrifice and Sacrament of His Love—the most natural thing (the word is used with the utmost reverence) that could possibly be conceived. The one is, indeed, essentially inseparable from the other, and, to adapt St. Augustine's words concerning the beloved Disciple,<sup>1</sup> those who have fed full on the Bread of Life must, by a Divine necessity, give forth (in

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<sup>1</sup> *Hoc ructabat quod biberat.*

their prayers and thanksgiving) the words of life. "Eructavit cor meum verbum bonum": the phrase, daring, and even untranslatable as it seems to a Western, was then and still is the most natural and proper to the mind of an Eastern. Captain Burnaby, indeed, in his "Ride to Khiva," speaks of what is here hinted at as a piece of etiquette on the part of a guest at a Tartar (or Kurdish?) banquet, the omission of which would be regarded as an unpardonable insult. The spiritual significance of this, as of many another "daring" allusion in Holy Writ, was constantly familiar to the early Fathers, especially to an Eastern or an African, and does not, in any case (or should not), need to be insisted on. It was, we may venture to assume, to some such passage that Our Lord was referring when He said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

But the Missal, while strictly speaking the Liturgy, and rich as it is in spiritual utterances, wherein and whereby those "refreshed with heavenly food and drink" may render fitting thanks to the Giver of them, is, after all, only a part, even if infinitely the more important part, of that "Work of God," as St. Benedict calls it, performed by the Church "from the rising up of the sun until the going down of the same," to which she calls her chosen sons and daughters "at midnight, and at morning and at noonday." That Mass and Office, Missal and Breviary form one Divine, inseparable whole is a fact so familiar to "religious" that it seems presumption on the part of a layman. But just as it needed (or so it would seem) a revival of the ancient and most devout custom of frequent and even daily Communion among the faithful in order to awaken the veriest first beginnings of a general use of the Church's own "prayers at Holy Mass," so it would appear to need this very (and spiritually inevitable) consequence above referred to, in order to make manifest, in due course and in God's time, the no less intimate and inseparable connection between each and every part of that Divine worship which the Church pays and desires to be paid to her Lord and Master.

We have, that is to say, in the Divine Office, the Mass and the Holy Communion, that "threefold cord" which, as the Prophet tells us, "is not quickly broken," that "cord of Adam" whereby He who has "loved us with an everlasting love" would fain draw to Himself the souls for whom He died and for whom He daily "turns His Flesh and Blood into our Sacrament," wherein "the poor, the slave, the lowly" feed upon Himself. To be spiritually unfamiliar, therefore, by any fault or indifference of ours, with any one of these three necessary elements of the spiritual life is, as it were, to unravel one of the strands of the threefold cord

of God's love, and, so far as it is possible for us to do so, weaken its power of binding us to Him.

Do I, then, look to as general a use of the Divine Office, of the Breviary, by the laity as of the Missal? That, surely, would be to expect the impossible—or a miracle of Divine grace. It is not, spiritually speaking, an impossibility, not even an improbability. The effect on the life of the soul, of frequent and even daily Communion, leading, as I believe it inevitably must do, to a corresponding and ever-increasing use of the Church's own particular forms of preparation for assistance at (in the true sense) and thanksgiving after Mass and Holy Communion may (and, please God, will) lead by the logic of a Divine necessity to a study if not to the use of the Breviary as an integral part of that "Work of God" whereto the Bread of Life is given to strengthen us.

If we are indeed returning (and who can doubt it?) to the old ways, the old fervor of the first ages of the Church, shall we stop short of this at least? The Divine Office has been in all ages the very "science of the saints" who, with its words on their hearts and on their lips, have drawn near to the Table prepared for them in this wilderness of their exile, and have gone "in the strength of that Food . . . unto the Mountain of God." Shall we of the laity, "upon whom the ends of the world are come," we who, spiritually no less than naturally, proclaim ourselves "the heirs of all the ages," fall short of the examples set us by our fathers in the faith, the "elder brethren" of the household of God?

Time, you will tell me, is lacking, in these strenuous days, to those who must veritably struggle (and rightly so) for "the meat that perisheth." Even the daily Mass, still more a daily Communion, makes, you will assure me, an inroad on the "necessities of existence" which is equivalent to a very real sacrifice. If so, and I fully admit it, God will reward it according to His estimate of it, which is only bounded by the infinitude of His love and generosity. Yet even so are you so sure that time is really lacking, or is there a lurking, almost an unconscious grudging of our time to God? True it is that, done in the right spirit, in the spirit and with the motive of St. Paul's "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," the "daily round, the common task, the duty (whatever it may be) which God lays upon us, becomes no less really the "Work of God" (possibly and under some conditions more so) than the mere recitation (as a matter of perfunctory obligation) of the Divine Office.

"A servant, by this clause, makes drudgery divine," as brave old George Herbert says. Nevertheless, we come back to the inevitable fact that the Breviary offices, being an integral part of the Church's daily worship of God, we the Church's children must suffer a certain

measure of spiritual loss by wilfully or even indifferently missing or omitting any part of it.

Since, however, the question of time, as here raised, is intimately connected with the suggestion I desire to make, and to which, practically, I have now come, I offer, without unnecessary apology, the following preliminary considerations: I would ask the layman, in other words, who says, quite honestly, that he could not possibly find time for the recitation of the Breviary offices to reflect (merely as an example of what can be done) on the following time-schedule of a fairly busy man who, by no merit of his own, but simply and solely out of the abundance of God's undeserved mercy, has been permitted to say the Divine Office for the last twelve years:

Sleep, 7 to 8 hours (10.30 P. M. to 6.30 A. M.); meals (say), 2 hours; business or office, 6 hours; recitation of Breviary, 1 hour, divided as follows: matins and lauds, 35 minutes (or 40); lesser hours (about), 4 minutes each (25 to 30 in all); total, 17 hours, leaving for domestic duties, travel to office, amusement, etc., 7 hours. Is the time difficulty so very great?

But the layman (should he be found to exist) who might admit the force of the above time argument will raise the further (and far more serious difficulty) that he has forgotten, if he has ever known, the language of the Breviary, and, additionally, that the offices are "too complicated" for him to be able to follow them.

As to the first point, Lord Bute's magnificent translation of the Roman Breviary (which might easily be revised according to the new *modus recitandi*) is surely a sufficient answer. The Church, while she rightly keeps her own language for her own official and liturgical use, has by her encouragement of Missals for the laity and by her sanction of the English Breviary above referred to for individual and private use, shown plainly what her real mind is in regard to the matter. If it be urged that the price asked for Lord Bute's Breviary is prohibitive, it may well be answered that on the first indication of a popular demand for it any or every publisher would be glad to issue it (or a revision of it) at a price within the reach of all who might desire to possess it.

As to the second point, the alleged complexity of the new rules for reciting the Divine Office, I must premise that, as the signature to this article indicates, my time-schedule above given refers to the Benedictine and not to the Roman Breviary. It will, consequently, be regarded as only natural that I should give the briefest possible sketch of the new rules, the new *modus recitandi*, which became obligatory for all Benedictines at the beginning of the present year.

All feasts of lesser rank than that of *Duplex majus* (the Sunday being of the latter class) fall under the following rule: Invitatory,

hymn and versicle of the feast; ferial psalms, antiphons, lections and responsories for the first nocturn; (antiphons, doubled); ferial psalms and antiphons for the second nocturn, with *capitulum* as in the Office of Feria II. For Lauds and Vespers the ferial psalms and antiphons (doubled), *capitulum*, hymn and prayer of the feast (the last throughout the day hours).<sup>2</sup> This, roughly, with a certain distinction (instituted by St. Benedict) between the winter and the summer lections of the first nocturn may be taken as the essence of the new *modus recitandi*, which is strictly in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Holy Rule.

To come, however, to the suggestion which it is the purpose of this present paper to make. Since the new *modus recitandi* above referred to practically omits, for the great majority of feasts, all reference to the saint except the collect (and the hymn at Matins, with the hymns, the chapters and Benedictus and Magnificat antiphons at Lauds and Vespers), I would have the layman begin his use of the Breviary to be prepared for him with the "Little Hours" only; Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline, a matter of half an hour a day at the outside, or of about three to five minutes each. But I would also have prepared for his use, first, the Gospel and the homily of the day (to be read, and not recited), and, secondly, the very briefest summary of the psalms assigned to the (ferial) Matins and Lauds as they occur.

It is on this summary, which might, I think, form a kind of *addendum* to the homily on the Gospel, that I wish to lay special stress and which would also need the most careful preparation. I should take, that is to say, what I shall venture to call the keynote of the Feria (of the feast) from the first verse of the first psalm at Matins, and show how it dominates the whole office of the day, reappearing, especially in the case of feasts and Sundays, even in the Mass, at the Introit, the Offertory and the Post-Communion especially. I will go further, if I may presume to do so, and indicate as a model for such a summary the exquisite "considerationes" contained in the annotated edition of the "Imitation."

The pious layman, furnished with such a Breviary (which might also include a brief synopsis of the historical lections), and using daily not merely the "Little Hours," *more feriali*, but using them with the key provided in such a summary as is here suggested, would, I sincerely believe, enter on a new phase, rise to an immeasurably higher plane of the spiritual plane than any which, with his present forms of devotion, he can normally hope to attain to. The very recitation of the Psalms, in the Church's way and in the Church's spirit (which are the way and the spirit of her Lord)

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<sup>2</sup> Two nocturns only, instead of three.

would provide food for meditation, growth in the knowledge and in the love of God (which is the science of the saints), in the practice of a very real meditation, however brief, in a deeper, fuller, truer insight into the infinite meanings, the infinite, Divine riches and sweetness of the Church's prayers at Mass. He would have for each day the Church's motto as the watchword of his warfare against his ghostly enemies, an ever firmer grasp on "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," an ever greater skill in the use of it.

Is it impossible that such a Breviary should be prepared, or that, being prepared, it should come, slowly but surely, into more general use among those who, learning, as time goes on, more and more of the ineffable secrets which Our Lord reveals to those who lovingly feed on Him, and, feeding, are "filled with all the fulness of God?" That it should be used by those who, desiring to do His will in all things, shall be taught to do "the work of God" in the measure possible to them, and in the sense that St. Benedict attached to it?

CONFRATER, O. S. B.

## GROTTA-FERRATA.

A GREEK LAURA AT THE GATES OF ROME.

THE traveler—if he be a wise traveler—reaches Grotta-ferrata by road from Frascati, passing first on the left three splendid villas—Aldobrandini, with its stately facade; Torlonia, with its wonderful terraces; Muti, with its ever-sad Stuart memories. On the right stretches the mysterious Roman Campagna, and on the horizon is Rome, a cluster of changing shadows, with one outstanding mark—the dome of St. Peter's.

Half a mile from Frascati the road passes through some beautiful woods, upon which, alas! Utility has begun to lay her ugly, brutal hand. In a few years' time the trees will tower no more over their spring carpet of cyclamen, bluebells and periwinkles, nor will the patient ox enjoy a well-earned holiday under the shade. Signor Nathan will see to all that! At present, however, they are a dream of beauty, these woods, and it is a temptation to linger in them instead of pressing on towards the monastery—the famous Greek monastery of Grotta-ferrata.

Beyond, the road ascends towards the village. Monte Cavo, with

its wooded summit, where the Cardinal Duke of York founded a Passionist monastery on the ruins of a temple of Jupiter, comes in sight; Rocca di Papa, with its narrow, squalid streets and its four-towered castle—the "Pope's Rock"—clings giddily to the side of a mountain spur. On the right stretches the sea, a broad silver belt, glancing in the sunshine.

The stranger arriving at the village of Grotta-ferrata and strolling down the "Corso" always mistakes the monastery for a castle.

"But where is the monastery?" he asks, puzzled.

"Ecco, Signore," replies the passing peasant, jerking his thumb towards the "castle," with its buttresses and bastions, ramparts and strong towers.<sup>1</sup>

Wondering, yet hardly convinced, the traveler passes under an ancient gateway over which flies the flag of the usurping House of Savoy and enters a large, grassgrown courtyard. A few women are hanging clothes on a line and a great many children are playing round them. Only the statue of St. Nilo in the centre reassures the stranger. Times have changed, and not for the better, and the venerable monastery has been turned into a show place, but not suppressed. In the beautiful church hidden away to the left of the courtyard the monks still celebrate the Byzantine Liturgy, as it has been celebrated in all its glories for nearly a thousand years, in union with the Holy See, undisturbed by Photius, untroubled by Cerularius, standing firm when the whole of the East fell into schism.

For here at the gates of Rome, standing amid the vineyards and olive groves of the Campagna, is a Greek laura or monastery, a "Greek island in the vast Latin sea," and as Leo XIII. loved to call it, "an Oriental jewel in the Papal tiara."

The Uniates, those Catholics who, belonging to the Eastern rite, have no share in the schism of the East, but are faithful to the Holy See, are, happily, a large body.

There are some hundred thousand in Egypt and Syria (where they are called Melkites); a few hundreds in Turkey in Europe and Greece; four million Ruthenians in Austria and Hungary, and even, despite the persecutions, in Russia; some Bulgarians, and, lastly, about fifty thousand Italo-Greeks, the descendants of the Greek colonists who settled in Sicily and Calabria in the time of the Iconoclast troubles. It is to this last group that the monastery of Grotta-ferrata belongs.

It was founded, over nine hundred years ago, by St. Nilo, whose

<sup>1</sup> This is not the normal appearance of a Greek monastery. The fortifications were built by Julius II., of warlike memory, in days when such defenses were necessary.



life has been written for us by his disciple, San Bartolomeo. In the days, says San Bartolomeo (himself a great saint, who converted the "boy-Pope," Benedict XI., and persuaded him to resign the Tiara and live and die a simple monk at Grotta-ferrata) when Sicily and Calabria were still called "Greater Greece," when Greek was spoken, and the Byzantine Liturgy was sung there, a child called Nicola Malena was born, about A. D. 910. Left an orphan, he was brought up by an elder sister, who, as the good biographer naively tells us, was "pious though married!"

Nicola was evidently endowed with more than common charm, for San Bartolomeo tells us bluntly that every girl who saw him fell in love with him. Moreover, the devil, jealous of his growing holiness, conspired with the maidens to tempt him, and he married the most attractive of them and became the father of a little girl. Soon, however, grace prevailed, and realizing that he had a religious vocation, Nicola left his wife and child in a manner which may strike sophisticated twentieth century as being exceedingly callous and became a Basilian monk.<sup>2</sup>

He took the name of Nilo and speedily became famous for his sanctity and was made an abbot. Obligated late in life to flee before the Saracens, he and his community (some sixty monks) presented themselves at Montecassino, where, says an old chronicler, "they were received as if he were Saint Benedict himself come to life." For many weeks the Greeks remained there, saying their office each day in the abbey church. The same chronicler adds a charming detail. San Nilo, he tells us, said two offices a day, first his own and then (stumbling a little over the strange Latin) that of his generous hosts. At last, fearing to stay even a Benedictine welcome, the saint took his monks down the mountain and marched towards Rome. The fame of his sanctity had gone before him and Pope and Emperor vied with each other to do him honor. A great noble, Count Gregory of Tusculum, granted him some land. Here he built his monastery, and here it stands to this day.

An old legend explains the name. When the saint was fleeing before the Saracens, he took refuge in a grotto near Tusculum. He had with him his favorite ikon, or picture, of Our Lady, and the devotion of the people towards this picture became so great that St. Nilo was obliged to put an iron rail before it to prevent it from being worn out by their kisses. So later, when the monastery grew up on that same spot, it was called Grotta-ferrata, the Iron Grotto.

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<sup>2</sup> Another legend says that it was after the early death of his wife and child that St. Nilo embraced the religious life. San Bartolomeo, however, makes no mention of this story, and his version is probably more correct, as he would have derived his information from the saint himself.

The saint rejoiced when the monastery was built, for he knew that it was to be his last resting place. "Haec est requies mea," he said, "in saeculum saeculi." Here he died and was buried, but unfortunately his body, which should be the monks' greatest treasure, has been lost, together with all other relics of him, save one manuscript of the Gospels.

Many of the facts and legends connected with his life are depicted on the walls of the Farnese chapel, through which we pass first on our way to the church. These frescoes are the work of the famous artist, Domenichino, who seems to have fled to Grotta-ferrata to escape being imprisoned for some trifling offense. Perhaps it was in return for the hospitality that he received that the artist made this chapel beautiful forever, but more likely it was by orders of Cardinal Edoardo Farnese, a great benefactor of the monastery, that the work was done. The frescoes are considered some of the best work Domenichino ever did and exhibit his special gift "di far'vedere nell'esterno delle figure l'interno dell'animo, di colorir le passioni, di dipingere gli affetti."

On the left wall we have the meeting between St. Nilo and the Emperor Otto III. Following the flattering custom of the day, Domenichino has made the Emperor a portrait of Cardinal Farnese. Several other portraits are introduced. Guido Reni is the man standing by the Emperor's horse; St. Nilo has the features of one of the monks—possibly the guest-master, Fra Filippo Moretti; the dwarf is the fool of the Farnese Palace; the ridiculous man awkwardly bestriding his horse in the corner is the steward of the same palace, who had unjustly withheld certain moneys due to the artist from his patron. Another fresco shows Our Blessed Lady appearing to St. Nilo in a vision, bidding him build a monastery and presenting him with a golden apple as a sign of her favor.

From the Farnese chapel we pass into the church. At first sight all seems strange to our Western eyes. It is divided into three parts—the narthex, the nave and the sanctuary, which is completely hidden behind a very forbidding-looking screen.

The narthex is at the west end, and was formerly reserved for the catechumens, and was a very convenient place for them, because they were only allowed to assist at a part of the Adorable Sacrifice. The Byzantine Liturgy (of St. John Chrysostom) is still divided into three parts, the *Preparation*, the *Liturgy of the Catechumens* and the *Liturgy of the Faithful*, and the second part still ends with the dismissal of the catechumens, spoken by the deacon: "All catechumens go out. All catechumens go out. All catechumens go out. No one of the catechumens."

As there are no longer catechumens, the narthex is used for baptisms and funerals and (at Grotta-ferrata) as a chapel for the Latin rite. Here, the monastery being the parish church, the Roman Mass is said by a priest of the Latin rite every morning. The nave is divided into two parts—a vacant space where the laity stand during the Liturgy (there is no kneeling and no sitting down) and the choir. The sanctuary is completely hidden behind the screen, called the *ikonostasis*. Several pictures adorn this screen and other parts of the church, but no statues, for according to the Greek custom, every object of devotion has a flat surface. The *ikonostasis* has three "royal doors" leading into the sanctuary. Except during parts of the Liturgy, they are always shut, and the laity are never allowed to enter them except during the week after Easter, when they are thrown open in memory of Our Lord's having thrown open the gates of heaven for mankind. During this week even women are allowed in the sanctuary, though not, of course, during the Liturgy itself. The altar is devoid of ornaments or flowers and stands in the middle of the sanctuary, away from the wall. Over it the Blessed Sacrament is suspended in a silver dove. The altar is not properly speaking a real altar, because it has no relics. They are kept in the *antimension*, a kind of corporal, which is laid, sometimes on the altar, but often on the *prothesis*, or credence table. On this table are arranged the vessels for the Liturgy. They are the chalice, the *diskos*—a kind of large paten, standing on one leg; the *asterikos*, a metal cross, which is put over the *diskos* to prevent the veil from touching the Host; a "holy spear" for dividing the bread; a spoon, for administering Holy Communion to the laity; two little veils for carrying the *diskos*; a large veil worn by the deacon; a sponge with which he wipes the Sacred Gifts into the chalice, and two fans with which he fans the Blessed Sacrament when it is uncovered.<sup>3</sup> Leavened bread is used.<sup>4</sup> It is in the form of a large flat loaf. A square, called the seal, is marked on the centre and divided into four quarters which are marked IC. XC. NI. KA. respectively (Jesus Christ conquers). To the right and left of the seal are two other squares. One contains a single triangle, and is called "the portion of the Mother of God." The other square is marked with nine triangles, each in honor of one or more of the saints, as will be explained later, in the description of the Liturgy.

The south part of the sanctuary is really the sacristy, and is

<sup>3</sup> This is a very old custom, first introduced as a defense against flies.

<sup>4</sup> The Holy See has always taught that either leavened or unleavened bread may be used. The Greek custom has always been to use leavened bread, and the use of unleavened bread was spoken of as a "Roman abuse" at the time of the schism.

called the *diakonikon*. Here the priest and the deacon vest for the Liturgy. The priest wears a kind of tunic reaching to the knees, with sleeves, which is called a *sticharion*, and corresponds to an alb. Over it he wears cuffs, called *epimanika*, and a stole or *epitrichelion*. The ends of this stole are joined together and hang down in front. Then the priest also wears a sort of chasuble, called a *phainoliol*, which looks like a very full cape, reaching to the ground. It may be of any color, for there are no special Liturgical colors. At Grotto-ferrata they have some magnificent white ones, lined with turquoise blue. The deacon wears a *sticharion* and *epimanika* and a stole, which in his case is called an *oraron*. During the Liturgy he holds the end of it in his right hand and makes the sign of the cross with it, but during the Communion he winds it round his body.

The Byzantine Liturgy is celebrated every morning at Grotto-ferrata at 8.30, except during Lent. On the feast of St. Basil and on a few other festivals the Liturgy of St. Basil is celebrated, but on all ordinary occasions a shortened form, attributed to St. John Chrysostom, is used. During Lent this Liturgy is only celebrated on Saturdays and Sundays for what seems to Western ideas a strange reason. Lent, say the Greeks, is a time of mourning, therefore the Liturgy, being an act of joy, must not be celebrated. So, as we should put it, they fast from Mass. In a most interesting article published in the Grotto-ferrata review\* many ancient authorities are quoted to show that from the earliest days this custom has prevailed in certain parts of the Catholic world. Accordingly at Grotto-ferrata there is no Liturgy properly so-called, except on Saturdays and Sundays, but on Wednesday and Friday afternoons there is celebrated the Liturgy or Offering of the Presanctified, which corresponds, but in no way resembles, our Mass of the Presanctified.

"The Divine Liturgy of our Father among the Saints John Chrysostom" is very beautiful.

When all the fathers (who wear black habits and would look just like Benedictines if they did not wear beards) are in their places in the choir and their little pupils (they have a boarding school) are seated on benches also in the choir, the Preparation begins. This part of the Liturgy is so strange and interesting that the best way to describe it is to give the translation of the text. After the vesting and the first prayers, the priest takes the *prosphora* (the holy bread) in his left hand and the holy spear in his right and signs it three times over the seal, saying: "In memory

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\* *La Liturgie des Présanctifiés. Notes de l'Orient*, Année I, Num. 5, 25 Mars, 1911. (Published at Grotto-ferrata.)

of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (three times). He then pierces the right side of the seal with the holy spear and says: "As a sheep He was led to the slaughter." On the left side: "And as a spotless lamb, silent before the shearer, so did He not open His mouth." And in the upper part of the *seal*: "In His lowliness was His judgment lifted up." And in the lower part: "Who shall tell His generation."

At each piercing the deacon says: "Let us pray to the Lord." After this he says: "Sir, take away." The priest, thrusting the holy spear into the right side of the *prosphora*, removes it, saying: "Because His life is taken away from the earth." And he puts the holy bread reversed on a *diskos*, while the deacon says: "Sir, make the sacrifice." He cuts it in the form of a cross, saying: "The Lamb of God is sacrificed, who takes away the sin of the world for the life and salvation of the world."

He turns a portion which has a cross round, pierces it on the right side with the holy spear and says: "One of the soldiers pierced His side with a lance, and at once blood and water flowed from it; and he who saw bore witness, and his witness is true."

The deacon meanwhile pours water and wine into the chalice, saying: "Sir, bless the holy union." The priest does so, and then taking the square on the left of the *seal*, he says: "In honor and memory of our most blessed and glorious Lady the Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary, through whose intercession do thou, O Lord, receive this sacrifice on Thy heavenly altar." Then he cuts away a part and lays it on the *diskos*, saying: "The Queen stood at Thy right hand, clothed in a robe of gold and many colors."

Then he takes the square on the left of the *seal* (it will be remembered that it is marked with nine triangles) and dedicates the nine particles, one for "the holy and glorious prophets, Moses and Aaron, Elias and Eliseus, David and Jesse, and the three holy children, and Daniel the prophet, and all the holy prophets;" one for "the holy, glorious and famous Apostles Peter and Paul and all the holy Apostles;" one for "our fathers among the saints and great æcumenic doctors and hierarchs, Basil the Great, Gregory the Theologian and John Chrysostom, Athanasius and Cyril, Nicholas of Myra and all holy hierarchs;" one for "the holy protomartyr and archdeacon Stephen, the great and holy martyrs Demetrios, George, Theodore and all the holy martyrs;" one for "our venerable God-borne fathers, Antony, Euthemios, Sabbas, Onuphrios, Athanasios of Athens and all the venerable ones;" one for "the holy, wonder-working and moneyless Cosmas and Damian and John, Panteleemon and Hermolaos and all the holy moneyless ones;" one for "the holy and just forefathers of God, Joachim and Anna

(the saint whose feast is being kept) and all the saints, through whose prayers may God look down on us," and one for "our father among the saints, John, Archbishop of Constantinople, the Golden-mouthed."

As he dedicates each fragment the priest arranges it on the *diskos*, around the *seal*. There still remains, however, a good deal of the round loaf when these squares have been removed. Of this remainder the priest takes two or three further fragments for the founder of the monastery, the benefactors of the church, for the Bishop who ordained him and for the faithful, living and dead. These fragments are also arranged on the *diskos*. The Uniates must have the intention to consecrate all the bread that is on the *diskos*, but the Orthodox only consecrate the *seal*, and say that in Uniate churches the laity do not receive the Precious Body, because they are communicated with the fragments dedicated to Our Lady and the saints. As for the bread that is left on the loaf and is never consecrated, it is distributed by both Orthodox and Uniates as "pain benit" after the Liturgy.<sup>6</sup>

Of the consecrated fragments the priest receives the particle marked XC., and after the deacon has also received Communion he sweeps the remainder of the consecrated fragments (i. e., all that remains on the *diskos*) into the chalice, and the laity receive these fragments, as will be explained presently.

The Preparation ends when all the fragments to be consecrated have been placed on the *diskos*. Then follows the *Liturgy of the Catechumens*. The deacon says a number of litanies or collects, to each of which the choir replies "Kyrie Eleison." After two antiphons (taken from the psalms) have been sung, comes a famous hymn called the *Monogenes*, said to have been composed by Severos, the Monophysite Patriarch of Antioch (512-536). The text may be translated as follows:

"The only begotten Son and Word of God immortal, deigning to take flesh for our salvation in the womb of the holy Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary, became man without changing. Christ our God, thou wast crucified, by death treading on death, Thyself one of the Holy Trinity. Who art glorified with the Father and Holy Ghost, save us."

Next comes a third antiphon, and the Gloria, which is followed

<sup>6</sup> This custom is not followed at Grotta-ferrata, because there is no congregation properly so called. The village people hear Mass in the Latin rite, and only a few visitors stray in for the Byzantine Liturgy. The present writer has many times been the only member of the congregation at Grotta-ferrata.

<sup>7</sup> The singing is always unaccompanied. Eastern custom forbids the use of any musical instrument in churches.

by the Little Entry. The north door is opened and a procession of acolytes bearing candles and fans (which are afterwards used by the deacon to fan the Sacred Gifts) precedes the deacon (carrying the Gospel) and the priest. Then is sung the *Trisagion Hymn*, which we sing in Greek on Good Friday.

"The Mass of the Faithful" begins with prayers for the faithful, and then comes a very dramatic moment—the Great Entry. The middle or royal door is thrown open, and the deacon, wearing the *aer*, or great veil, appears holding the *diskos* high over his head. The priest follows with the chalice, which is covered with a veil. Candle-bearers accompany them. While the procession goes round the sanctuary, the choir sings the Cherubic Hymn, said to have been composed by the Emperor Justin (565-578):

"We who mystically represent the Cherubim, who sing to the life-giving Trinity the thrice-holy hymn, let us now put aside all earthly care; that we may receive the King of kings, who comes, escorted by unseen armies of angels. Alleluia."

(This very beautiful hymn would, perhaps, come better after the Elevation, since the King of kings has not yet come down from heaven.) Then the doors are closed again and the Nicene Creed is recited, and the Uniates make a profession of faith and submission to the Holy See by inserting the word *Filioque*, which is such a stumbling-block to the Orthodox. At the time of the schism the dispute as to whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Son was one of the ostensible causes of the separation of the Eastern Church from the Holy See. No student of history can doubt, however, that neither the *Filioque* nor the question of unleavened bread, but the ambition of Photius and the arrogance of Michael Cerularius really caused that lamentable event.

After the Creed comes the *anaphora*, or Canon of the Mass, during which the deacon continually fans the Gifts.<sup>a</sup> The priest says the words of institution aloud, and the choir replies "Amen" to each. The Uniates prostrate themselves, but the Orthodox do not, for they consider that the change has not taken place, but will come at the *Epiklesis*, which follows. This is an invocation to the Holy Ghost to change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

The deacon incenses the Blessed Sacrament and the doors are opened. Then follows the *Great Intercession*, in which prayers are offered "for our forefathers who rest in faith, our fathers, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, preachers, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, anchorites and for the souls of all who died in the faith. Especially for our all-holy, sinless, most worshipful and glorious

<sup>a</sup> The preface is said secretly, and the choir sings the *Sanctus*.

Lady the Mother of God, ever Virgin Mary." The priest also prays silently for "St. John the prophet and baptist, for the holy, glorious and famous apostles, for St. N. (the saint of the day), "by whose prayers do thou, Lord, look down on us." All Bishops and clergy are also included, especially the Bishop of the diocese, and the intercession ends with a prayer for "all men and all women." The priest afterwards also prays secretly for the town, city or village, and for "all sailors, travelers, the sick and afflicted, all prisoners and their salvation," and finally for "those who bring gifts to and work for thy holy churches and those who care for the poor."

Then follows the "Litany of Intercession" prayers for those who are about to communicate, that they may do so worthily. To each petition the choir replies "Kyrie Eleison." After this comes the Our Father, and then the part known as the "Inclination," which is really a prayer for mercy, said in secret by the priest.

Then follows the "Elevation." The priest having prayed that Our Lord may, "with His own hand give His Holy and Precious Blood to the people," raises the Holy Bread, saying aloud, "Holy things to the holy," to which the choir replies: "One only is holy, one only is Lord Jesus Christ in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

Then the deacon girds himself with his *orarion*, and approaching the priest, says, "Sir, bless the holy bread." The priest breaks the *seal* into four portions and puts the fraction IC into the chalice. The deacon, then following a very old custom, pours a little hot water into the chalice.

The priest and deacon then communicate. The priest first places a fraction in the hand of the deacon and then himself receives a fraction, saying, "The precious, holy and spotless body of Our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ is given to me N, priest, for the forgiveness of my sins and for life everlasting," and praying for pardon for his sins and grace to make a worthy Communion. The deacon waits until the priest receives Communion before doing the same. The priest then drinks three times from the chalice and calls the deacon. The deacon also drinks three times, and the priest says: "The servant of the Lord, the deacon N, receives the precious and holy blood of Our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of his sins and for life everlasting."

Then the deacon sweeps all the fractions that remain on the *diskos* into the chalice. These fractions are received by the laity, who now come to the door of the sanctuary. Holy Communion is administered with a spoon. The communicant holds the veil of the chalice, as we do the Communion cloth. The words spoken



by the priest as he administers Communion are: "The servant of God N (if he does not know the name, he simply leaves it out) receives the precious and all-holy body and blood of Our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of his sins and for life everlasting. Amen." After the Communion of the laity, the deacon says the "Litany of Thanksgiving," the choir replying "Kyrie Eleison" to each clause. The priest then dismisses the people, and "having worshiped and thanked God for everything, he goes away."

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### OCKHAM'S RAZOR.

THERE is an instrument well known in the philosophical world as Ockham's Razor, which he produced, though not as a new invention, about the time when Sheffield was beginning to be famous for cutlery. It had for its purpose to cut off the assertion of all entities for whose existence no valid reason could be assigned. In the words of the author, "non est ponenda pluralitas sine necessitate: frustra fit per plura quod potest fieri per pauciora." This principle is akin to what modern science calls the law of parsimony, or of least action. St. Thomas also formulated it in a way which it is now our purpose to consider in healthy contrast to the diseased "Thought-Economy" or "Denkökonomie" which to-day reduces the knowable universe to a mere psychological experience, registered in abbreviated forms. St. Thomas viewed God as ubiquitously present and coöperative throughout creation, so that finite things, while existent and active in their own sphere, functioned always in a dependence on their Maker. Moreover, he regarded some events as distinctly supernatural; for instance, the Virginal Conception of Christ. Even in the ordinary conception of any child he regarded the production of the soul as a divine creation. For the fully suitable knowledge and observance of the whole moral law in a hypothetical order of pure nature he asserted that some divine assistances would be needful to mankind at large, and therefore it would be naturally due from a provident God.<sup>1</sup> But if we pass by the special interventions we have left for consideration what we call generally the course of nature conducted by secondary causes. Here the action of the human intellect will be a good example.

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<sup>1</sup> Sum., 2da2dae, Q. 2, A. 4; Contra Gent., Lib. I., c. 4; De Trinit., III., 1.

Against those Platonizers or Augustinians who said that its light must be either God or a gift of God over and above the mere nature of the understanding itself, St. Thomas laid down the rule that it is more respectful to the Creator to hold that intellect, being by its nature and intellect, is a faculty able to do its own work, and not a mere recipient or a mere instrument like the pen of a writer.<sup>2</sup> The understanding when it issues in the action proper to itself is its own light in the apprehension of truths about itself and about other objects. To say less of it would be to deny its specific nature. St. Bonaventure here is, of course, in full concordance: "Deus, quamvis principalis operans, dedit tamen vim activam per quam exiret in operationem propriam."<sup>3</sup> If the two scholastic doctors could have foreseen the theory of the innate idea of God which Descartes affirmed, or the *a priori* forms which Kant curiously feigned, not only would they have lopped them off as superfluities by application of the razor, but they would have declared them to be theories destructive of a real epistemology. To-day it is in many circles deemed more fashionable to take up a position with some shade of the bizarre Neo-Kantism, but it is saner to keep to the common-sense philosophy as explained by the more than common sense of St. Thomas.

He in his philosophy had the merit beyond all praise to be humbly and sanely content to maintain real knowledge, while he confessed its limitations and its frequent dependence on analogies where first-hand direct acquaintance was beyond human reach. He would have sympathized with the electrician of to-day who should declare: "I after and with other laborers in the same field have accurately stored up results concerning certain modes in which what we name electricity works. When we speak of currents and distinguish currents as positive and negative, when we talk of polarities, of high and low tensions, we wish our hearers in all those terms to stop short where real knowledge stops. Our terminology is strictly confined to the asserted facts which it briefly embodies in regard to physical nature." Similarly the physicist who spoke about the reality of colors might give the explanation: "Take certain objects in their media and call them red, green and blue as perceived under these conditions by our senses; but do not mean thereby more than is ascertainable and leave alone questions which are not ours; for instance, as to how far the sensation is blue or how far the blueness which is, so to speak, *sensed*, is in the object as not *sensed*."<sup>4</sup> To become very deeply inquisitive in these points can

<sup>2</sup> Lsb. II., Sent. Dist. XVII., Q. 2, Art. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Lsb. II., Sent., Q. III., A. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Here St. Thomas' theory of real qualities inherent in quantity is omitted without denial.

lead to no agreement between disputants; but all should allow that experience shows us to have certain faculties of sense-perception which give us some sort of knowledge about the objects with which pragmatically we have to deal, our pragmatism being not absolutely anæsthetic and yet being very poorly noetic. We may delight in the beautiful greens of the English landscape without having to confess that we know nothing of the nature itself which we profess to admire. Its beautiful qualities are known as we know qualities, without being able to give any account of them or any exact discrimination of subjective and objective constituents. When Ockham's razor has cut off all that it ought to dis sever from theories of sense-perception, there is still a valuable residue of objective knowledge. About profounder speculations on the subject we may borrow the words of Zarathustra: "Full is the earth of the superfluous: marred is life by the many-too-many" theories about sense-perception.

Next we may record some cautions against over-confidence in the use of Ockham's razor as made on the ground of our ignorance, because we see no positive need for asserting an extra cause. He who says that a primitive nebula could of itself have evolved into our sidereal system, to put it mildly, has no security for his position. Newton ever affirmed that the motions of the planets had been "originally impressed by an intelligent agent." While we reject the old idea that the heavenly bodies are of a superfine material and are animated, we cannot with assurance declare that angels never intervene in their motion and that there is no need of any such assistance. Petavius, after elaborately rejecting astrology, makes the reservation that while the stars are not the causes of human events, they may be appointed signs of them at times, God so disposing.<sup>5</sup> Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace is of opinion that while evolution seems to be a general law, yet some of its steps must have needed the aid of a spiritual agency. Those who would flatly contradict him would be found to be going on the no small assumption that they had a right to the use of Ockham's razor positively and dogmatically to cut off all belief in spiritual agencies and in distinct vital principles or on any vitalism whatever as an extra-mechanical force. Young professors of physics, who are fresh from perhaps a brilliant degree, are apt to be very confident in such application of the razor, not to the admiration of their more intelligent auditors who see further than their lectures and are more humble in their self-assertiveness. A large number of evolutionary conclusions take this shape: We do not indeed see any

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<sup>5</sup> De Angella, Lib. I, Cap. 10, n. 1. Non causae sed signa—e. g., at the Epiphany.

indications of the process from one stage to another, or even suggestions of its possibility; nevertheless, we assume that physical evolution must have done the thing, because there is nothing else to do it. Herein lies just the extravagance in the use of the razor: "There is nothing else—no God, no spirit, no vitalism."

The extreme stretch of Ockham's shaving process is monistic idealism, which cuts off all real plurality of substance in the Universe to leave an essential identity, with more or less of allowance for a multiplicity of really distinct manifestations and for some real distinction of object from subject phenomenally, or of psychic aspect from physical. Whatever differences of a non-substantial order are thus granted are said to be "suflated," or absorbed in the higher unity which is the real reality. All this jargon gives poor food to the understanding mind. And so it is declared to belong to mind which rises above all intelligible range or logical laws. Modern philosophy in this matter is not more valuable than the old fancy of Anaximenes that the intelligent air or primal substance accounts for everything by its rarefactions and condensations (puknosis and manosis, or araiosis), a view which Haeckel favors, putting for air the Urnebel primitive nebula. If mere ignorance of a superabundant cause of our multiplex world does not justify the employment of Ockham's razor in the form of positive denial of such a cause, the use of the positive implement against evidence of a plural causality is still more an injustice to right reason. Negative agnosticism is often bad: positive is worse in those important matters of human life where knowledge is possible and imperatively demanded from reasonable creatures who are called upon to give God "a reasonable service."

The limit of reason is what monism in its use of Ockham's razor can never keep. At times it cuts off the material, at times the spiritual, and in the latter case it may seem to start from the opposite of the extreme at which it finally arrives. Thus it begins by condemning our poor abstracting, dividing, disintegrating intellect, because it cannot grasp the whole in its wholeness. Intuition is what is wanted—the immediate perception of an object. Then intuition is identified with sense, which serves to act thus directly and to be the elementary source of all experience. The Absolute or Ultimate is said to be some such experience in its completeness. What can man do better than imitate the Absolute as nearly as he can? So he is advised to fall back upon his simplest sensibilities; to plunge deep into his vegetative and animal existence, apart from his intellectual constructions, which are dubbed artificial, conventional and aberrant from radical reality; to follow the spontaneous life-impulses of his nature in its untrained tendencies, emotions and

delights. Thence comes this gospel of the animal to man who has applied the razor to his intellect: Pour connaître les choses telles qu'elles sont, il ne faut pas user d'intelligence qui ne peut que les dénaturer: il faut s'approcher de l'expérience brute, se plonger dans la tourbillon des sensations, s'abîmer enfin dans le torrent de la vie végétale et animale, se perdre, et se noyer dans les choses. They are using Ockham's razor for purposes of spiritual suicide and civic anarchy for the worst horrors of the worst revolution.

However, not to rise up with what seems a rare extravagance, let us take what is written of a milder example: "Samuel Butler ordered his whole life in such a way that he could afford to be disinterested. Not only did he learn to do with little money; he also economized in belief and emotions, not because he was by nature cold or skeptical, but because he would not be a partisan of any one view of life. He seems to have regarded himself as a consecrated bachelor. Melchesedec, he says, was a really happy man, without father, without mother and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan. Butler worked to be a Melchesedec, free from all ties whatever, spiritual and intellectual, as well as material. His books and his convictions were only what were forced upon him without seeking. His convictions were not strong."

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### AN ANGLO-NORMAN MACHIAVELLI.

**I**N the third issue of "Studies," a new Irish literary quarterly, of high mark, Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood reviews very trenchantly a new work on a theme that had long been regarded as worn threadbare. James, Duke of Ormonde, that Irish-born, English-bred master of the art of sitting upon two stools, is the subject of a new dissection and autopsy at the hands of a new aspirant for honors in the art of illustrating what Byron probably had in mind when he wrote "The Deformed Transformed." Lady Burghclere is the author. She revives a subject that ought to have been allowed to slumber in an unperfumed sarcophagus, and she galvanizes an obsolete epithet in her "apology," saying that she has worked out her task in no "meticulous" spirit—i. e., in no desire to shirk all the evidence. Mr. Flood is a good authority on Irish history, no less than on the science of music, especially the music of the Gael. His works on archaeology and musical notation

are many and most valuable. We believe he has done good service in taking up this new attempt to glorify James, first Duke of Ormonde, and showing the absurd character of the means whereby it has been sought to make of a perverted Catholic a Protestant hero, or, indeed, one entitled to a halo, like D'Aubigne's Savoyard patroness, Princess Margaret, who was styled the Protestant saint. The bias of Lady Burghclere in penning the narrative is most strikingly shown in the fact that when she is telling of the old Earl of Ormonde's death (Black Tom) she suppresses the fact that he returned to the faith of his progenitors and was received into the Church by Fathers Wall and Kearney, on the 22d of November, 1614.

Ormonde's perversion suggests the curious parallel between the theories of State policy adopted by the Moslems, in their long progress from East to West, and that of the English—or rather the Norman English—with regard to Scotland, Wales and Ireland, after the overthrow of the Saxon power. The Turkish Janissaries were a striking fruit of that policy. These men were trained to hate the people of their race and the countries of their birth, by reason of having been early kidnapped and kept as hostages in the atmosphere of the Turks. By the operation of the law which created the Court of Wards in the reign of James I. many of the children of the best families in Ireland were taken over to England in order to be transformed into West Britons. But the Court of Wards had been forestalled, in an unofficial way, by the unauthorized practice of the Crown in sending its agents to the territories of the Irish outside the Pale to demand hostages of the more prominent Irish families and carrying youths of tender age away to England to be brought up in hatred of their native country and its people and transformed into pious English Puritans. With some of the Irish youths the process was successful, but there were some very notable exceptions. Hugh O'Neill, of "the profound, dissembling mind," was the most remarkable instance of the failure of the glamour of "the Saxon snake, with scales of gold," to enchant the exiled youth who yearned for the woods of Derry or the foam-bearded shore of the wild West—as they dallied in the halls of English nobles or studied in the grammar schools, laboriously wrestling with the intricacies of a complex language so different from their own expressive, well-ordered native tongue. But the idea embodied in the establishment of the Court of Wards was not, in its realization, confined to the practice of housing Irish wards in English families. Many youths were sent to Trinity College in Dublin, Elizabeth's "generous" foundation, to be "maintained and educated in the English religion and dress, from the ages of

12 to 18." When the Court of Wards was dissolved, in lapse of time, the idea was resuscitated, in a large measure, by the foundation of the Grammar Schools and the Bluecoat Schools, and is perpetuated in the system of those foundations, we believe, to the present day. The ridiculous attire of the Bluecoat School boys—capless, a blue swallowtail coat, knee breeches, also blue; stockings saffron color, and buckled shoes—gives concrete expression to the clumsy and unæsthetic spirit of the Anglo-Norman hatred of Irish religion, art and traditions, that first manifested itself in the sumptuary laws of the Kilkenny Parliament, the mouthpiece of the Gargantuan King Edward III.

Lady Burghclere's efforts to prove that she did not embark on her superfluous task of rehabilitating the oft-exposed bi-visaged Irish Machiavelli, in any "meticulous" spirit, are perfectly successful. She does not shrink from the reassertion of stories that have been long ago rejected as monstrous fables by Protestant writers who recognized the necessity of adhering to the law of consistency and the evidence of established statistical facts, in regard to population and circumstances, when dealing with such topics as the rising of 1641, and similar illustrations.

What Cranmer stood for in the theology and policy of the Reformation—a time-server to the end—was just what Lady Burghclere's hero stood for in the quicksand times of the Stuart Restoration. "The times are changeable, and we must change with them," would seem to have been the axiom on which he grounded his policy during a long life. In this he was by no means exceptional, for many men in the higher walks of life, clerical and lay, acted on the law of opportunity—one, the Earl of Guildford, Keeper of the Seals, so undisguisedly and complacently as to earn the appellation of "the Trimmer" at Court. Ormonde must have been a more skillful adapter, since though he had served both the monarchy and the Parliamentarians, in the Viceregal office in Ireland, he contrived to get along and keep on good terms with both and yet escape censure on the score of tergiversation, better than many of his contemporaries less prominent in the public gaze. He has been credited by Macaulay as guiltless of shedding Catholic blood, but the facts do not square with that conclusion, by any means. The Butlers have a hereditary knack of adaptation to opportunity.

Ormond, or Ormonde, is the name of a territory in Ireland; it consists of the baronies of Upper and Lower Ormond, in the County Tipperary; the ancient patrimony of the O'Kennedys, of the race of Oilioll-Ohum, by his son Cormac-Cas. How the Butlers obtained possession of this splendid territory is no new story in

Ireland: the processes of attainder and forfeiture of land and castles and "movables" was the common doom of all the Milesian chieftains who dared to resist the Norman invaders. The original name of the family was Walter. The father of Hervey Walter was made Grand Butler of Ireland by Henry II. ("Le Boutillier" he was called); and the title of his rather servile office, in process of time, was adopted as a family name and elevated to a plane of almost royal dignity. Hervey Walter was married to Maud, daughter of Theobald Valoines and Matilda Becket, sister of the great prelate, St. Thomas of Canterbury; while Hubert Walter, his brother, was in time one of the successors of the murdered Archbishop. After the murder, and when Henry had done penance and received pardon, he went to Ireland, accompanied by a great number of Anglo-Norman lords, among them being Theobald Walter, who appears to have been a great favorite with the sacrilegious monarch. Cambrensis, another friend and protégé of Henry, describes his character so vividly and repulsively that one needs considerable charity to imagine that it was virtue which gained advancement at court at that particular time—and the murder of Becket leaves very little doubt of devoted service to the person and passions of the monarch. That these services were freely rendered by Theobald Walter is indicated by the fact of his having been honored by the King with the office of hereditary Grand Butler in Ireland, as well as extensive landed estates taken from the Irish chiefs who submitted to the King's representative in flagrant violation of all law and the honor of the royal word. The Irish chiefs were thus placed in the position where to resist meant loss of their estates and where to submit tamely brought the very same sort of penalty; and where brave Norman knights, paragons of martial chivalry, had no compunction in seizing the lands of Irishmen who had never done them any wrong and treating any who attempted to resist robbery as rebels and traitors. The Norman or Anglo-Norman monarch himself led the way in those perfidious and dishonorable courses—the practices of common highwaymen. We find Fitzwalter in the year 1200 founding a hospital or priory at Nenagh, in Tipperary, and dedicating it to St. John the Baptist, out of the proceeds of land taken from the Irish owners of the territory of Ormond—the O'Carrolls, O'Kennedys and others. Such piety in those early days was manifested prominently by the Norman conquerors, first in England, afterwards in Ireland. It did not seem to have struck any of them that the bestowal of charity at the expense of the plundered owners was incompatible with the spirit of the religion in whose honor the gifts were made.

The name Ormond, or Ormonde, is connected with several locali-



ties in Dublin—Ormond-quay and Ormond Market, for instance. There is also a very obscure corner where stands a portion of the old city wall, the ruins of an ancient entrance, which is still called Ormond Gate. With this crumbling remnant of mediæval fortifications there is interwoven a curious chapter of history—something more akin to the travels of Sir John Mandeville than to the solemn and prosy records of the Four Courts of Dublin and the Birmingham Tower, wherein musty parchments of old family title deeds and ancient charters are kept by Ulster King-at-Arms. The spot now called Ormond Gate was originally designated Gormund Gate, because of a myth invented for the use of Queen Elizabeth when she was induced to put forward a claim to the crown of Ireland by reason of descent from a remote ancestor named Gormund, an alleged monarch of the isle, whose name does not appear in any of the native chronologies, and was never heard of until it was used in the documents gravely and formally put forth in the old Dublin law courts when Elizabeth's lawyers began their extraordinary suit. The identity or whereabouts of Gormund in chronology or history could not be established to the law's satisfaction in Ireland, and Elizabeth's claim to the crown of the country, because of relationship to a mythical personage, died a natural death. However, the name of "Gormund" is preserved in large part in the names of the quay, the market and the old city gate.

The addition of the name Ormond to that of Butler seems to have been effected during the early years of the reign of Edward III., when James Butler, son of Edmond Butler, Earl of Carrick, married a daughter of the Earl of Hereford and his wife, Elizabeth, seventh daughter of Edward I. Butler was afterward created Earl of Ormond by the King, in a Parliament held at Northampton, in England. The King at the same time altered the County of Tipperary into a Palatinate in Ormond's favor, granting him the royal rights, franchises, military fiefs and other valuable privileges in the county. Such marks of royal favor, conferred at the expense of the Celtic proprietors of the soil, showed that the Butlers early began to prove of much value to the British monarchs who assumed a sovereignty over Ireland, to which they had no shred of rightful claim, and which they did not attempt to assert formally until a couple of centuries later, when Henry VIII., receiving the submission of a number of the Irish chiefs, called himself "Lord of Ireland," not King. This was the reason why Elizabeth, his daughter, was at such pains to try to establish a legal title to the Irish crown, other than the disputed one contained in the genuine or forged document attributed to the English Pope, Adrian IV. The weakness of the English claim to the sovereignty of Ireland,

based on the supposed Papal Bull, was earlier attested strikingly when Roger Mortimer, Earl of March (England) and Trim (Ireland) was married to the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward III. On that occasion the titles of Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught were added to those of the British Crown, because the bride's father was the William Burke, Earl of Ulster, who was assassinated in 1333. The murdered Earl had also borne the title of "Lord" in regard to Connaught. If the English, or Anglo-Norman, monarchs had felt they had any valid claim to the Crown of all Ireland, they surely would not covet the title to any of the island's parts in addition, since by the law of measurement the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts.

The methods of the Butlers in obtaining wealth at times would not bear the light of day. Not satisfied with the lavish generosity of the sovereign in grants of other people's lands to them, they at times took means to acquire more in defiance of all law and decency. For instance, when Lionel, Duke of Clarence, went back to England, in 1364, without having effected the conquest of Ireland, as he had been dispatched to do, or extending the limits of the Pale by a single inch, because of the resistance of the Irish chiefs, the Earl of Ormonde was appointed Lord Deputy pro tem. He took advantage of his position of power to coerce the law courts to give him permission to override the law that prohibited the King's officers in Ireland from purchasing land within the boundaries of their jurisdiction. The landed estates judges gave Ormonde permission to buy lands to the value of sixty pounds yearly—a very large sum in those days. We may be sure that the astute Deputy knew where to look for the best place wherein to invest his money, and did not speculate on either bog land or mountain soil or on stony waste stretches.

Macauley in his pinchbeck prize essay called "A History of England" includes among the victims of the libertine spirit of the Restoration the great Duke of Ormond. He was one of those who were made the butt of "sarcasms which modish vice loves to dart at obsolete virtue," as Macauley in affected pious indignation writes, when he went over to London to surrender at Whitehall the honors which he had enjoyed for many years as Viceroy in Dublin Castle. Looking over some of the Duke's own admissions as to his conduct in that high office, it must be owned that the "great" historian and the "great" Viceroy, as Carte paints him, were worthy of each other. Lady Burghclere appears to have been as easily pleased in the heroes of her worship as the panegyrist of both William the Third and his prototype in religious persecution, Cromwell. Her admiration for the Butler gens would appear

to extend no farther back than the period when the great Duke, as an alumnus of that proselytizing college, the Court of Wards, apostatized from the faith of his forefathers and took his place with the persecutors of his country and its religion. If any particular member of the Butler clan deserved a niche in the Temple of Fame, it was the one who was called Black Tom, tenth Earl, who defeated the Earl of Desmond at the battle of Affane, February 2, 1565. He had been fighting for Elizabeth's side, and the Desmond was on the side of the Pope and Ireland. He had been wounded and was being borne off the field, when one of the foemen called out, "Where now is the proud Earl of Desmond?" "On the backs of the Butlers, where he ought to be," was the witty Geraldine's swift reply. "Black Tom" did not die until 1614, and he was received into the Catholic Church, truly penitent, by a Jesuit priest, Father Wall. Lady Burghclere could find no use for such a fact as the taunting witticism or the conversion of the stout fighting Earl, "Black Tom." Such an incident as the latter might conflict with the theory put forward by Carte that the "Great" Duke, James, was a heaven-ordained member of the Butlers. "Black Tom" was regarded in a similar light by the Puritan party, as long as he fought on their side. No doubt he was dubbed as a son of Belial when it was discovered he had gone back to the faith of his fathers.

Two instances of a peculiar blackness stained the official career of the "Great" Duke James. The first of these in atrocity and sacrilege was his conduct in regard to the saintly prelate, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett. He assented to the gross illegality of having him removed from Ireland, where the "treasons" with which he was most falsely charged were said to have been perpetrated, to London, where there was nothing against him. The second was his treachery toward a man who had often rendered him valuable service in pacifying disturbed regions of the country, remote and inaccessible spots where rapparees and cattle spoilers found secure asylum, and where regiments of soldiers would be only incumbrances and drawbacks—the famous outlaw, Redmond O'Hanlon.

No transaction between royalty and the devoted adherents who supported its cause during fair weather and foul was ever darker than the dealings of Charles II. with the landed gentry in Ireland and Scotland who had supported his father's cause and his own during the struggle with Cromwell and the regicide Parliamentarians. The autocracy in both countries gave not only of their substance, but of their blood to maintain the Stuart interests. Their return was the confiscation of their estates when the Protector's arms were victorious and the massacre of the faithful clansmen

who had gathered around their chiefs to defend them and the lawful sovereign. When the usurper's career was ended by death and the Stuarts were invited to return, Charles had solemnly promised to restore their patrimonies and pay the arrears of salary due the officers and soldiers of the armies who had fought for his father's cause and his own. But no sooner was the crown on his head than ingratitude and betrayal of his royal word were the first indications he gave of his real character. The Cromwellian grabbers of loyalist estates in Ireland and Scotland were left in secure possession of their plunder, while the like class in England had their claims satisfied out of the public taxation. Charles was unfortunate in having for his chief counsellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, a Machiavellian statesman in the worst sense of the term. His advice to the King was the serpent-wise one: "Be good to your enemies: your friends will not injure you." Under Clarendon's advice a Court of Claims was set up in Dublin, and in its train flowed into the vicinity of the law courts a stream of the vilest wretches in the shape of informers, swearers for hire and other wretches, brought there for the purpose of making false accusations against Catholic owners of land, that the Cromwellian intruders might be unmolested in their grand game of spoliation. The Duke of Ormonde was a large beneficiary under the confiscation procedure; Boyle, Earl of Cork; Lords Anglesey, Coote, Kingston and a few more favorites were left in undisturbed enjoyment of the lands of the plundered Catholic gentry. Among these was the family of the O'Hanlons, whose estates were chiefly in the Counties of Meath and Louth. The careful and painstaking historian, John P. Prendergast, has shown that Redmond O'Hanlon, who had been an officer in the French service, was driven to assume the rôle of rapparee because of the course pursued by the Cromwellians, and that as such he had been utilized by the Duke of Ormonde in his double-dealing methods for making things smooth for the spoilers of the Catholics' possessions. The Viceroy's plan was to play off rapparee against rapparee, and under the pretense of secret friendship or pity for such ill-used men, get them to betray each other's plans for harassing the squatters on their family patrimonies. Mrs. Annesley's correspondence, included in the State papers, showed how confidential were the relations between the Viceroy and the rapparee. The lady had a genuine sympathy for the wrongs of O'Hanlon, and it was necessary for Ormonde to keep her in ignorance of his dark design upon the rapparee's life until he had him safe in death's keeping. Lady Burghclere seems to think that it was quite *en regle* for a Viceroy to pay a man to murder a rapparee, even though he had been treated as a friend by him. Red-

mond O'Hanlon *had to go*, and the Duke took steps to *insure* his removal—that was all. The plans were carefully laid, and so his friend, Mrs. Amnesley, was unable to warn the intended victim—as doubtless she had done more than once before. He was slain by the brother rapparee, and the treacherous comrade got his reward when he brought O'Hanlon's head to Downpatrick, to be spiked on the jail gate there.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair," say the witches whom Macbeth encounters on the blasted heath. So say such commentators as Lady Burghclere when seeking excuse for treachery on the part of officials in Ireland, whether these be English or renegade Irish. Necessity is pleaded as the complete vindication of their crimes. Law and order must be maintained, no matter how the Decalogue may suffer. But the law of necessity was that which called the Irish rapparees into existence as a marauding class. They were men who were rendered desperate at the sight of interlopers from England and Scotland enjoying the lands and habitations from which they had been ousted, and having the full protection of the law in so doing. In fact, the rapparee represented the whole case of Ireland, from the time that Strongbow landed on its shore down to Ormonde's. They had been pauperized and outlawed for no other reason than that they had been loyal to the British Monarchy, and their estates were given to men who had destroyed both King and Monarchy.

The Penal Laws were invented with the design of transferring property under the pretense of securing the Protestant religion. Arthur Young, one of the most impartial and enlightened philanthropists and political economists who ever sought to ameliorate evil social conditions, in his famous "Tour in Ireland" affirms his solemn conviction, arrived at after personal experience and conversation with many of the most reliable authorities in Ireland, that the scope, purport and aim of the Penal Laws in Ireland were not against the Catholic religion, but against the industry and property of those who possess that religion. He added that those laws did crush the industry and wrested the property from the Catholics, but the religion triumphs. A very remarkable piece of testimony from a non-Catholic political economist!

Macaulay's partisan History sought to impress English readers with the idea that the Irish rapparees were only highwaymen and common plunderers, like Falstaff's rabble rout who stripped clotheslines and stole fowl as they marched. This was dishonest in the last degree. The name rapparee was derived from the weapons that the outlaws carried—a rapery, or short-pointed pike, that could be conveniently carried under a surcoat; or else a musket that could

be taken to pieces, and as easily screwed together again. Many statutes of the Williamite Parliament in Dublin sought to deal with these troublesome evicted landlords. All "vagrants pretending to be Irish gentlemen, who coshered about from house to house," were to be brought before the Grand Juries, and on conviction transported to the colonies (Botany Bay), or sent on board the fleet (to be whipped into good British man-o'-war's men). Many of the old landlords were caught in the meshes of these laws. Many more kept secretly moving about among their former tenantry. When Swift was entertaining an English friend who visited him at his country house, he was asked by him where were the old Irish aristocracy of whom he (Swift) had told him in his letters. "You will find them," the Dean replied, "hiding in the hovels of the poor." The most diabolically perfect legal machinery was devised to extirpate the system of Catholicism, either as a landholding aristocracy, as a professional class—law, the army or navy—or as large traders.

The principle of primogeniture, introduced by the Normans into England, was set aside in Ireland in favor of gavelkind, on all entailed estates (among Catholics), so that the land could be divided among all the sons of a family. If the eldest son conformed to the Protestant religion, he obtained, under the law, a fee-simple reversion of all the estate, and could make his father and his brothers dependents on his bounty. Even if a younger son apostatized, he could compel his father, under the law, to disclose the value of his estate and give him an adequate allowance for his maintenance. The wife of a Catholic owner could, by "conforming," compel her husband to allow her one-third of his income, with the power of assigning the same to whom she pleased. There were a score of provisions of a similar kind, each one devised in order to fit into the grand plan whereby a dual work was to be accomplished in Ireland—the destruction of a Catholic aristocracy and the obliteration of the Catholic religion. By the end of the eighteenth century, under the operation of the Penal machinery, Arthur Young discovered, *ninety-five per cent.* of the Irish soil had passed from Catholic to Protestant hands. In the bringing about of such a monstrous infamy the "Great" Duke of Ormonde played the part of an avaricious Samson. The ways of Protestantism in Ireland and of Mahometanism in South Europe were exactly the same, with the sole difference that the machinery of Protestantism was perfectly adapted to the accomplishment of the work it was devised to do, while that of Islam was not.

The blackest chapter in the long record of Ormonde's life was his inertia in regard to the fate of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett,

when the scoundrels hired by Titus Oates to kidnap him and bring him to London had succeeded in their task.

Archbishop Plunkett was the last of the victims of Titus Oates and his gang of informers in the shocking conspiracy known as the Popish Plot. The Lord Lieutenant (Ormonde) could easily have saved his life, by disallowing the application to have him removed from Ireland, since the treason with which he was falsely charged was said to have been committed in Ireland, and not in England. The Earl of Essex, who had known him in Ireland for many years, went to the King and told him that the Archbishop was innocent and had been entirely unconnected with political movements all the time he had known him. The King was very angry when Essex told him these things. He could not move to save him, at that time, so wrought up was the whole population over the infernal conspiracies of Oates and Shaftesbury against the Catholics. "I dare not save him," he told the Earl; "and his blood is on your head"—for Charles deemed it was the duty of Essex to have gone forward as a witness at the trial. In like manner Ormonde proved derelict to duty in the case. He knew well that the Archbishop had no connection with any conspiracy, as Oates' informers charged, yet he lay supine while the minions were carrying out their scheme to have their victim taken out of his (the Lord Lieutenant's) jurisdiction. He knew their game; he was well aware that death awaited the venerable prelate; a word from him to the Privy Council or the Lord Chief Baron or the Lord Chief Justice would have caused the issue of a writ of *quo warranto* to stop the seizure of the Archbishop's person. But that word was left unspoken, and the torture and the murder were worked out to the last horrible detail by the blood-smeared butcher hired to perform the horrid rites of the law of treason. Lady Burghclere makes little comment on that frightful tragedy, saying merely that "there was little chance of his obtaining the Lord Lieutenant's testimony, when the witnesses he had summoned from Ireland were maliciously detained at Chester; had it been otherwise, the name of Titus Oates' victim" (the Archbishop) "might well be missing from that tragic roll." Mr. Flood remarks on this:

"Lady Burghclere does not quote the following extract of a letter from Ormonde to his son, dated June 20, 1681: 'I wish for the honor of the justice of England that the evidence against Plunkett had been as convincing as against the other (Fitzharris), for we must expect that Papists at home and abroad will take his trial to pieces, and make malicious remarks upon every part of it, and some circumstances are liable to disadvantageous observation.'"

Ormonde all through his long political career played the tight-

rope acrobat with marvelous success. He coquetted with the Parliamentarians while he plotted with the Royalists, and at the Restoration he tried to create a division among the Catholic clergy in Ireland, "to the great security of government and the Protestants." He gained almost half a million sterling by the Act of Settlement, and he got an enormous fortune by buying up "for a song" forfeited estates of Catholics, in barefaced violation of the law. Such was the saintly man whom Lady Burghclere has resurrected to prove to the world what horrid people those Irish Papists were with whom this noble son of the Butlers had to deal.

Scottish history has furnished some examples of men who played the game of opportunity almost as boldly and adaptably as James the Duke, but never a complete analogy. The nearest approach to him in facility of change and ability of deception, so far as we can recall, was the remarkable character, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who was charged with having sent his son and his followers to join the Pretender while remaining at home himself as a mark of his loyalty to the Hanoverian dynasty; and performed many other clever tricks of political legerdemain with varying success. At least so Lovat's many enemies strove to establish. Of Ormonde's many tergiversations both in the Cabinet and in the field Sir William Butler, the distinguished general who was dismissed by the Balfour Government for his strictures on the management of the Boer War in South Africa, wrote, *inter alia*:

"Ormond was as obstinate as the first James, whose ward he had been; he was as apt in intrigue and as devious in action as the first Charles, whom he served so faithfully; he was as selfish as the second Charles, to whom he gave thirty-four years' service; he was as bigoted as the second James, in the early days of whose reign he died.

"In such a nature hate must be stronger than love, and, much as Ormond loved the King, he hated the King's Irish Catholic subjects with far more intensity of feeling. Two years earlier he had surrendered Dublin to the English Parliament rather than give it to the Catholic Royalists at Kilkenny. It may have been that by this act he hoped to bring about a treaty between the King, then a prisoner, and the victorious faction in England. But, if this were so, never was action more mistaken. Dublin, in the hands of the Independent faction, meant easy access at any time into Ireland; the door was always open. From the moment Dublin passed into the hands of the King's enemies, the King's fate was sealed. But the strangest part of this terrible blunder of Ormond's was the part which Dublin was doomed to play against him, when he came back to Ireland after the King's death as Lord Lieutenant



for Charles the Second. Then, when Inchiquin had come to terms with him, and O'Neill was in treaty with him, the city he had surrendered two years earlier was destined to wreck his fortunes. The 'rout at Rathmines,' the news of which came to Cromwell at Milford Haven, made the conquest of Ireland an easy task to him. It not only broke up the army which Ormond had got together, but it introduced into the Irish ranks the strongest feelings of distrust for Ormond himself. Their lifelong persecutor, Inchiquin, had left Ormond a few days before the battle, taking with him some 2,000 horse and foot. Castlehaven hints that this was a treacherous movement. Prendergast, that indefatigable inquirer, asserts that 'the English regiments who went over to Jones, the Parliamentary Governor of Dublin, in the middle of the battle, helped mainly to cause Ormond's defeat.'"

No man can serve two masters. The "great Duke" essayed the impossible, as between English parties, but he sternly set his face against the third, which was the party of his own house's original creed. Hence he is styled "great," by the enemies of the Irish race and religion—the apologists of characters such as Byron has drawn in his epic, "The Corsair," as "Alp, the Renegade."

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Philadelphia.

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## ENGLAND BEFORE EMANCIPATION.<sup>1</sup>

### II.

**M**ILNER'S extraordinary and extravagant letter to Sir John Coxe Hippisley was in the following words:

"WINCHESTER, October 26, 1802.

"A second time has every rule by which our little body is conducted been set aside, on purpose to mark me out to my fellow-Catholics and fellow-subjects as a man under the displeasure of the Court of Rome. In a word, sir, the middle district or episcopacy, to which I had before been recommended by the three Catholic Bishops whose business it is to present, having become again vacant by the death of Dr. Stapleton (who was irregularly appointed by Rome in my place), and I having a second time been unanimously recommended by the same prelates, I have just now received the affront of an exclusion from the president of the Propaganda, who

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<sup>1</sup> "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation, Being the History of the English Catholics During the First Thirty Years of the Nineteenth Century." By the Right Rev. Mgr. Ward, F. R., Hist. S., president of St. Edmund's College. London: Longmans, Green & Co., Paternoster Row. Vols. I and II.

is your correspondent, sir, Cardinal Borgia, in terms which imply that I am never to look for any favor from Rome, because I am displeasing to certain persons of our own body (as I presume), whose displeasure I incurred by supporting the rights of His Holiness when they were desirous of introducing democratical elections of Bishops, on the plan of the French schismatics. I appeal, sir, to your candor and good sense, how it is possible for any one to serve a court constituted as that of Rome is at present? It is not the loss of the mitre, which Rome has twice denied me, when I was regularly recommended for it, that distresses me, but the virtual censure of my conduct and principles which have uniformly (rewarded) me with the warm applause of the best judges of them, the Catholic Bishops of the three United Kingdoms. This circumstance renders it impossible that ever I should stand forward again as the advocate of Rome; and makes me wish for an entire dismissal from her ministry, which I have an intention of applying for, after a formal justification of myself, if you, sir, would be so kind as to forward the same to Cardinal Borgia, as you offered to do on a former occasion, and to give that character of me to him and your other friends at Rome which you think me deserving of."

It will be observed from this communication that Milner, one of whose chief titles to fame afterwards rested on his violent opposition to acceptance of anything in the nature of an English royal veto on the appointment of British or Irish Bishops, was not himself ashamed to invoke British assistance and patronage to secure his elevation to the purple. Indeed, it seems pretty nearly certain that his actual appointment as one of the Vicars Apostolic in England was largely due to the intervention of Cardinal Erskine. It may, of course, be conceded that Milner honestly believed every word he wrote to Hippisley; he was convinced that he had been the victim of a cabal in the ecclesiastical councils directed against him solely because he was what he was, and no man who knows what the times were like and what his personal demeanor very often was will be likely to affirm that he was entirely wrong. Next he was profoundly certain that on his appointment to a place in the episcopacy of Great Britain would largely depend the security of the orthodoxy of the Catholic religion in that country. Indeed, it is doubtful if he believed in the reliability of a single one of his colleagues among the Vicars Apostolic should any period of real trial arise. They had been born and reared slaves and they had breathed nothing but submission all their lives. Milner had had the same fate, but he was one of those slaves who prefer to break their fetters rather than stand puling for an unlocking of the padlock. We do not apologize for his action; we merely seek to

explain and excuse it in the only way in which it can be explained or excused. To Milner it really seemed as if his appointment as a Vicar Apostolic meant the ruin or triumph of the Church in England. Looking back on the past, it is impossible not to see that he served a great part in securing a great end; but the fact remains that that end would never have been accomplished by methods such as commended themselves to him had not Ireland—urged on by O'Connell—asserted herself as she did and made emancipation or civil war a certainty of politics. If, however, Milner foresaw these things in 1802, he must have been inspired; but there is not a word in all his writings to indicate that he had any premonition as to what actually took place later on.

It is, moreover, necessary to remember, as Mgr. Ward reminds us, that, "after all, Milner was human. He was not always right, and, as a result of his self-confidence, his judgments were often over-hasty, sometimes, to say the least, uncharitable, or even entirely mistaken; and when this did occur, the harshness and intolerance of his language intensified tenfold the injury which he did. It seems fair to add that he seems to have been wholly unaware that his language was harsh at all. In his *Supplementary Memoirs* he even appeals to the style in which the book was written to show that he was mindful of the request that had been made to him by the Roman authorities to write "with moderation, and without irritating the feelings of others." The reader who takes note of the many paragraphs from that work quoted in the "*Dawn of the Catholic Revival*" and in the present volumes respectively can judge how far they fall within this description. But Milner evidently thought the whole book did, and that he was accustomed to write with moderation. Indeed, he often complained of others using harsh language to him, which may have been at times true; but it had usually been provoked by his own harsher language. And it is hardly an exaggeration to say that his feelings towards Charles Butler amounted almost to a monomania. In his *Supplementary Memoirs* he frankly calls him "the one domestic enemy of the Church, whom he despairs of reclaiming, and therefore thinks it his duty to disarm." This is not the place to discuss the merits or demerits of that famous lawyer. Milner could only see the former, and continually suspected him—and often openly accused him—of duplicity and intrigue of which he was entirely innocent. Charles Butler on his side felt strongly against much of Milner's action, and at times wrote in that sense, but his language about the Bishop must be admitted to be less wanting in Christian charity than the Bishop's towards him."<sup>2</sup> Curiously enough, almost pre

<sup>2</sup> "*The Eve of Catholic Emancipation*," Vol. I, p. 26.

cisely the same thing that Mgr. Ward writes about Milner might with absolute truth be written about O'Connell. At one time, indeed, the *Liberator's* most slanderous invectives were poured on the head of the Vicar Apostolic. For some time before Milner's elevation to the episcopal office Dr. Douglass, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, had refused to hold correspondence with him, because of the vituperatory letters which the former had addressed to some of his priests, and when he had become a Vicar Apostolic the feeling between them was, if anything, even more mutually antagonistic. That both were equally desirous of securing the emancipation of their coreligionists goes without the saying. The trouble was that they held diametrically opposite views as to how it could most speedily be obtained. It is not asserting too much to say that if it had not been for the virtual revolt of Ireland, Milner's methods would most probably have resulted in a catastrophe of a very deplorable kind. What actually happened was that O'Connell, supported by the majority of his fellow-countrymen, was able to exercise a strategic pressure on English Ministers which—as he described it—resulted in the liberation of the English Catholics “in spite of themselves.”

It would be absurd to suggest that Milner, even after his elevation to the episcopacy, was treated with reasonable respect by his brother English Vicars Apostolic. Mgr. Ward quotes a letter written by Bishop Douglass, in which that prelate declined to hold any further correspondence with “Mr. Milner” because the latter had written “violently, huffingly and insultingly,” among others, to “Mr. Poynter.” “Mr. Poynter” had acted as administrator of the Midland district before Milner's appointment and consecration by the choice of the deceased occupant of the charge, Dr. Stapleton. He was a lawfully constituted Bishop, but was not Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, and even after Milner had been appointed to that position Dr. Poynter issued the usual Lenten pastoral to its people. Milner, of course, was not the kind of man to tamely submit to this kind of thing, and he promptly entered on a campaign which could not possibly have other effect than to make matters even worse than they already were. Mgr. Ward, describing what next occurred, says: “Milner did not settle down to his new life without some difficulty. The house at Longburch, near Wolverhampton, was unsuited to his tastes, being away in the country, and more fitted, as he said, for a gentleman farmer such as Thomas Talbot, who had lived there many years, than for him. He soon moved to Wolverhampton itself, taking a house which is still standing, called Giffard House, after the Giffards of Chillington, then one of the most influential Catholic families in the Midlands.

It was the same house which had been occupied by Rev. John Carter, the leading member of the 'Staffordshire clergy,' till his death in March, 1803. Milner took up his residence there at Michaelmas, 1804. From the first, however, Milner felt the disadvantage of being so far from London. All his inclinations drew him to the capital, and he was convinced of the good he might do by means of the influence which residence there would give him. It was with his knowledge and consent that Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, petitioned the Holy See to transfer him to London.<sup>8</sup> Interest was also made with Cardinal Erskine through their mutual friend, Sir John Coxe Hoppisley, to procure his support to the proposal. Two alternative schemes were suggested: one was that he should reside in the metropolis as the official agent of the Irish Bishops and govern his district through a coadjutor; the other was that he should simply change places with Dr. Poynter. It appeared at first as though the negotiations were likely to succeed, and on January 29, 1806, Milner called upon Bishop Douglass to consult him on the matter. He offered the latter scheme in preference to the former, as being more in keeping with the dignity of Dr. Douglass, and considered that in so doing he was making a magnanimous offer, for Dr. Poynter would have become an independent Bishop instead of only a coadjutor. Against this, however, it might well be argued that Dr. Douglass was becoming very infirm and was not likely to live many years—in the event he lived only another six and a quarter—and the position of the London vicar, to which Dr. Poynter would naturally—and did in fact—succeed, was far more important and practically more dignified than the corresponding post in the Midlands. But however that may have been, Dr. Douglass absolutely refused to agree to what was proposed. He felt hurt at the matter having proceeded so far before he had been consulted, or even informed. He called attention to the fact that Dr. Poynter was president of St. Edmund's College and could not be spared; and in any case, he refused to accept Milner as his coadjutor, saying that he would rather resign altogether. The London clergy all supported him in his refusal, for they were deeply attached to Dr. Poynter. Dr. Douglass therefore wrote, in answer to the letter from Cardinal di Pietro, Prefect of Propaganda, in this sense, and for the time the scheme fell to the ground. Propaganda, however, gave leave to Milner to reside in London from time to time, so far as this was necessary for his work as representative of the Irish Bishops, a permission which the Pope afterwards confirmed

<sup>8</sup> For the correspondence bearing on the proposed translation of Milner to London, see numerous letters in the archives of Westminster, Birmingham and Dublin, as also in the Archivium of the Propaganda in Rome.

with his own hand. This was no doubt valuable as an official approbation of his position as Irish agent; but in so far as the privilege itself was concerned it was unnecessary, as he did not require to be absent from his district for more than a few weeks in the year, and for such short absences no special leave was necessary." It will be seen that by sheer force of character and determination to pursue the course he deemed right Milner had achieved a position of a predominant kind in the ranks of the English episcopacy. That position was, however, more nominal than real, for his brother Vicar Apostolics absolutely refused to yield to his pretensions to act as dictator. He, however, had behind him the forces of Ireland, and on these he relied.

Every one, of course, knows the fact that Pitt before the passage of the Act of Union, through his Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Cornwallis—the victim at Yorktown—had promised the Catholic prelates that the enactment of that measure would be followed by one for the emancipation of the Catholics of the country. Modern assailants of the Act of Union have constantly asserted that in giving such a pledge the British Prime Minister knew perfectly well that it was worthless, inasmuch as King George III. would never consent to its redemption. There is, however, absolutely no real proof that Pitt foresaw anything of the kind. No man can be expected to foresee the antics of a madman, and that George had long been a semi-lunatic may be held to be fairly well proven by his action in the case of the American colonies. Moreover, no matter what his enemies may assert to the contrary, there can be no doubt that Pitt was sufficient of a statesman to realize that once the Protestant Parliament was abolished the best and only real way of governing that kingdom would be in securing the contentment and loyalty of the majority of its people. When, however, Pitt was recalled to office, nearly five years later, he was base enough to promise the King that he would not worry him further with any appeals on behalf of the Catholics, who were, however, wholly without knowledge that he had given any such undertaking. As a consequence, Mgr. Ward tells us that "It was natural that Pitt's return to power should be the signal for raising the question of Emancipation again. A petition was accordingly prepared in Ireland, to be presented to Parliament. In this the petitioners began by a profession of loyalty to the King, quoting the terms of the oath which had always been taken by them. They proceeded to quote the preamble of the Irish Act of 1778, in which it was declared to 'tend not only to the cultivation and improvement of this kingdom, but to the prosperity and strength of all His Majesty's dominions, that His Majesty's subjects of all denominations should

enjoy the blessings of a free constitution, and should be bound to each other by mutual interest and mutual affection.' They then proceeded to a recital of their grievances. They complained that they were disabled from holding offices on all corporations, from being sheriffs or sub-sheriffs, of holding offices of rank in the army and navy and in the higher walks of the law. These disabilities they contended were very far-reaching, for they practically established Protestant monopolies, and this was detrimental to trade. They complained that while they had been conceded the elective franchise, the representative franchise was still denied to them, and even the peers of the realm had no share in the government of the country. They protested that they had not the remotest wish to injure the Established Church, declaring that their sole object was to obtain 'an equal participation, on equal terms with their fellow-subjects, of the full benefits of the British laws and Constitution.' The petition was signed by six peers, three baronets and eighty-nine men of property or distinction. When the petition was ready, a committee waited on Pitt, on March 12, 1805, to ask him to present it. To their surprise, he not only refused to do so, but said that if it was presented by any one else, he would feel it his duty to oppose it. Afterwards it transpired that he had made a promise not to bring the Catholic question forward again during the King's lifetime. The Irish deputies accordingly turned to his rival, Fox, who had always been a friend to religious toleration. He willingly undertook to bring the matter forward in the House of Commons, while Lord Grenville undertook the same office in the House of Lords. The petition was presented to both houses on March 25; and the motion to take it into consideration was fixed for May 10 in the House of Commons and May 14 in the House of Lords. A counter-petition was presented from the citizens of London and another from the University of Oxford." The English Catholics, although individuals among them expressed full sympathy with the purposes of the petition, stood aloof from it officially and were not, as a body, identified with it. They were fairly comfortably off as matters stood, or were, at any rate, content to remain as they were, although their legal disabilities were even greater than those of their Irish brethren, whose injustices had been somewhat lightened by the action of Grattan's exclusively Protestant Parliament. The majority of them were men of wealth and leisure, happy in the enjoyment of the estates and prosperity they possessed, and they did not desire to be drawn into an agitation the end of which they could not foresee. Irish emigration had not yet transformed the composition of English Catholicity as it has in our own time.

What the actual fate of the petition was Mgr. Ward tells in the following quotations from the private diary of Dr. Douglass:

"1805. May 10. On this day the petition of the Catholics of Ireland was discussed in the House of Lords. Lord Grenville, after a most comprehensive and masterly speech, which lasted upwards of two hours, moved that the House resolve itself into a committee, to take the petition into consideration. The motion was opposed by Lord Hawksbury, Minister for the Home Department, etc. The discussion was adjourned to Monday, the 13th. The House did not break up till after 2 o'clock in the morning. Earl Spencer and Lord Holland spoke well in favor of the motion: Lord Sidmouth (late Henry Addington) and Lord Redesdale, Chancellor of Ireland, particularly the latter, spoke violently against it.

"May 14. The debate on the petition of the Catholics of Ireland being resumed yesterday in the House of Lords, was carried on till 5 o'clock this morning, and at that late hour the House divided, when there appeared for the petition 49 votes, and against it 178. Majority against the petition 129. *Proh dolor!* Earl Moira, Lord Hutchinson, etc., spoke in a most animated, eloquent style for the petition. Before the close of the debate, Lord Grenville rose and in a very luminous and forcible speech replied to all the objections urged by the opposite side of the House during the debate on both days, but—

"The debate in the House of Commons on the said petition took place yesterday. Mr. Fox made a most comprehensive and masterly speech; he was answered by our enemy Dr. Duigenan, to whom Mr. Grattan gave a most severe dressing in one of the most brilliant and impressive speeches ever delivered. About 3 o'clock this morning the debate was adjourned till this day (Tuesday).

"On Wednesday morning at half-past 4 o'clock the House divided: for the motion 124; against it 336. Majority 212. Mr. Fox, just before the division took place, replied very ably to all the arguments of those who opposed the motion, and closed with a most animated appeal to the House: but all in vain."

Although Dr. Douglass does not mention it, one of the best speeches delivered in support of the Catholic claims, in the debate in the House of Commons, was that of Sir John Coxe Hippisley, who had become a member of the House of Commons, and who during his stay in Rome had become a personal friend of the reigning Pontiff. In this speech, however, the eloquent Baronet unfortunately held out the hope that not only the Catholics of Ireland, but also the Holy See, might be willing—in return for Emancipation—to recognize some right on the part of the British Government to supervision or veto over the appointment of Catholic



Bishops in Ireland. It was this suggestion which afterwards led to a great deal of unhappy controversy. Pitt died on January 23, 1806, and a new Ministry under the leadership of Lord Grenville as Prime Minister was formed. Fox, who had always been a loyal friend of the Catholics, was a member of the Cabinet, but he died in the following September. In February, 1807, the Government fell on the question of Catholic Emancipation. Mgr. Ward quotes as follows from Bishop Douglass' diary:

"1807. February 20. On this day Lord Howick, Secretary for the Foreign Department, in the absence of Mr. Windham, Secretary of the War Department (whose election has been declared void), signified to the House (Parliament) that he wished the committee on the military bill to be postponed from Tuesday next to Tuesday se'ennight; and gave notice that he meant to move in that committee two clauses, one to enable Catholics to hold commissions in the army, the other to secure to Catholics serving in the army the free exercise of their religion by the sanction and security of the law."

"1807. March 26. His Majesty has taken so much offense at his Ministers moving the Catholic bill that he has removed them and called our enemies into their places. Much obloquy will be raised against us. God send that civil commotions may not ensue."

Commenting on these entries, Mgr. Ward remarks that: "It seems strange enough to our modern ideas to find the king exercising such authority with impunity. A century ago, however, the royal will was all-powerful in such matters. Having vetoed the bill, he called upon Lord Grenville to make a promise that he would never again introduce a bill in favor of Catholics. This pledge the latter felt himself unable to give, and he formally resigned on March 18. The king then called upon the Duke of Portland to form a Ministry, and immediately afterwards dissolved Parliament. At the general election the cry of 'No Popery' was raised and did its work. The Government secured a large majority, and what we should now call a 'mandate' against conceding Emancipation."

As usual, however, "the Irish never knew when they were beaten," and Mgr. Ward tells us that: "In the meantime the agitation continued. Soon after the election of the new Parliament a fresh petition was drawn up by the Irish Catholics. It is noteworthy that on the committee which drew it up we find the name of Daniel O'Connell, who was then a barrister of growing reputation, in his thirty-third year. From this time his name is never absent from any gathering of his countrymen on the great question of Emancipation, which he was destined eventually to win for them. The petition was presented to Parliament shortly before Easter; but the

debate was unexpectedly delayed by an informality which had been curiously overlooked. Dr. Douglass writes as follows:

"1808. April 11. On this day the petition of the Catholics of Ireland was presented by Lord Grenville to the House of Lords, and though an informality attached to the petition, in consequence of some of the names signed to it not being written by the persons themselves who bear those names, but written by their desire or authority only, yet the petition was received by courtesy and allowed to lay on the table. Lords Aukland and Moira regretted that the petition was presented so soon after Parliament (or the Legislature) had declared its decided sense against the prayer of the petition.

"April 12. On this day the said petition was presented in the House of Commons by Mr. Grattan; but on account of the informality above mentioned, it was not received. Handbills inflaming the people against the prayer of this petition are again distributed about the town, as in 1801."

The petition was accordingly returned to Ireland to be properly signed, after which it was sent back to London. It was presented with due formality in the month of May, and a debate on the Catholic question took place in both houses of Parliament. In this debate the question of the creation of a veto, on the part of the Government, was for the first time formally raised, but this is a matter which we must reserve for treatment in a further notice of Mgr. Ward's admirable work.

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## PREHISTORIC GREECE AND THE AEGEAN CIVILIZATION.

**T**ILL within thirty or forty years ago the beginnings of Greek history were shrouded in a twilight of fable, which gradually deepened into "Cimmerian darkness" the further we strove to grope and peer into the mysterious *adytum* of remote antiquity. Greek history, properly so called, was supposed to begin with the year 776 B. C., the date of the First Olympiad. Before the eighth century all the dates are merely legendary, and all the events of that dark period, whether they be the migrations of nations in search of new abodes or the exploits of the "heroes of old," which poets have sung in immortal sagas—

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,

were deemed as mythical as the adventures of Thor or Wodin.

This shadowy period (previous to 776 B. C.) was known as "the Heroic Age," a later phase of which is portrayed for us in Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Just as Athene, goddess of wisdom, was fabled to have sprung fully armed from the head of Olympian Zeus, so the literature and civilization of Greece were supposed to have blossomed in their full-blown maturity about the year 650 B. C.<sup>1</sup> Before this time Greece was supposed to have been inhabited by semi-barbarous tribes, as Britain was in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy; "every one carried arms for want of walled cities and safe roads (as Thucydides tells us) to defend them against the attacks of pirates, and they were content with a bare subsistence." Then all at once they were supposed to have doffed their savage garb and to have reached at a bound that high degree of civilization and art which culminated in the matchless handiwork of Phidias and Praxiteles. The poems of Homer (B. C. 1000) and Hesiod (B. C. 800) constitute their earliest literary monuments. These were supposed to be the simple ballads of an uncivilized age, while their "Epic simplicity" was a proof that whatever ingenuity the authors had displayed in devising their stories, the scenes and persons they portrayed were only imaginery and did not represent realities.

The change of opinion among modern scholars is well expressed in these words of Professor Gilbert Murray.<sup>2</sup> Speaking of Homer and Hesiod, he says: "These ostensibly primitive poems show a length and complexity of composition which can only be the result of *many generations of artistic effort*. They speak a language out of all relation to common speech, *full of forgotten meanings and echoes of past states of society*; a poet's language, demonstrably built up and conditioned at every turn by the need of the hexameter metre. There must therefore have been hexameter poems before our "Iliad." Further the hexameter itself is a high and complex development many stages removed from the simple metres in which the sagas seem once to have had shape in Greece as well as in India, Germany and Scandinavia. But if we need proof of the *comparative lateness* of our earliest records, we can find it in Homer himself when he refers to the wealth of poetry that was in the world before him and the general feeling that by his time most great themes had been outworn. ('Odyssey,' I., 351, etc.)"

<sup>1</sup> Homer (who lived perhaps before 1000 B. C.) was an exception, but the "Homeric question" has vexed the minds of scholars for centuries. "Homer" became a sort of Platonic universal for the poetic talent of the Ionian race. His poems were like a premature budding of the Hellenic spring, and any misgivings that civilization was known in his day were lulled to rest or explained away by the reassuring thought of his "epic simplicity."

<sup>2</sup> "Ancient Greek Literature" (1902), page 3.

From this we see that behind the veil of the Heroic Age lurks a vast field of ungarnered history; long ago other civilizations flourished and declined in Greece, which were hitherto undreamt of. Greek historians, like Herodotus and Thucydides, ascribed events previous to 776 B. C. to some legendary demigod, Prometheus, Hercules, Jason and the Argonauts, or to some mythical hero like Minos, Pelops or Perseus. Such accounts were generally regarded as myths or fables, without any kernel of historic truth, and this belief was strengthened by the assumption that the art of writing had not yet been discovered, hence no contemporary chronicle of events happening before 776 B. C. was possible. "Homer" was explained by the fact that the "rhapsodists" or minstrels committed different portions of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" to memory and handed them down to succeeding generations of "rhapsodists" by oral tradition.

The last thirty years have witnessed an access of new material and, *pari passu*, an advance of method that have produced little short of a revolution in the whole outlook of classical scholarship. A new light has been gradually dispelling the mists of fable that were gathered for more than twenty centuries round the hoary antiquity of Greece. The talisman which has succeeded in resuscitating the buried and in calling back the breath to the frozen features of death is the testimony of the buried monuments of the "Aegean civilization," whereby early Greek history is seen stealing upon us through the dusky twilight in its first distinct lineaments. The archæologist's spade is slowly bringing to light the secrets of prehistoric Greece about which the vague notices occurring in Hellenic writers only gave answers as baffling as those of the Delphic oracle or the Theban Sphinx.

Schliemann was but a boy of seven when he spelled out the "Iliad" at his father's knee. He was absorbed, entranced by the romantic tale, which bore such a semblance of reality. Could it be only a tale? That he could not believe. It was too interesting, too living, too real to be a myth. He would go and take his spade and dig up the soil of Mysia, and the Troy of the "Iliad" should like the phoenix spring once more out of its ashes and live. That was his life-dream. Deep down under the mound at Hissarlik he burrowed, till he stood where Paris and Helen, and Priam and Hector had been, and then brought home the relics of the royal treasury as trophies for the world to see. His work was continued by his pupil, Dr. Dörpfeld, and through the labors of many others, culminating in the discovery by Dr. Arthur Evans of the "Palace of Minos" in Crete, an ancient and unsuspected civilization has been unearthed in the Eastern Mediterranean. Schliemann's discoveries are well

known—the eight successive cities unearthed at Troy (Hissarlik), the treasure of gold and gems found at Mycenæ, the “Cyclopean walls” at Tiryns, and the decorated ceiling at Orchomenus. Again, Crete has been proved by the excavations of Dr. Evans in 1900, at Knossos and other sites, to be prolific in remains of the prehistoric period out of all proportion to the remains of classical Hellenic culture. Site after site has yielded “Aegean” treasures; in fact, “beehive tombs” and *Bügelkannen* crop up everywhere.<sup>3</sup> In Greece they are found at Dimini, near Volo; at Goulas, Thebes, Tanagra and Delphi. In Argolis there are the Heraion, Nauplia, Troezen and Epidauros. At Athens the Pelasgian fortress of her Acropolis, in Attica the tombs of Menidi, Spata and Thoricus. Laconia is represented by the site of Kampos and Vaphio.

Under the slow, persistent pressure of facts accumulating over so wide an area it began slowly to dawn on scholars that the “legends” of the “Heroic Age” were not entirely the fancies of Greek poets and *logographers*, but were distorted traditions of older civilizations. This growing belief amply confirms the opinion of Lord Bacon regarding these *logi* when he said: “The writings that relate these fables, being not delivered as inventions of the writers, but as things before believed and received, appear like a *soft whisper from the traditions of more ancient nations*, conveyed through the flutes of the Grecians.”

It was no longer a “Homeric question” that confronted us; the curtain was rung up on a whole new Aegean—nay, more, as Italy, Sicily, Sardinia came to be represented, a whole unknown Mediterranean—civilization. The problem came to be, not can we by means of antiquities illustrate and explain Homer? but rather, what people made the objects called “Aegean?” Whence did they come? Were they one or many, home-born or immigrants? Of what race were they? What language did they speak? When did their civilization begin, and what caused its downfall? How are these people related to Egypt and Babylonia on the one hand, to Phœnicia and historical Greece on the other?

We must first explain what is meant by “the Aegean civilization.” This is a convenient epithet for a certain phase of prehistoric civilization, which a few years ago was called “Mycenæan.” In 1876 Schliemann unearthed the royal tombs at “Mycenæ the golden,” in Argolis, and all the objects discovered since then by archaeologists, similar in style to the Mycenæan ornaments, are called “Mycenæan,” or “Aegean.” Some common influence spread at

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<sup>3</sup> The dome-shaped or “beehive” tombs and false-necked jars (*Bügelkannen*, as the Germans call them) are the unfailing signs of Mycenæan civilization.

a certain period over the Aegean area and reduced almost to identity a number of local civilizations of similar origin, but diverse development. The area mentioned includes the eastern and southern parts of Greece, the "Cyclades," or isles of Greece in the south of the Aegean Sea; the Troad, in Asia Minor (Hissarlik); Crete, Rhodes, Cyprus and Malta. The site of the "Aegean" influence is thus fairly well defined. The question as to its authors (i. e., of what race and language they were) and its duration is more difficult to answer, and although "*adhuc sub iudice lis est*," we will try and indicate the sources from which a solution will probably be forthcoming.

The Greek poets and writers speak of several different races as inhabiting Greece in early ages at various times, e. g., the Pelasgians, Leleges, Achæans and Danaans. The Greeks of later days spoke of their nation as being divided into three great families, the Ionians, Aeolians and Dorians, as we might speak of the Norman, Saxon and Danish element in the English people of the Norman period. The term "Hellenes," to denote the Greeks as a nation, was only used after the Trojan war; in Homer they are variously called Achæans, Argives or Danaans; the names "Hellenes," "Hellas" were only used of Greece as a whole (in contradistinction to *barbaroi*, or foreigners) in classical times. Let us call these primitive peoples *x*. Now, during the last quarter of a century traces of a prehistoric civilization in the shape of pottery, ornaments and tombs have been discovered, showing the various stages of progress and decline, which nowise resemble Greek art as we know it. Let us call them the Aegean *y*. Now, the problem we have to determine is, How far can we equate the *x* of Greek literary tradition to the *y* of the "Aegean civilization?" or of what race were the authors of this wonderful Aegean art? First, it is clear that the character of the fabric and decoration of the Mycenæan graves is not that of any well-known art. It differs entirely from that of Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt, though it shows strong traces of their influence. Mr. Hall tells us:

"Great as may have been the influence exercised upon it by the civilizations of the East, the 'Aegean' culture always retained its predominantly European character; it belonged not to the East, but to the West."

Again, Mr. Hogarth says: "We know at least what Aegean civilization was not. It was *not* the disguised product of any of the Eastern peoples, with which we have long been acquainted, least of all, of the Phœnician Semites."

Following these authorities, we may say that the "Aegean" art was not of Semitic origin.

If we knew when civilization first began in the Aegean islands, we might have a clue as to its authors. It was diffused over the Aegean area by a seafaring race, but, then, navigation, according to Professor Flinders Petrie, was known in the Mediterranean as early as 6000 B. C. "That commerce was already carried on in the Mediterranean is shown by the foreign pottery imported into Egypt even before the middle of the prehistoric age." Again, "Tombs and vases of the predynastic period (before 5000 B. C.) have been discovered, whereon large ships, sometimes having as many as sixty oars, are painted, which carried the trade of the Mediterranean and brought foreign pottery to Egypt."<sup>4</sup>

And Dr. Evans tells us: "The island-world of the Aegean was the natural home of primitive navigation." Though the beginning of navigation lies beyond human memory, and so reveals nothing as to the people who started it, at least it shows that a very early date for the *terminus a quo* of Aegean culture ought not to surprise us; in fact, Dr. Evans dates its beginnings from about 5000 B. C. Turning now to the Greek writers themselves, we read in Thucydides this account of the earliest inhabitants of Greece:

"Greece, as we know it to-day (circ. 444 B. C.), evidently had no settled population till within recent times. Of old there were constant changes of peoples, and band after band of settlers left their abodes, being continually driven away by more powerful invaders. . . . And the most fertile portion of Greece had a constant succession of owners, viz., the district now called Thessaly and Boeotia,<sup>5</sup> most of the Peloponnesus (excepting Arcadia) and the most fertile parts of the rest of Greece, for the very fertility of the soil was a tempting bait to more powerful neighbors to dispossess the actual owners of it; thus the country had continually fresh and fresh rulers, and, moreover, these rulers were in turn exposed to the intrigues of foreign nations." In Attica the population was less shifting owing to its barren soil, so they waxed powerful and brought the neighboring tribes under their sway. And again: "Before Hellen, son of Deucalion, the name 'Hellas' was unknown, but each tribe gave its name to its own territory, the name *Pelasgia* covering the largest extent of territory."

Again, Herodotus (viii., 44) tells us: "The Athenians, when the Pelasgians possessed the land now called Hellas, were themselves Pelasgians."

Grote in 1846 declared that *Pelasgia* was a mere name, its very derivation was uncertain and nothing could be affirmed about

<sup>4</sup> "Encycl. Brit." (s. v. "Egyptology").

<sup>5</sup> Thessaly was formerly called *Hæmonia* or *Pelasgia* (Il. 2, 840) and Boeotia *Cadmels*.

Pelasgian influence, etc., on the classical Hellenes. Modern archaeology has disproved his words and shown that Thucydides and Herodotus, in speaking of the pre-Hellenic age, wrote of real persons and things, the warlike memorials of whose lives were buried with them in their tombs—

Quae gratia currum  
Armorumque fuit vivis . . . eadem sequitur tellure repositos.\*

These words of Newman<sup>7</sup> will explain the cause of these frequent migrations:

"Some nations have been civilized by conquering, others by being conquered. . . . More commonly the victorious people has been the pupil, not the teacher, and has voluntarily placed itself at the feet of those whom it began by treading under its own. This appears from the nature of the case: the more favored countries of the earth are the natural seats of civilization; and these are the very objects of the cupidity of northern or eastern races, who are at once more warlike and less refined. Accordingly, the rude warrior quits his ice-bound crags, his desolate steppes or his burning sands for the sunny hills or the well-watered meadows of the temperate zone; and when he has made good his footing in his new abode, what was the incentive of his conquest becomes the instrument of his education. Thus it was that Goths and Lombards put off their national fierceness . . . and thus the Northman also softened both his name and his nature, and over his characteristic qualities—the cruelty, the cunning and romantic ambition of his barbarism—threw the fantastic garb of Christian chivalry."

For many reasons Greece was specially favored by nature, and from time immemorial foreign invaders had at various periods settled on her soil, tempted by her

land of hills,  
Rivers and fertile plains and sounding shores.

The fact that the "Aegean" civilization flourished in Hellas many centuries before the rise of the classical Hellenes and that successive hordes of foreign races invaded the country and gradually conformed to the prevailing type of civilization is clearly stated by Mr. Hogarth:

"Now that we are assured of the wide range and long continuance of the influence of Mycenæan civilization, overlapping the rise of Hellenic art, we can hardly question that the early peoples, whom the Greeks knew as *Pelasgi*, *Leleges*, *Danai*, *Carians* and so forth, shared in it. But were they its *authors*? and who, after all, were they themselves? The Greeks believed them their own kin, but

\* Vergil's *Æneid*.

<sup>7</sup> "Historical Sketches" (Northmen and Normans).



what value can we attach to the belief of an age to which scientific ethnology and archæology were unknown? Nor is it useful to select traditions, e. g., to accept those about the Pelasgi and to override those which connect the Achæans equally closely with Mycenæan centres. We are gradually learning that the classical Hellene was of no pure race, but the result of a blend of several racial stocks, into which those preëxisting in his land can hardly fail to have entered; and if we have been able to determine that Mycenæan art resembled the Greek art which succeeded it in the same area, we cannot doubt that Mycenæan art was in some sense the parent of the latter, whatever be the racial affinities of their authors."

These words give us the universal opinion of scholars to-day regarding Greek folklore, viz., that it represents the Greek tradition of earlier historical events, the record of which had been blotted out by the Dorian invasion. It would have been as difficult for a Greek of the seventh century B. C. to account for the "Lion Gate" at Mycenæ or the "Cyclopean walls" at Tiryns as for a Saxon of King Alfred's days to explain the meaning or name the builders of Stonehenge. These floating memories were woven by the Greek poets into beautiful legends, and hence there is great difficulty in sifting the history contained *in the ore*, so to speak, in them from fiction, viz., whether the races they mention really existed and what influence they had on the Aegean civilization. Homer's "Iliad" portrays a warning phase of this civilization. Homer's "Iliad" of a still later period of those "old Ionian days," when the spirit of commercial enterprise had superseded the pursuit of arms. The "Achæans" then were lords of Hellas, the name "Danaan" being only applied to warriors, from which we may infer that the Danaans preceded the Achæans, just as in England our use of the term "British army," "British soldier," points to an *earlier* period, when the inhabitants of England *were* British. The ethnological question is more difficult also from the fact that Homer (and Greek writers generally), either from patriotism or ignorance, carefully disguise all traces of foreign origin in their heroes of Epic and drama. Thus, to explain the ethnic names of the later Hellenes, they invented an eponymous hero, who was the founder of a clan; e. g., the "Ionians" claimed descent from a mythical *Ion*, the "Hellenes" were the children of "Hellen, son of Deucalion, and these founders were said to be *autochthonous*, i. e., sprung from the soil. Thus the Athenians ascribed their origin to a mythical autochthonous ancestor named Cecrops. Herodotus (ii., 91) loved historic truth more than his country when he wrote: "Danaus and Lynceus were Chemmites (i. e., *Egyptians*) before they sailed for Greece."

We shall now describe the chief products of "Aegean" art discovered in the Aegean area and then sketch the probable history of those peoples mentioned by the Greek writers, who have the strongest claim to be considered its authors. From this we shall see that not only was Grecian art the result of long ages of artistic effort, but also that some record of the "Aegeans" themselves, though but in fugitive hints and distorted fragments, who inherited their territory is preserved in the writings of the Greeks.

Let us accordingly turn to the "Aegean" treasures discovered in Greece and the Aegean isles. The tombs at Mycenæ unearthed by Schliemann were richer in gold than any found elsewhere in the world. The metal was worked up into heavy death-masks and lighter breast-plates, diadems, baldrics, pendants and armlets, often made of mere foil, and also into goblets, hairpins, rings engraved with combats of men and beasts, miniature balances and an immense number of thin circular plaques and buttons, with bone, clay or wooden cores. We must specially mention the inlays of gold and niello on bronze dagger blades, showing spiral ornament or scenes of the chase, Egyptian in motive, but non-Egyptian in style, and to little models of shrine façades analogous to those devoted to Semitic pillar-worship. Bronze swords and daggers, and many large caldrons, *crateres*, were found with arrowheads of obsidian, and also a few stone vases, beads of amber, intaglio gems, sceptre heads of crystal, certain fittings and other fragments made of porcelain and paste, and remains of carved wood; much pottery also, which begins with a dull painted ware, and develops into a highly glazed fabric, decorated with spiraliform and marine schemes in lustrous paint, and showing the typical forms, false-mouthed *amphoræ*<sup>8</sup> and long-footed vases, now known as distinctively "Aegean."

But besides Mycenæ, in Argolis, dome-tombs were excavated at Arkina and Eleusis, in Attica; at Dimini, near Volo, in Thessaly; at Kampos, on the west of Mount Taygetus, and at Maskarata, in Cephalonia. The richest grave of all was explored at Vaphio, in Laconia, in 1889, and yielded, besides many gems and gold work, two golden goblets chased with scenes of bull hunting. The technical skill which beat out each of these Vaphian cups in a single unriveted plate has never been excelled.

The treasures found in the tombs of these peoples give some indications of their religious cult. "The great wealth of many of the tombs, the rich contents of the pit-graves of Mycenæ itself, the rock-cut chambers, the massive vaults of the beehive tombs, are all indeed so many evidences of a highly developed cult of departed spirits."<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> See note 8.

<sup>9</sup> "Mycenæan Tree and Pillar Worship" (Evans).

Ceramic art reached a specially high standard in fabric, form and decoration about 2500 B. C. in Crete. In the pottery at Mycenæ we can discern four distinct periods:

1. A grayish ware with dull white and red decoration in a paint slightly lustrous.
2. A class with black brown decoration on a white slip.
3. The acme of the style—a thin yellow ware of very pure clay, with hard slip and decorated with a paint highly lustrous. It ranges in color from brown and yellow to red, and differs from
4. Only in the fact that its paint is more lustrous, its ground deeper in tint and its glaze more brilliant.

The pottery of 2500 B. C. compares favorably with any potter's work in the world. The same may be said of fresco painting and probably of metal work. Modeling in terra cotta, sculpture in stone and ivory, engraving on gems, were following it closely about 2000 B. C., but sculpture, as evidenced by relief work, carved stone vessels, metallurgy in gold, silver and bronze advanced further. This art and those of fresco and vase painting and of gem engraving stood higher about the fifteenth century B. C.<sup>10</sup> than at any subsequent period till the sixth century, when Hellenic art arose. The manufacture, modeling and painting of faience objects and the making of inlays in many materials were also known to Aegean craftsmen, who show in all their best work a strong sense of natural form and an appreciation of ideal balance and decorative effect, such as are best seen in the best products of later Hellenic art. Aegean art, at its two great periods (circ. 2500 B. C. and 1500 B. C.) will bear comparison with any contemporary arts.

Bronze, among *useful* metals, accompanies almost alone the genuine Aegean objects at Mycenæ and the other "Aegean" centres, v. g., Enkomi, in Cyprus. Iron has been found only as a great rarity. Some five rings, a shield boss and shapeless lumps alone represent it at Mycenæ. Silver is much rarer than gold, as is the case in Egyptian tombs.

The "Aegean" age was an age of metal. That stone implements had not entirely passed out of use is attested by the obsidian arrow-heads found in the circle graves and the flint knives and basalt axes which lay beside vases of the full "Aegean" style in Sicily. But they are survivals, unimportant beside the objects in copper, bronze and precious metals. Silver makes its appearance before gold and is found moulded into bracelets and bowls and very rarely into figurines. Gold is more plentiful. Beaten, it makes face-masks,

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<sup>10</sup> The fifteenth century B. C. corresponds roughly with the palmiest days of Egypt (XVIII. Dynasty), when she subdued the whole of Syria and Palestine and part of Asia Minor.

armlets, pendants, diadems and all kinds of small votive objects; drawn, it makes rings, whose bezels are engraved with the burin; riveted, it makes cups, and overlaid as leaf on bone, clay, wood or bronze cores, it adorns hundreds of discs, buttons and blades. The Aegean goldsmiths apparently did not use acids. They imitate the *cloisonnée* work of Egypt in pastes only, but reproduce very beautifully the soldered bead patterns of that country. In general schemes of decoration metal follows pottery. Linear ornament passes through vegetable to organic forms, mainly marine, which are finally stylized into heraldic conventions.

The intaglios in stone, work of the same class of artist as the ring bezels, are fashioned oftenest out of agates, among semi-transparent materials, and jaspers among opaque. But finer stones, such as amethysts, are not infrequent, and soft stones, like hæmatite and steatite, are also used. Rock-crystal seems to have been the most valued material. In shape the intaglios are lentoid, oval or round. The subjects engraved are animals in various attitudes, single or in combat, heraldically opposed or held by men by the neck or leg. The lion, the bull and various kinds of goat appear most often. Less commonly are seen human figures, sometimes apparently praying before altars or aniconic divinities, sometimes engaged in combat. Rarer still are birds, and fish and fantastic creatures like the griffon. On the commoner sorts of stone we see geometric patterns, but very rarely vegetable. Impressions of gems bearing human portrait heads were found at Knossos, and the vast number of other clay impressions unearthed there and at Zakro confirms the theory that the use of these intaglios was primarily for sealing.

There were still skeptics who argued that in the absence of inscriptions we can prove nothing. Probably these objects belonged to the "Homeric age" (whatever that may mean), and the scanty glimpses which they give us of earlier times are like the broken remembrances with which we retrace that first mysterious portion of our childhood, ere memory has yet become continuous, and we begin to live in the thought of our own identity.

The latest excavations have at last established beyond question that the civilization which was capable of such splendid artistic achievement was not without a writing system. Thousands of clay tablets, many being evidently labels, and a few inscriptions on pottery from the palace of Cnossus, in Crete, have confirmed Mr. A. Evans' previous deduction that more than one script was in use

<sup>11</sup> According to Dr. Evans, Aegean civilization lasted at least four thousand years (from 5000 to 1000 B. C.), which he divides into nine Cnossian periods (named Minoan I., 1, 2, 3; II., 1, 2, 3; III., 1, 2, 3), each marked by some important development in the potter's art.

in the Minoan period.<sup>11</sup> The characters cannot be alphabetical letters; the first alphabet, that of the Greeks, was received from the Phœnicians about 1000 B. C., and by the eighth century B. C. these Mycenæan characters were probably unknown even to the Greeks, as the Runic letters were to the English of the Norman period. The linear script seems to be related to the "Asiatic" systems, Cypriote and Hittite, and perhaps with later Greek.

In Egypt and in Crete, where Dr. Evans in his excavations at Knossos discovered countless inscribed tablets, investigation into this problem is only beginning, and the next quarter of a century may see as surprising a development as has taken place since 1880. The origin of the linear script is more doubtful. No such tablets or sealings have been found outside Crete, and their writing remains undeciphered. His investigations have at least shaken the long-accepted theory of the origin of the alphabet. His theory is briefly as follows:<sup>12</sup> Comparing the Minoan signs with other early scripts, Egyptian, Carian and Lycian, the Cypriote "syllabary" and the Phœnician alphabet, he concludes that developed Egyptian hieroglyphic influenced the Minoan script, but did not originate it. The non-Hellenic elements in the Carian and Lycian alphabets are possibly (as the Phaestos disk suggests) cognate and independent developments, but more probably *by-forms* of Minoan itself. Cypriote and Phœnician are definitely colonial *by-forms* of Minoan.

On the new theory it was from the Philistines, as emigrants from Minoan Crete, that the Phœnicians borrowed their letters. Though Semitic and Egyptian scholars must be heard before his theory can be accepted, yet *prima facie* it has much in its favor. His theory has the great advantage that not only can twenty out of the twenty-two Phœnician letters be derived, fairly and without overstrain, from Minoan prototypes, but the Semitic name of thirteen of them answers to the original Minoan shape. *Aleph* really is the degeneration of the Minoan ox's head, *Kaph*, of the palm of a Minoan hand resting on an outstretched arm. The Phœnicians must have translated Minoan words into Semitic for thirteen letters. The names of the other seven letters, whose shape can be equally well derived from Minoan prototypes, do not admit of a Semitic meaning. They are very probably, therefore, themselves Minoan words, or adapted from Minoan words.

Comparing this theory with that of Professor Flinders Petrie,<sup>13</sup> we find that both agree in ascribing the origin of the alphabet to "Aegean," or rather Cretan sources, and they show that the art of

<sup>11</sup> "Scripta Minoa" ("The Written Documents of Minoan Crete") (Dr. Evans, 1910).

<sup>12</sup> Cf. THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW (April, 1905, p. 343).

writing with alphabetical signs is far more ancient than was hitherto generally supposed.

But in a large subject perhaps we are exceeding our necessary limits. We have seen that there was a floating tradition among Greek writers of older races that had once dwelt in Hellas in an era scarcely historical; and again, that archæologists had recently discovered an ancient and unknown civilization buried under Grecian and Cretan soil; calling them respectively  $x$  and  $y$ , the problem we set out to determine was, "How far can we equate the  $x$  of Greek literary tradition to the  $y$  of the 'Aegean civilization?'"

As stated above, we saw that the Greek writers often mentioned various races (Pelasgi, etc.), but no one could tell whether they had really existed or not. Again, recent excavations over the Aegean area have brought to light the tombs, vases, pottery, etc., of a hitherto unknown prehistoric civilization, which we have termed "Aegean." It now remains for us to try and determine how far these races (if historical) originated or shared in this highly-developed "Aegean" civilization. It may remind the reader of the course of our argument if we compare the various periods of this prehistoric art with the Egyptian dynasties contemporary with them. As we said, Dr. A. Evans holds that this Aegean culture flourished for over 4,000 years; he divides them into three "Minoan" periods, comprising severally three "Cnossian" epochs. His first "Minoan" period begins with the Bronze Age, and is marked by the introduction of pottery decorated with monochrome pigment. By exact observation of stratification he distinguished eight more periods, lasting throughout the Bronze Age:

Minoan period, I, 1.	Egyptian Dynasty, I. (4777-4514 B. C.).
Minoan period, II, 2 (Cartouche of Shepherd King, Khyan, found at Knossos).	Egyptian Dynasty, XIII. (2500 B. C.).
Minoan period, II, 3 (under Pelasgian influence).	Egyptian Dynasty, XIV. (2000 B. C.).
Minoan period, III, 1, 2 (Minos built a palace at Knossos and navy. Thuc. I, 4).	Egyptian Dynasty, XVIII. (1600-1300 B. C.). (Minoan vases found at Tel-el-Amarna. Achæan fleet attacks Egyptian coast.)
Minoan period, III, 3 (under Achæan influence).	Egyptian Dynasty, XIX. (1300-1000 B. C.).

In the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty a monument of the Pharaoh, *Menepthah*, tells us how the piratical fleets of the *Akaioushi* (Achæans) and *Turshena* (Tyrrheno-Pelasgians) harried the coasts of the Delta, about 1400 B. C.; and again, a monument of *Rameses III.* speaks of incursions by sea of the *Danaau* (Danaans) and *Teucrians* about 1200 B. C. The last Minoan period (iii., 3) is especially interesting, because at this time the Israelites were led

by Moses from "the house of bondage" of Egypt into the promised land of Canaan.

We have seen that the "Aegean" civilization is apparently not the product of any older race to the east or southeast of the Mediterranean—Persians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, etc.—much as it owed to those races. Style is conclusive. From first to last the persistent influence of a true artistic ideal differentiates Mycenæan objects from the hieratic or styloid products of Egypt or Phœnicia or the conventional figures of Babylonia. A constant effort to attain symmetry and decorative effect for its own sake inspires the geometric designs. The conventional bull of an Assyrian relief was referred to the image of a living bull by the Cnossian artist and made to express his emotions of fear or wrath by the Vaphian goldsmith, the Cypriote worker in ivory mirror handles or the island gem-cutter.

It had, undoubtedly, intimate relations with other contemporary civilizations, Egyptian, Babylonian, perhaps "Hittite," and early began to contract a huge debt, especially to Egypt. Thus Professor Petrie found pottery of Aegean style in the tombs of Gurob in the Fayoum (about 1500-1200 B. C.), and in the Aegean imported Nilotic objects, vases in gray granite and diorite, statuettes and fragments of porcelain and paste bearing the names of the Pharaohs.<sup>14</sup> The later Aegean culture is deeply indebted to the Nile for forms and decorative motives. As far as we can gather from archaeological evidence, the history of Aegean art seems to have followed some such course as this:

A people, agreeing in its prevailing skull-forms with the Mediterranean race of Northern Africa (Libyans)<sup>15</sup> was settled in the Aegean area from a remote Neolithic antiquity, but except in Crete, remained in a savage and unproductive condition till far into the fourth millennium B. C. In Crete, however, it had long been developing into a certain civilization, and at a period roughly contemporary with the thirteenth Egyptian dynasty (2500 B. C.) the scattered communities of the cities of the island were formed into a strong monarchical State, whose capital was at Cnossus. There the king, probably also high priest of the prevailing nature-cult (like the *patesi* of Babylonia), built a great stone palace and received the tribute of feudal chiefs (e. g., the prince of Phaestos). The Cnossian kings had maritime relations with Egypt and presently sent their wares all over the South Aegean, receiving in return such

<sup>14</sup> Thus at Mycenæ pieces of porcelain were found bearing the name of Amen-hotep III. (1414-1379 B. C.) and a scarab with his wife's name, Tyl.

<sup>15</sup> The Lebu of Egyptian monuments. According to Professor Sergi, Achilli, Petrie and other modern authorities, the Mediterranean shores were first peopled by the Libyans of North Africa in the Neolithic age (circa 8500 B. C.).

commodities as Melian obsidian knives. The absence of fortifications at Cnossus and Phaestos suggest that now Crete was internally peaceful and externally secure. This art reached its acme about 2000 B. C., then it gradually declined. Meanwhile, at other favorable spots in the Aegean, but within easy reach of the sea, e. g., Tiryus and Hissarlik, other communities of the early race began to grow civilized, but were naturally influenced by the more advanced culture of Crete, in proportion to their proximity to Crete.

It was probably about this time (2000 B. C.) that the wave of Pelasgian migration flowing westward across Asia Minor began to make itself felt. Professor Ridgeway, who claims the Pelasgians as the authors of the Aegean art, has at least shown that they largely shared in it, when they were masters of Greece.<sup>16</sup> The evidence both of Greek writers and of the Aegean remains clearly proves this. Thucydides (I., 3) tells us: "Before Hellen's time the *Pelasgian* race seems to have given its name to the larger part of Greece." Strabo, too (V., 2), quotes Ephorus as saying that Peloponnesus was of old called *Pelasgia*. Herodotus says that the ancient inhabitants of Athens were *Pelasgians*. Again, Acusilaus (fifth century B. C.), in a fragment happily preserved, includes all Greece as far north as Pharsalia under the name *Pelasgia*. They seem to have come from beyond Armenia, the cradle of the human race, whence proceeded the three ethnic branches of the human family—Semitic, Indo-European and Tâtar (Turanian). Of the Indo-European branch Rawlinson tells us:

"It is from (the mountain district of Armenia) that the various tribes constituting the Indo-European family may be regarded as diverging, when the straitness of their territory compelled them to seek new abodes. As Cymry, Gaels, Pelasgi, Lithuanians, Teutons, Aryans, Slavs, etc., they poured forth from their original country, spreading in three directions—northward, eastward and westward. Northward across the Caucasus went forth a flood of emigrants, which settled partly in the steppes of Upper Asia, but principally in Northern and Central Europe, consisting of the Celtic, Teutonic, Lithuanian, Thracian, Slavonic and other less well-known tribes. Westward into the high plateau of Asia Minor descended another body, Phrygians, Lydians, Lycians, Pelasgi, etc., who possessed themselves of the whole country above Taurus, and in some instances penetrated to the south of it, thence proceeding onwards across the Hellespont and the islands from Asia into Europe, where they became perhaps the primitive colonists of Greece and Italy.

<sup>16</sup> "The Early Age of Greece" (1901). Egyptian monuments also bear witness to the presence and activity of the Pelasgians in the Mediterranean, especially in the time of Menepthah (circa 1400 B. C.).



Eastward wandered the Aryan tribes in search of a new country, and fixed their home on the Pamir steppes, in the mountains of Afghanistan, and upon the course of the upper Indus."<sup>17</sup>

The Pelasgians then, whom Niebuhr considered long ago to be an historical people, probably settled about this time in the Aegean area, and came under the influence of the Aegean civilization. "*Graecia victa victorem cepit*" even in Pelasgian days. They apparently occupied the western part of Asia Minor at a very early date, and the two cities called Magnesia have with reason been ascribed to them. They are enumerated by Homer among the allies of the Trojans ("*Iliad*," II., 840), and they continued to possess places on the Asiatic side to a time later than Herodotus (I., 57).<sup>18</sup> They are found in many of the islands<sup>19</sup> between the two continents, and on the mainland of Greece they occupy a number of the most important positions, widely distant from one another, at a very remote period. Of these the chief are Thessaly, Epirus and the Peloponnese. In Thessaly their presence is marked by the Pelasgic Argos and the district called Pelasgiôtis; in Epirus, Dodona was their special seat; in the Peloponnese they seem to have been rulers, and the Arcadians, Ionians and even the primitive Argives seem to have been, one and all, Pelasgian races. Moreover, Attica was Pelasgic in former ages, and a Pelasgian seems to have preceded an Illyrian population in Macedonia. Nay, the Hellenes themselves appear from the statement of Herodotus to have been originally one of their tribes. (I., 58.)

The skill of the Pelasgians in fortification was justly celebrated. The Pelasgic wall at Athens was no solitary specimen, but one of a vast number of works, which everywhere through Greece and Italy attested the presence of this people. These structures, made of polygonal blocks fitted together without cement or mortar, are found in great abundance on the western coast of Asia Minor, in Epirus; the Peloponnese and Italy. Till the excavations of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ they were known as "*Cyclopean*," after a mythical race of prehistoric giants, who were said to have built them.

Apparently the unwarlike character of the Pelasgians led them, from the first, to trust to walls for their defense against the enemies who assailed them on all sides. Hence the numerous *Larissas* or strongholds by which their movements can be tracked—defenses which from the vast size of the separate blocks have

<sup>17</sup> Rawlinson's "*Herodotus*," Bk. II.

<sup>18</sup> Such as Plakia, Skylake on the Propontis (Hdt. I., 57) and Tralles in Caria.

<sup>19</sup> In Crete, Andros, Samothrace (Hdt. II., 57), Lemnos, Imbros (V., 26) and Cyclades (VII., 96).

defied the hand of time and bid fair to outlast all the structures of later ages.

But it seems unlikely that the Pelasgians were the *only* authors of the Aegean civilization, as Professor Ridgeway holds. About 1600 B. C. we observe great changes. The Aegean remains have become astonishingly uniform over the whole area; the local ceramic developments have almost ceased and been replaced by ware of one general type both of fabric and decoration. Cretan art, which had been languishing, once more revived under some national impulse. The artists have developed a more convenient and expressive written character by stages, one of which is best represented by the tablets of the Hagia Triada.

The art of all the area gives evidence of one spirit and common models. The sphere of Aegean influence had widened and become more busy. There can be little doubt that a strong power was now fixed in one Aegean centre and that all the area had come under its social and artistic influence. On the Greek mainland (to digress a little in our narrative) *Danaus*,<sup>20</sup> or the Danaan invaders, had founded Argos about 1900 B. C., and the Danaid kings ruled there over the Argolid and later over the whole Peloponnesus. About 1880 B. C. his descendant, Acrisius, built Tiryns, while Proetus ruled at Argos. His grandson, Perseus, founded Mycenæ, which became the capital of Danaan power, and his posterity ruled there till the sceptre passed into Achæan hands in the persons of the Pelopidæ. But Danaan influence over Aegean art was overshadowed by that of Crete (seventeenth century B. C.), for it was about this time (as Hesiod, Thucydides and Aristotle relate) that "Minos, being the earliest king on record, collected a fleet and became master of the Hellenic sea . . . and first colonized the Cyclades (Greek Archipelago) and drove the Phœnicians from the Aegean Sea."<sup>21</sup> The Cretan art under the Minoan kings was now at its zenith and exercised a strong influence over the whole Aegean area. It was, too, in a lesser degree, the golden age of Mycenæ and the Argolid—witness the "Lion Gate" and the wealth of gold in the graves—but a new invader, this time from the north, came to overthrow the Danaan and Minoan rule and to degrade the high standard of art which they had reached. Dr. Tsountas<sup>22</sup> tells us: "Later than the Danaans the Achæans came down into the Peloponnesus and by their superior vigor and prowess prevailed

<sup>20</sup> The Greek legends of Danaus, confirmed by "Herodotus" (II, 91), seem to show that the Danaans were of Egyptian stock; they indicate at least the high antiquity of Argos and its early intercourse with foreign countries (Egypt, Lycia, etc.). Cf. "The Argive Herseum" (Waldstein, 1905); "Pausanias," ch. xvi.

<sup>21</sup> Cf. "The Palace of Cnossus in Its Egyptian Relations" (Evans, 1900).

<sup>22</sup> Cf. "The Mycenaean Age" (page 243).

over the older stock. . . . About 1500 B. C. the Achæans had made themselves masters of Mycenæ. . . . We have no tradition of any struggle in connection with this dynastic revolution, and it appears probable the Achæans did not expel the older stock." The Cnossian palace was sacked and burned and Cretan art suffered an irreparable blow. The comparatively lifeless character which it possesses in the Minoan epoch (III., 3) coincides with a similar decadence all over the Aegean area and shows that the "fair-haired Achæans," having no culture of their own, adopted, while they spoiled, that which they found. They planted colonies in Rhodes, Cyprus and elsewhere, and soon the whole of the Aegean area came under their sway. The Cnossian palace was reoccupied in its northern part by chieftains who have left numerous rich graves, and commercial intercourse was developed for the uniformity of the decadent Aegean products, and their wide distribution became more marked than ever.

The investigations on Cretan soil have shown us that European culture, hitherto supposed to be Hellenic (though it came to us from Athens, its university), was Cretan first, according to the legends long discredited, and now at last proved true. We have learned by cumulative and multiplying evidences that Crete and not Hellas deserves to be named the Torchbearer of our Western World.<sup>23</sup>

But the civilization of Crete had existed. Its effects were yet to be seen on the Hellenic mainland, round about the Aegean; its memories and its influence lingered in Greek art and were not wholly obliterated in the Greek poets and historians. The Brazen Age described by Hesiod corresponds to the third "Late Minoan" epoch. The Cnossian palace and the emblem of the "Double Axe" led to strange stories concerning the Labyrinth, connecting Athens with Crete by the adventures of Theseus and a yearly festival. But to Homer and his Achæans the island was already a place of myths. Hellas took the leadership which Minoan rulers could no longer wield.

The traditional date of the capture of Troy is 1184 B. C. The Homeric picture of society is a fair representation of that in Aegean days, though its glory had waned under Achæan rule. To Homer Greece is the land of Achæa." The Achæan civilization differed from the earlier Aegean in these respects: the Aegeans buried, the Achæans *for the most part* burned their dead;<sup>24</sup> the Aegeans only used bronze weapons, the Achæans were beginning to use iron; the

<sup>23</sup> Cf. "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece" (Hawes, Harper Brothers).

<sup>24</sup> The dead in the earlier period were probably laid in cists constructed of upright stones. These were sometimes inside caves. After the burial the cist was covered in with earth. Later (and chiefly in Achæan days) a peculiar "beehive" tomb became common.

Aegean offensive weapons were bow, arrow and sword and for picked men the spear and oblong shield; the Achæan were spear, sword and round shield, with breastplate and greaves; the Aegeans wore their hair tied up in a knot on their heads, the Achæans wore theirs flowing loose. The language spoken would have been a primitive Greek, an early or "primitive" form of the language which we know as that of Attica in the classical age of Greek literature. Homer tells us that in his day all the Greeks spoke the same language ("Iliad," IV., 437). The Homeric dialect passed into New Ionic and Attic by a gradual but ceaseless development of the same kind as that which brought about the change from Vedic to classical Sanskrit, or from old high German to the present dialects of Germany. The new Dorian dialects, Ionian, Attic and the various forms of Aeolic, are regarded as relatively closely akin, and go by the common name "Achæan." They formed the common language of Greece before the Dorian invasion. The historical divergencies of Achæan into Aeolian and Ionic were later than the Migration,<sup>25</sup> and were due to the well-known effects of change of soil and air. Homer's existence was questioned by Wolff in 1798, in his "Prolegomena." The discussion lasted during the greater part of the nineteenth century; but the excavations over the Aegean area have turned the balance of opinion against the Wolfian hypothesis, and tend to show that the author of the "Iliad," at least, was a European Greek, who lived before the colonization of Asia Minor, and though the poet tells us—

Seven great cities claim great Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,

the claims of these cities mean no more than that in the days of their prosperity, they were the chief seats of the fame of Homer.

Even when the clouds of skepticism concerning Homer's existence were darkest there were still scholars whose faith in a real Homer never wavered. We will quote a passage from one acute observer, which, written in 18—, seems to furnish *a priori* evidence that Crete was the forerunner of Greek civilization—a fact which Aegean discoveries have now firmly established. De Quincey speaks as follows: "The place which, to my thinking, lies under the heaviest weight of suspicion as the seat of Homer's connections, and very often of his own residence, is the island of Crete. . . . The legends and mythology of Crete are what most detect the intercourse of Homer with that island. It will be sufficient here to remind the reader of the *early civilization, long anterior to that of Greece con-*

<sup>25</sup> The Ionian migration occurred between 1100-950 B. C., and was mainly due to the pressure of the Dorian tribes on the north of Greece, who finally overran Greece and compelled the inhabitants to seek new homes in the Aegean isles and along the western coast of Asia Minor.

*tinental*, which Crete had received."<sup>36</sup> One argument, which told powerfully in favor of Homer, was this: The real value of the Homeric poems lies in the picture of the social life of Greece which they place before us. The picture is too striking, too plausible, to be a mere romance. Moreover, it is the account of one who, if not an eye-witness, lived very near to that age, and could not be the work of several later writers. It was easier to believe in a real Homer, in spite of all objections, than to pin one's faith in some nebulous hypothesis, largely based on negative arguments, about which no two scholars were agreed. The evidence of the Aegean pottery, etc., fully justifies De Quincey's surmise that Homer really existed and that he sang of a real civilization which owed its existence to Crete at some remote period.

The Pelasgians had come from the mountains of Armenia; but the Achæans probably came from Switzerland and the Styrian Alps. They were one of the fair-haired tribes of upper Europe known to the ancients as *Keltoi*, who from time to time have pressed down over the Alps into southern countries successively as Achæans, Gauls, Goths and Franks. The culture of the Homeric Achæans corresponds to a large extent with that of the early Iron Age of the upper Danube (Hallstatt) and to the early Iron Age of upper Italy (Villanova). The "beehive" tomb is a modification of the ancient lake-dwellings found in Switzerland. The Achæan customs resemble those of the northern races of Europe; they were a warlike people of larger stature and sterner mould than the previous invaders of Greece. Their frequent banquets on roast meat and wine, described by Homer, contrast with the dainty fish diet of the Pelasgian Athenians.

About 1000 B. C. there happened a final catastrophe. The Dorians, armed with iron weapons, overran Greece and occupied the chief sites and swept away all traces of the Aegean civilization. It was a catastrophe as complete as the taking of Alexandria by the Kaliph Omar or the sacking of Sidon by the Philistines. Probably they were the rude Scythians, who dwelt in Thrace and beyond; but at length earlier influence survived and came once more to the surface. Homer perhaps did not live to see the downfall of the Achæan civilization,<sup>37</sup> which, however, remained unscathed in Cyprus and Asia Minor and passed by an uninterrupted process of development into the Hellenic. It took two or three centuries for the

<sup>36</sup> "Homer and the Homeridæ." Modern research places Homer's date at 1000 B. C., or even earlier. The Homeric poems only know of Dorians in Crete. It seems probable that his poems were written before the Dorians invaded and sacked the Peloponnesus.

<sup>37</sup> In the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" all those parts of Peloponnesus and the Aegean isles which in historic times were Dorian are ruled by recently established dynasties of Achæan chiefs.

artistic spirit, instinct in the Aegean area, and probably preserved in suspended animation by the survival of Aegean racial elements to blossom anew.

These northern invaders were probably the barbarous Scythians, as we said, who dwelt in Thrace and round the shores of the Euxine. They seem to have taken up their abode chiefly in the Peloponnesus; but the Aegean civilization was overwhelmed in the Dorian flood, and only gradually reappeared in the eighth century B. C. under the Hellenic forms as we know them—Dorian, Corinthian and Ionian. This last style was destined to produce the best results both in art and literature, perhaps because it survived and flourished on the Aegean and Asian coasts all through the dark winter of Dorian oppression, when art on the mainland had perished, and it was brought to perfection about the fifth century—in art by the unrivaled genius of Phidias, Ictinus and Praxiteles, and in history and the drama by Aeschylus, Sophocles and the great writers of the classical period.

Greece, and especially Attica, was the cradle of European civilization. As Newman tells us:<sup>28</sup> "Looking at the countries which surround the Mediterranean Sea as a whole, I see them to be, from time immemorial, the seat of an association of intellect and mind such as to deserve to be called the Intellect and the Mind of the Human Kind. Starting as it does and advancing from certain centres, till their respective influences intersect and conflict, and then at length intermingle and combine, a common Thought has been generated, and a common Civilization defined and established. . . . In its earliest age it included far more of the Eastern world than it has since; in these later times it has taken into its compass a new hemisphere; in the middle ages it lost Africa, Egypt and Syria, and extended itself to Germany, Scandinavia and the British Isles. At one time its territory was flooded by strange and barbarous races, but the existing civilization was vigorous enough to vivify what threatened to stifle it and to assimilate to the old social forms what came to expel them; and thus the civilization of modern times remains what it was of old, not Chinese, or Hindoo, or Mexican, or Saracenic, or of any new description hitherto unknown to what we call fame. At length . . . the vagrant *mutatis mutandis*, of the civilization which began in Palestine and Greece."

He continues thus: "In the country which has been the fountain-head of intellectual gifts, in the age which preceded or introduced the first formations of Human Society, in an era scarcely historical, we may dimly discern an almost mythical personage, who, putting

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<sup>28</sup> "Idea of a University" ("Christianity and Letters").

out of consideration the actors in Old Testament history, may be called the first Apostle of Civilization. Like an Apostle in a higher order of things, he was poor and a wanderer<sup>29</sup> and feeble in the flesh, though he was to do such great things and to live in the mouths of a hundred generations and a thousand tribes. A blind old man, whose wanderings were such that, when he became famous, his birthplace could not be ascertained. . . .

"The great poet remained unknown for some centuries—that is, unknown to what we call fame. At length . . . the vagrant ballad-singer, as he might be thought, was submitted, to his surprise, to a sort of literary canonization and was invested with the office of forming the young mind of Greece to noble thoughts and bold deeds. . . . As time went on, other poets were to be associated with Homer in the work of education, such as Hesiod and the Tragedians. . . . The literature of Greece, continued into and enriched by the literature of Rome, together with the studies which it involves, has been the instrument of education and the food of civilization from the first times of the world down to this day. . . ."

We see, then, what a great part Greece was destined to play in the world's history as the source and the school of intellectual culture for all time to the nations of Europe; but how she reached in a few short years such a pitch of civilization, why her literature has never before or since been rivaled by any other race, was an inscrutable mystery until the discovery of the Aegean tombs and vases clearly showed that her intellectual vigor and artistic skill were the gradual result of many centuries of preparation, lasting through the Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages. As Dr. Barry tells us: "From the first Olympiad, 776 B. C., to the Fall of Constantinople, 1453 B. C., we follow a luminous track, on either side of which lay the darkness visible of Barbarism. Even the Christian Church rested on the classic bases of learning and art, of literature, administration and jurisprudence. . . . To this period we ourselves belong. Europeans have never known a different type of civilization—until the other day, when spade and pickaxe laid bare the hidden underworld of Babylonia, Egypt and the Aegean cities, with Crete as a meeting place from which to look out on a manifold perspective of history. The classical type is no longer unique. We can measure and judge it by others of such vast duration that its years shrink almost into an episode, while in some degree the causes which explain its vicissitudes are made clear to us."<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>29</sup> See note 13.

<sup>30</sup> *Dublin Review*, January, 1912 (p. 87).

It was always known that various nations had started round the Eastern Mediterranean and had reached a high civilization, and then in due season had come to nought. The pyramids of Egypt, the sculptures of Assyria and Babylonia, the ruined temples of Phoenicia show the high degree of culture which they attained, but they had their day<sup>21</sup> and exercised no direct influence on European civilization. Looking back "in the dark backward and abysm of time," we notice that these civilizations pass through recurring cycles of perfection and decline, but each successive phase marks a higher standard than the preceding one. Greece alone was supposed suddenly to have shone out of the surrounding darkness like a star of the first magnitude, to be the intellectual beacon of Europe for all time. Now, however, we are learning that the Grecian civilization was no exception to the general law, that it started within the Aegean area in the Neolithic Age, and that it had periods of high excellence, only to be followed by an inevitable decline. The human element sinks lower and lower until the crest of the wave becomes the hollow and art is made an amusement from which all serious meaning has been cast out. Thus the beautiful painting and architecture of Minos' Palace at Cnossus (1600 B. C.) introduce the splendors of a brief yet astonishing era, "the rival, if not the superior, of the classical age,"<sup>22</sup> followed later by a period of mechanical imitation.

While admitting that changes of climate, famine or abundance, health and disease, wars and disasters of every kind have their due effect on civilization, the prime factor in these fluctuations of civilization, according to Professor Petrie, is the intermingling of races. From variations thus produced the new impulses arise, the mental faculties are given fresh power and motive, which stir them to creative effort. Whenever past experience is the record of culture, it bears witness to the invasion of some foreign stock. Centuries may be required for the strangers to be fused in one common people with the natives, but when that has been accomplished, a new era of activities will begin.

Thus it was with the Aegean civilization. The blending of several different races, variously gifted, at successive periods, resulted in the formation of the Hellenic people and Hellenic art and culture—the highest, viewed from a purely natural standpoint, that the world has ever seen.

Later investigation will map out more accurately the various phases of the Aegean culture, but we have at least seen the long and laborious preparation needed to mould and fashion the Hellenic

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<sup>21</sup> Cf. *Isaiah*, cc. xvii., xix. and xxiii.

<sup>22</sup> Cf. "The Revolutions of Civilization" (Professor Fl. Petrie, 1911).



civilization, which was destined, in Newman's words, "to form the human intellect" for all succeeding years.

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## CATHOLICISM AND SCHISM.

THESE is no serious question among Catholic writers as to the relation of Catholicism and Schism. The two are mutually exclusive. A church or a country in a state of schism cannot be called Catholic without departure from correct usage. But there is a confused opinion or idea current in some Catholic circles to the effect that the Greek churches, though in a state of schism, may still be classified as Catholic. Thus, in the July number of this REVIEW the Rev. Daniel Quinn says: "Russia is Catholic; but, besides being in schism, has the common Northern unintelligence of the essence of religion." What does the word "Catholic" mean in this connection? If it can be so used correctly, there is room for the title "Roman Catholic," which Father Quinn strives to justify. To get a correct point of view I turn to that article of Cardinal Wiseman in the *Dublin Review* which helped Newman so much in his journey to the Catholic Church. It is headed "Tracts for the Times: Anglican Claim of Apostolical Succession," and it appeared in the August number of 1839. It deals especially with the Donatist Schism and the inferences deducible therefrom. The Donatists retained the whole Catholic system except organic unity. It was more nearly a case of pure schism than can be found in the world to-day. It was no question of doctrine that divided the parties. No doubt, questions of doctrine came in later as a consequence of division, but in itself the matter was one of ecclesiastical communion. Wiseman says:

"The Donatists as well as their adversaries claimed the title of the Catholic Church. The general body of them maintained that the Catholic, that is, the true Church, only existed among themselves, and cut off all who were not in communion with them. At the celebrated Conference of Carthage, held by order of Honorius, in 411, between the Catholic and Donatist Bishops, the former headed by St. Augustine, the latter by Petilianus, the schismatics were exceedingly indignant that the title of *Catholic* should be claimed by and given to the other side."

The Donatists claimed to be Catholic on the ground that they observed all the commandments and administered all the sacraments.

St. Augustine, Fortunatianus and the other Catholic Bishops argued that this was not a question of doctrine or of observance, but one of union with the Church throughout the world. Catholicity, they contended, was a matter of plain, visible fact. Wiseman says:

"The first, the most frequently, and the most earnestly urged of these arguments (on the Catholic side) is the fact of the Donatist Church, however numerous its Bishops and its people, being excluded from communion by other churches, and not being admitted by them within the pale of the true Church. And this, as we shall see, is not an argument based upon right, but upon fact; it does not require, in the opinion of the Fathers, any previous examination into which party was right; the very fact of one's being in communion with foreign churches, and the other's not, was considered a decisive proof that the other was necessarily in a state of schism."

This was considered decisive of the question which side had a right to be called Catholic. "If you say," urged St. Augustine, "that you have the Catholic Church, *Catholic* is in Greek 'one,' or the 'whole'; behold you do not constitute the whole, since you have seceded apart."

Another test applied by the Fathers in controversy with the Donatists is connection with the Roman See. "The one See," argued St. Optatus, "which is the first of the properties (of the Church), Peter filled the first, to whom succeeded Linus; to Linus succeeded Clement . . . to Damasus succeeded Siricius, who is now in fellowship with us, and with whom the whole world is joined with us in the society of one communion."

All this is elementary theology, but it is necessary to bring out the fact that the word *Catholic* means world-wide and visible communion. It does not mean doctrine or worship or sacramental usage. It expresses an attribute of the Church considered as a polity. It says that the Church is a great ecclesiastical empire which embraces all varieties and combinations of men. A given country withdraws from this empire for one reason or another, usually for the sake of the power and patronage which thus accrues for a time to the national government. *Ipso facto*, that country ceases to be Catholic, as the Donatists ceased to be Catholic in consequence of their withdrawal from communion with the rest of the Church. How, then, account for the fact that some Catholics speak and write as if the plain state of the case were other than it is? More than one article have attributed Catholicity to "Orthodox" Greeks. I think the reason is, or at least may be, that the word *Catholic* has two distinct uses, and that the Catholics in question do not advert to the twofold use. It has not two distinct meanings, but it has two distinct uses. A parallel case is the word

"reformation." In its significant use reformation implies improvement; but since it has been appropriated as the proper name of a religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, it has also this appellative use. We can use it appellatively without implying that the upheaval in question was really an improvement. Moreover, as an appellative it becomes also an adjective to qualify anything connected with the Reformation. We speak of "Reformation leaders," "Reformation period," "Reformation doctrine," etc. Similarly the word "Catholic" has its significant use, and the Donatist controversy brings out clearly what it implies as a significant word; but since it is appropriated as the proper name of a particular Church, it has also this appellative use. In its appellative use it becomes applicable to everything connected with the Catholic Church. We speak of Catholic books, Catholic worship, Catholic schools, etc., simply because these are connected with the Church which is called Catholic. A "Catholic nation" would be a contradiction in terms if the word were thus used significantly. There is no universal nation. The familiar, everyday use of the word is the appellative use. Now, our controversies with Protestants have given a certain twist to this appellative use in some minds. It is as if they would say: "Whatever is Christian and not Protestant is Catholic." Russia is a Christian country. It is not Protestant. Therefore it is Catholic! It would be nearer the truth to go to the opposite extreme and say that schism is more directly anti-Catholic than is heresy. Catholicism, in strictest primary meaning, is Christian charity. It means observance of the "new commandment."

"In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond-slaves or freemen." "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus." To be all one in Christ is to be members of the one Church which Christ established. That is the primary condition of Christian charity. Catholic unity is the medium created for the cultivation of charity or brotherhood. Schism is the sin which makes Catholic brotherhood impossible. Heresy has a malice peculiar to itself as against revealed truth. It is the greater sin. It leads also to schism. In practice, however, the difference is only one of degree, because schism also leads to heresy. Wiseman, summarizing the teaching of the Fathers, says:

Schism is pronounced by the Fathers a dreadful sin, whether in a church or in individuals, when they persevere in it. They do

"Schism is pronounced by the Fathers a dreadful sin, whether in consider the evil done to the Church by schism sufficient to coun-

terbalance any imaginary good to be gained, and equal to any real or imaginary evil to be avoided thereby. The very circumstance of one particular church being out of the aggregation of other churches constituted these judges over the other, and left no room for questioning the justice of the condemnation, 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' Though the valid exercise of the sacramental power was allowed to such schismatics as preserved the lawful forms, yet its legitimate exercise was never acknowledged."

In a word, a state of schism unchurches any part of the Church which chooses a separate existence. Catholic unity, and with it all right to the Catholic name, is lost to the schismatical body.

When the Oxford "Tracts for the Times" crossed the Atlantic they attracted the attention of Bishop England. He could scarcely bring himself to treat seriously their claim of Catholicity for the Anglican Church. "There is no claim to 'Catholic' where there is separation from Rome." That settled the matter for him. "We merely keep our old family name. They only play an old trick, which St. Augustine says was used by some folk, many of whose names are now scarcely recollected. Fourteen hundred years have elapsed since that good and holy Bishop tells us that they had a mighty great liking for the name of 'Catholic,' but by some sort of good or evil chance there was no fastening it on to them, and they had nicknames then also for the Catholic Church, but neither would they adhere to it."

In Russia the people do not call themselves Catholics, except when they are in communion with Rome. They call themselves Orthodox. It is only in America, where the Catholic name is in honor, that Russians and Greeks cause confusion similar to that of Anglican efforts by claiming the Catholic name.

PROPAGANDIST.

## MARCELINO MENENDEZ Y PELAYO.

EIGHT months have passed since the death of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, and Spain still mourns over the loss of her noble son; and many months and many years will pass before Spain forgets the untiring zeal and loyal, devoted patriotism which he devoted to raising the standard of Spanish literature. How universal was the grief occasioned by the death of Menéndez y Pelayo, philosopher, literary critic and poet, may be gathered from the still recent public manifestations of sorrow, the speeches made in honor of the deceased, the ceremonies at which a bereaved populace mourned their friend and benefactor, and from these sincere messages of condolence which, coming as they did from every quarter of the literary world, attested to the fact that our age had lost a great man and Spain the most illustrious of her present writers and apologists. The place Menéndez y Pelayo had won in the estimation of his people was too firmly established to be forgotten in a day. His popularity was not of an ephemeral kind, such as would cease with the last spadeful of earth thrown upon his grave; rather we should say that the name of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo will be associated with Spain and Spanish literature as long as they exist, and he will ever be remembered as the Napoleon of Spanish science. His life-work was devoted to the most laudable and possible—God and his nation; so that Spain, placed as she is in the midst of nations each at war with each other and all at war with God, has good cause for grief now that the Angel of Death has robbed her of a staunch and exemplary defender.

Though the genius of Menéndez y Pelayo compels our admiration to the extent of making us impatient of listening to biographical details, still a glance at the path he trod before reaching the eminence he finally occupied will not prove devoid of interest either to the aspiring litterateur or to the admiring friend. Born at Santander, November 3, 1856, Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo spent the days of his boyhood in the surroundings, scenes and haunts rendered famous by the lives and works of many other Spanish writers, such as Pereda and Amós Escalante. At the age of fifteen, after completing his minor studies, in pursuance of which he displayed a marked diligence, which never, however, dampened the ardor of his joyous, light-hearted temperament, Marcelino was sent to Barcelona. There, too, he gave ample proof of his genius, studiousness and untiring application by securing twenty-four ordinary and three extraordinary prizes in the short

space of two years. Now that his college education was completed, our youth sought to supplement and extend his knowledge of men and letters by traveling through the famous literary and art centres of Northern and Eastern Europe. The observations made and the consequent knowledge gained enriched the mind of the brilliant young man, and animated for the struggle wherein he had to spend his length of days, he turned his steps to his native land, there to employ his already comprehensive learning and brilliant talent in the defense of his nation and of his Church. It must have seemed like the resurrection of a Vives or a Carranza when, in 1875, Menéndez y Pelayo accepted the appointment to the chair of literature at the University of Madrid. But that was merely the first step—the first advance of a course that presaged much. At nineteen he occupied a chair in the university, but his distinguished merits were to win him a more enviable position before three years had elapsed. The great ambition of every Spanish artist, writer or genius is to be received as an honorary member into the Spanish Academy. Some spend years of anxious expectation, others are granted this supreme honor after a hard and severe probation; there are some who never succeed in realizing their fondest hope. What, then, must have been his merit and honor when at the age of twenty-two Menéndez y Pelayo was received into the Academia Real? His youthful appearance was in marked contrast to the grave and solemn visages of those veterans who had been tried in many a combat and been victorious on many a field of science, art and literature; and yet it was acknowledged by all that in ability he was inferior to none.

The reception of a new member into the Academy is always an important event for the members. They make much of the ceremonies, regarding, and with justice, the persons in whose honor they are held, as coöperators in the preservation and propagation of Spanish science. But the reception of Menéndez y Pelayo was marked by certain events that have formed an epoch in the history of the society. For in the present of that august assemblage D. Alejandro Pidal y Món, president of the Academy, rising to make his address of welcome, gave utterance to a startling prediction. He said he had witnessed the reception of other members into the Academy; that he himself had welcomed many new additions to that enlightened body. He had lived and talked and worked with the best men in Spain. He knew the history of Spanish literature from the moment its history began. And in view of all those facts he did not hesitate to affirm that "if God gives length of days to this, the last member received into our order, we shall one day, and that no distant day, behold the most glorious repre-

sentative of science in Spain." His prophecy was not a vain boast, nor a thoughtless statement based only on a hasty impression of the young man's talents or a feeling of partiality towards his fellow-countryman. Mr. Pidal y Món had been a keen and watchful observer of Menéndez y Pelayo's gradual advance; nor was it likely that he should have voiced so unwonted a statement unless he had conclusive proof of its assured fulfillment. That Pidal y Món's statement was true is evidenced in the life-work of the man whose loss has caused such grief among Spanish scholars. Moreover, his assertion was no more unusual than the many singular and striking qualities possessed by Menéndez y Pelayo. "Hear him speak of the prehistoric races and you would believe that he had dwelt in the cave of the troglodite and had wandered across the desert wilds with the nomad tribes; hear him speak of Oriental civilization and you would think him a hierophant of those far-distant days; listen to him when he talks of Greece and you will be convinced that he was a regular guest at Plato's banquets, and when he speaks of Rome, a courtier of Maecenas' age could do no better; hear him on the Christian age and you will feel sure that you are listening to a chronicler of some religious monastery; hear him discourse on the Renaissance and you will mistake him for a grammarian of the court of the Medicis or for a professor of Salamanca or Alcalá; hear what he has to say about the eighteenth century and you will believe that he was a contributor to the Encyclopedia. Hear him on the questions of the day and you will conclude that the evil spirit has brought him to the view of the chairs and academies of Europe, renewing for Menéndez y Pelayo's particular benefit the prodigy which he enacted in the seventeenth century for the ill-famed Don Cléofas, at the bidding of that astute writer, Luis Velez de Guevara."<sup>1</sup> Nor was Pidal y Món's assertion more unwonted than the spirit which animated the youthful laborer in that difficult and dangerous field. When Menéndez y Pelayo arose to answer that unexpected speech of reception, we may suppose that he was at a loss as to what to reply. But it is at such a moment that the thought one has cherished long comes first to mind, and the purpose one has set before him finds expression in words. There may be more that followed and even more that preceded by way of formality, but one dominant sentence of that noble champion of Church and State will live when all else, even the Academy records, have gone to join the elements. "Every work that I shall undertake, every success or failure that attends my efforts in the field of science will be devoted to the greater glory of God and the exaltation of the name of Jesus." Such a

<sup>1</sup> Pidal y Món; Menéndez y Pelayo in "*Discursos y Artículos literarios*."

sentiment was enough to rouse a responding sense of Catholic devotion in the hearts of those men whose forbears had fought and bled for the selfsame cause and whose literature, poetry and folklore were replete with instances of deeds performed and sufferings endured for the selfsame motive that actuated this new cavalier whose weapons were not to be the sharp sword nor the piercing lance; but whose voice and whose pen were to serve as a buckler of defense and a helmet of protection for his nation and religion against the malicious attacks of ungodly and unpatriotic foes.

Menéndez y Pelayo did not go far afield in search of adventures in which he might manifest his powers in the realm of letters. No; his kingdom was his study, and his throne his professor's chair. For ever since his first nomination he remained at Madrid, professor of literature by his own choice, but in reality he has been helper, encourager, guide and father to all who have come under his loving care. His pupils state that his method of imparting instruction had to be experienced to be understood. His erudition was as profound as his thought and expression were clear and pleasing. And besides this, his love for Spain, his love for God the daily and hourly motives of his work, as well as his inexhaustible fund of kind and encouraging generosity won the hearts of all who knew him. One of his pupils, whose authority is trustworthy, characterized him as a simple, humble man, unswayed by vain ambition or haughtiness, though possessed of the greatest learning: beloved and esteemed by all and loving and encouraging all in turn.

In his position we should naturally expect a person to lead a quasi if not a real heremital life. But Menéndez y Pelayo has kept in constant touch with the public and the world of letters, as is shown by the almost numberless contributions in the form of essays, books—histories, criticisms, lectures, poetry. In the words of a contemporary writer, "there is not a branch of letters of which he is ignorant. For he is as conversant with the idiomatic writings of Greece and Rome as he is with his mother tongue, to say nothing of his knowledge of French, German, English and Italian. His writings show a most cultivated taste, marvelous facility and ease of expression, and speaking generally, an admirable sense of skillful and considerate criticism."<sup>2</sup> His literary career commenced before his reception into the Academia Real. But if we disregard his work on the "Poetas Montañeses" and the series of articles he wrote on the Spanish Jesuits of the time of Charles III., we may say that his literary life marks its real beginning from the publication of "Los Heterodoxos Españoles," in three volumes. It is a learned and judicious work on the political and literary

<sup>2</sup> Valera, "Homenaje al Sr. M. Menéndez y Pelayo," Introcusión.



history of Spain in its relations with the Catholic Church from the time of Priscilian to the present age. The author in recounting and reviewing the many personages who in matters of greater or lesser moment have differed from the Church manifests the qualities of a close and observing student of history, of a firm and loyal adherent to the Catholic faith, which he supports and defends with a vast knowledge of men and sciences. This work, which Menéndez y Pelayo composed when he was but twenty, is perhaps the best of his three great publications and it far outclasses similar works by Döllinger and Cantu. "The appearance of 'Los Heterodoxos Españoles' caused a stir in the literary world," says a learned Spaniard, Antonio Perez Goyena. "It was a monumental proof of skill, research and study as regards those difficulties which require a thorough training in theology."<sup>3</sup> Ramón Nocedal declared that it was the most remarkable work edited in Spain in modern times; Perez Villamil styles it the work of a giant; Juan Mir y Noguera, who is at present one of the foremost writers of Spain, has assured us more than once that he finds it hard to believe that Menéndez y Pelayo, aged twenty, could succeed in writing such an extensive, learned and judicious history; eminent Spaniards as Fidel Fita, Vasquez Mella, Pidal y Mön, Rodriguez Marin, Zacarias Martinez, Navarro Villoslada, Antonio Astrain, Blanco Garcia, Eduardo Hinojosa, Serrano y Sáenz and many others have highly appreciated this work of Menéndez y Pelayo. It will never disappear from the world of historical literature and theological controversy. It is, to use the grand expression of Thucydides, "a treasure for all time."

Not long after the appearance of the above-mentioned volumes a new phase of the author's genius was displayed in his "Horacio en España." A lyric poet himself of no mean ability, he was well fitted to undertake the task of collecting and criticizing the Spanish translations of Horace, and in the second place of praising the felicitous imitations and tracing the course of the Sabian bard's influence in the realm of Spanish poetry. In one of his books he writes: "Only to the great is given the power of understanding and appreciating great deeds and of expressing the great thoughts, ideals and inspirations that fire their souls." His appreciation of the poetry he criticizes is sufficient evidence of his own poetic spirit, even if we had not the proof of his many poems, his lengthy and excellent prose translations of Shakespeare's plays and in the book in question his Epistle to Horace, which Valera maintains to be "a veritable mine of poetic diction, concise elegance of language, abounding in instances of the *curiosa felicitas* and of the

<sup>3</sup> "Historia de la teología dogmática en España," in *Razón y Fé*, Vol. 32.

inspired and classic writings of the ancients."<sup>4</sup> Menéndez y Pelayo, somewhat after the fashion of Scott and Newman, is generally overlooked as a poet because his prose works are more numerous, more important and certainly in their way also far superior to his poetic effusions.

The next book from the pen of Menéndez y Pelayo was his "*Historia de la Ideas Estéticas en España*."<sup>5</sup> This voluminous work again shows the extraordinary talent, the diligent research and that judicious criticism which have made their possessor one of the most brilliant contributors to Spanish critical literature. The extensive knowledge of the author and his ready facility in interpreting the literature of the Continent have raised this book from what might have been a merely gratuitous assertion of unsupposed claims of Spanish writers to a really valuable and complete history of æsthetic ideas in Europe. For not only Spaniards, but Latin, Greek, Italian, French, German and English writers, as Plotinus, Aristotle, Plato, A. G. Baumgartner, Hegel, Tonnellé, Kant, Zimmermann, Hamilton, Taine, Sainte-Vives, Nieremberg, Lemaitre, Beuve, Luis de León, Jungmann, have been treated with impartiality and unwonted fairness. Their merits and demerits have been placed on the scales of untrammelled justice, and the result is found to meet the satisfaction of all fair-minded students of art and literature. Many Spanish authors find mention here who otherwise would have remained buried under the dust and forgetfulness of ages. An objection has been raised against the completeness and accuracy of the work on the score that some Spaniards who have contributed to æsthetics are not recorded. But the objection will solve itself, and the objectors will reverse their decision if they consider the shallowness of the claims of such men as Milá y Fontanals, Coll y Vehi, Nunez de Arce, Martinez de la Rosa and others who in this branch of literary science are of very little importance.

Menéndez y Pelayo's attitude towards what he terms the æsthetic doctrine of England is as unique as it is just and fair. "The strange admixture of passion and common sense, of assumed sensibility, fiery phantasy and profound sense of realism which characterizes the English nation has made it one of the most poetic countries of the world, to say nothing of its importance in moulding England into the most favored of nations for the arts of government and the science of warfare and those triumphs of the will where

<sup>4</sup> "Horacio en España," i.-xviii.

<sup>5</sup> This book is being reëdited in three parts, each part a complete work itself—"Ideas Estéticas en España hasta fines del siglo XVIII," "Ideas Estéticas en Europa hasta fines del siglo XIX," "Historia del Romanticismo Francés."

reason points out the useful. This characteristic note appears not merely in her literary history, but in her philosophy and in her criticism, which are imaginative and empirical. The English imagination is very much inclined to enter into details, and the same copiousness must also extend to the amount of facts and observations required by their thinkers before the promulgation of any inductive law. English philosophy has never been spiritualistic nor materialistic, and for this reason its originality is the more striking. It is a purely inductive philosophy, logical or psychological, moral and politic, almost quite unmetaphysical. The English have their wings clipped and boast of it. The English, says Emerson, are earthy and of the earth. But we may add that as the fabulous Antes was thought to find strength from contact with the earth, they (the English) are strong from contact with the earth, and when they pursue Utility—their passion for the acquisition of that good is strong enough to raise their enthusiasm to fever pitch. . . .”<sup>a</sup> His appreciation of English authors may be seen by the following criticisms which have been taken from the book in question:

“The lyric poets educated in Italy (Surrey, Sidney, Spencer) tuned the Anglo-Saxon lyre to accents which for sweetness and ideal beauty equal those of Petrarch, while they imparted a certain inward melancholy only conceded by the Muse of the North.

“The purest expression of the English Renaissance is to be found in the verse of the poet’s poet, Edmund Spenser. . . . Romanticism was instinctive as it was in Germany. It coursed through their blood, was a mark of the English race, impregnated the very atmosphere.

“Pope coins his precepts with classic perfection and exactness.” He styles Johnson “a grammarian, a literary gladiator, bitter and savage with his antagonist, trusting sometimes to no other authority than his own word and at others relying on the weight of paradox for a crushing blow.”

“The progenitor of English Romanticism was the wild and indomitable Scotch cart-driver, Robert Burns, one of the poets who made the nearest approaches to nature. The Scotch bard was one of the most popular poets that have existed, though laboring under the disadvantage of not having lived in an earlier age, when popular poetry fluctuated between the depths of vulgarity and mediocre culture. The Bible and the ballads of Scotland were the only poetic instruction received by the then rude and semi-savage race.

“Lord Byron cannot be strictly considered romantic; for his theories and methods are classic. Yet by reason of his eccentric

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<sup>a</sup> “*Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España*,” VII, 8-9.

and tremendous personality he passes beyond the limits of any special school. Byron, as also Goethe and Schiller, should be considered apart from the ordinary class of poets. Byron's entry and advance through the world of letters was a march of triumph. His course was like that of some luminous and terrifying meteor, which left in its wake a vast deal of glory and scandal that dazzled and dismayed his astonished contemporaries. Such was his reputation for temerity, for foppishness, for heroism, so radical a revolutionist was he and so notorious a sinner—one moment the incarnation of Satan, the next wrapped in some poetic flight and tending to the sublimity of a lofty ideal—so far distant were the extremes of his eccentric disposition that it is no easy task to portray that undoubtedly great poet in his just and human proportions.

"Scott remains even to-day an unequaled master, and he bids fair to retain his laurels and his glorious reputation intact. He is the Homer of a new heroic poetry suited to the taste of the more prosaic generations. But his chief claim on our praise lies in the fact that he has proved himself one of the greatest benefactors of mankind in leaving as a legacy a series of books in which a veritable mine of honest and unending pleasure may be had for the willing of it.

"Shelley lived a sort of somnambulistic life among his fellow-men, but his eyes were ever open to the world of colors, of forms, of vibrations. Never has the spirit of rebellion found a more energetic defender, and never has poetic blasphemy been clothed in more beautiful language than Shelley's. When he proposes to speak of things of this world and of his own time he seems like an inhabitant of a sister planet suddenly fallen to our own. Shelley's philosophy is a sort of monistic idealism which commences by supposing that matter in every grade is endowed with rational life.

"Macaulay has given us the best fruits of his labor and of his talent in his essays, in which he exhibits an alliance of two qualities rarely found combined even among the English, but when they are found make the most charming composition imaginable. One is good, practical sense, that of the moralist and politician, which is common enough among the Saxon people. The second is a live, quick and clever ingenuity to which the peoples of the equatorial districts lay no claim. . . . Macaulay imparts light to whatever subjects he treats. But it must be remembered that he is English, and consequently little disposed to make abstractions and devote himself to æsthetics. Literary criticism in his hands is a species of moral criticism. For Macaulay sees more than the writer; he sees the man worthy of blame or praise both for his writings

and his life. Should he find the least reason for displeasure, he seems to feel himself obliged to launch forth into a vigorous indictment of the offender's conduct. All this is done with more or less reason, but always with superior talent, common sense and that deep conviction which are the fountain head of all great eloquence.

"Carlyle is an unfathomable, obscure writer, an enlightened and phantasmagoric historian, a puritan moralist and pantheistic metaphysician . . . . for whom the natural is supernatural and miracles a thing of every-day occurrence. In every man, in every thing there is an ineffable signification of the divine, full of wonder, splendor, awe-aspiring. Carlyle is a theosophist and regards nature not as an inanimate thing, but as a living reality, and he exacts of all, both learned and ignorant, a tribute of devout obeisance, humility of soul, silent adoration. Nature's genius is an insight into the mystery of things. The fantasy is the organ of the divine; the understanding is no more than a window, the phantasm an eye, and Carlyle is the prophet of the fantasy."

Four volumes of "*Los Origenes de la Novela en España*" have already been published. It may be said without fear of contradiction that this work is superior to anything of its kind in European literature. Each chapter of the monumental work forms in itself a masterpiece of skillful and lucid arrangement, thorough erudition and mastery of all the literary, critical and historical facts bearing on the treatment of the question, and all set off in the simple and clear style characteristic of all his writings. Of his study and exposition of "*Calderon y su Teatro*" we may apply what has been said about Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare: that by them he has done more to give some idea of the breadth and grasp of that Spanish Shakespeare's intellect than any critic before or since.<sup>1</sup>

From a national as well as from a Catholic viewpoint the "*Ciencia Española*" is one of the most valuable publications of recent years. The work is chiefly a collection of letters which demonstrate how Menéndez y Pelayo brought order out of the chaotic ideas and defamatory statements of certain persons who maintained that there was no Spanish philosophy. The controversy, beginning from an unpretentious article on the Philosophy of Spain written by Laverde Ruiz, soon waxed strong and vehement. Revilla and Perojo took up the question, and bolstering up the negative side of the question, endeavored to prove that Spanish philosophy was a misnomer. They argued and substantiated their claim by decrying the Inquisition as a weapon of religious intolerance in itself sufficient

<sup>1</sup> Sr. Arturo Masriera, in his excellent article on Calderon published in the "*Enciclopedia Universal Espasa*," says that this book is the best ever written on Calderon.

to thwart all initiative and effort in the field of science. The nation looked about for a champion; it looked for one who would be fearless in his refutation and positive in his doctrine—and he was none other than Menéndez y Pelayo. When he began his refutation of the statements which he proved to be groundless, no further reply was forthcoming from the distinguished gentlemen who were endeavoring to subvert a vast amount of national tradition. With great philosophical skill and cleverness the nation's champion showed beyond the shadow of a single doubt that Spain had not only produced great philosophers, but great philosophical schools, among whose scholars and masters could be mentioned Seneca, R. Mosche ben Maimon (Maimonides), Raymond Lully, Vives, Suarez.

In regard to that much-mooted topic of the Inquisition, the author of "*Ciencia Española*" writes: "What a great glory it is for our country that the heresy which ran riot over Europe in the sixteenth century never even passed our frontier. I understand and praise and even bless the Inquisition as a unifying principle which directs and governs the national life throughout the centuries as a daughter of the true spirit of the Spanish people, and not as the oppressor of it, save only in individual cases and on rare occasions."<sup>8</sup> In another place<sup>9</sup> we read: "It is enough to excite ridicule to see persons trying to explain everything by the Inquisition, even those things with which the Inquisition had nothing to do. . . . In literary matters the Holy Office, instead of being blameworthy for its oppression, went to the extreme of liberality."

In five volumes Menéndez y Pelayo has published many of his lectures and discourses on various subjects and a great number of letters bearing on important subjects; e. g., "Rodrigo Caro," the author of false Don Quixote; "Ramon Marti," "Saint Isidore," "History Considered as an Art," "Mystic Poetry of Spain," "Manuel Quintana," etc. But besides the lectures published in his books, there are three which have appeared only in periodicals and which deserve even greater mention—an address delivered before the City Council and citizens of Santander, when his fellow-townsmen held a celebration in honor of his fiftieth birthday, a discourse delivered on the occasion of the erection of Pereda's monument, and perhaps best illustrative of his religious sentiment, the elegant, finished discourse delivered during the Eucharistic Congress of 1911.

So much for the general survey of the more important publications of our author. It would be an almost endless task to mention all the essays, criticisms, reviews, brochures, talks, lectures, con-

<sup>8</sup> "*Ciencia Española*," Vol. I., p. 271.

<sup>9</sup> "*Horacio en España*," Vol. II., p. 370.

ferences that formed the daily tasks and tasks of love of this singularly gifted professor. In brief, his printed works may be added as follows:

1. History of Spanish heresies.
2. History of Spanish poetry in the Middle Ages.
3. Treatise on the ancient romances.
4. Juan Boscan.
5. History of Spanish-American poetry from its origin to 1892.
6. Origin of the Spanish novel and study of the Spanish novelists before Cervantes.
7. Sketches and lectures on literary criticism.
8. Science in Spain.
9. History of æsthetic thought in Spain to the end of the eighteenth century.
10. History of æsthetic thought in Europe to the end of the nineteenth century.
11. Essays on philosophical criticism.
12. History of French romanticism.
13. Poems and poetic translations.
14. Translations of some works of Cicero.
15. Calderon and his theatre.
16. Horace in Spain.
17. Works of Lope de Vega.

Besides the publication of so many and such extensive works, Menéndez y Pelayo was engaged in several other occupations. He was the president of the Academia Real de la Historia, director of the Revista de Archivos, Bibliotecas y Museos, editor of the "Nueva Biblioteca de Escritores Castellanos" and member of countless literary and scientific societies both in Spain and in the other European countries.

In point of style Menéndez y Pelayo is readily conceded to be superior to all writers who have flourished since the golden age of Spanish literature. Even his first essays are clothed in a language which has none of the harshness of archaic form, nor of the startling insolence of the latest fad. His language is concise without being obscure; ornate only to that degree which reveals the master's touch. His latest works were also composed with all his poetic and youthful enthusiasm (which he himself says is of more importance and sometimes more useful than great learning).<sup>10</sup> His poetic disposition manifests itself at the right moment. He knows when to apply the poet's touchstone to human affairs, whether in criticism

<sup>10</sup> Sr. Francisco Rodríguez Marín has written a learned paper on the style of his beloved master and friend. It has been published in "Discursos pronunciados . . . en honor de M. Menéndez y Pelayo en la velada organizada por El Debate," Madrid, 1912.

or history, and in so doing he has achieved an extraordinary elasticity and balance to his prose works. The sovereign art of exposition, without which critics are never much appreciated, is found in Menéndez y Pelayo's writings, rich in good sense and devoid of that turgid rhetoric and high-sounding emphasis so common in the writings of Castelar and in the writings of those many wordmongers who looked up to Castelar as a model par excellence. How different both in matter and form were the models that Menéndez y Pelayo proposed to himself as his exemplars. It is well known that from his early years he studied not only Juan de los Angeles, whom he calls his special favorite and most genial companion, but Granada, Luis de León, St. Teresa were his daily literary food. And from these he gradually acquired his sublime simplicity and elegance of diction.

Each page of his writings reveals a wealth of strong common sense, a clear perception, a vein of wonderful and ever-varying information and a constant praiseworthy effort to fulfill that advice of the poet he admired—to interweave the pleasant and the instructive. To please while he instructs—the *omne tulit punctum* of the Roman bard—seems to have been present to Menéndez y Pelayo as he took up his pen to write.

If Menéndez y Pelayo were to be judged by his critical works alone, he would be sure of lasting fame. He may be seen at his best advantage when engaged in the criticism of some piece of literature, literary epoch or literary character. Needless to say, he who undertakes such a weighty responsibility must be endowed with many high qualifications. He must not only be possessed of broadmindedness, power of liberal interpretation, not only must he be preëminently just and impartial in his dealings with men and books, but he must be a man who can measure present works by the standards of the master minds. Consequently it is imperative that he be well informed on all the subjects that pertain to his art of criticism, that he have a well-grounded, solid and certain understanding of the achievements of the masters, in order to establish his own position of director for literary aspirants, and in order to point out just where the ancients and moderns are to be followed and where to be avoided. The mind of Menéndez y Pelayo was an impartial one, as impartial as it was clear and penetrating. To him it was natural to judge correctly and at the proper moment and in the proper place to set down his judgment. He had lived all his life with his books, and he knew them as few men ever attain to knowledge of their studies. Wherever he spoke there was authority in his speech, colored by companionship with the great of his own election—with the saints; with Aristotle and Plato;



Horace and Virgil; Shakespeare and León, and in fact all the Spanish authors of note. If Menéndez y Pelayo is not one of those geniuses who, according to his own words, "appear from time to time to fulfill a providential mission in the world of science," the opinion of many prominent men must be set at nought. And that opinion is based on the gradual growth of Spanish critical literature from the time when as a college student Menéndez y Pelayo began his contributions to various literary journals. Despite the many obstacles and setbacks he received at the beginning of his career because of the untried or forgotten route over which he was to make his way, for the critical literature of Spain had not yet been aroused from its fallen state, Menéndez y Pelayo could say of himself that which Reiske said in similar circumstances when complaining of the lassitude of his predecessors, that "he had done as much as any thousand of them."

The style of criticism which first appeared on the shores of the Rhine began to spread throughout Europe in the first half of the eighteenth century, but did not reach Spain until late, when Luzan, Quintana and Cadalso introduced it. No advance was made during the first half of the nineteenth century, for the reason that criticism then was in the hands of writers whose greatest ability was displayed in plagiarizing French and Italian critics. The first and most notable figure to appear in Spanish literary history was Sr. Amador de los Rios, who, not satisfied with making his extensive work, "*Historia de la literatura Española*," notable for its rare erudition and historic value, left it to be completed by a favorite pupil; by one for whom he predicted a glorious future, who would bring to completion the labor commenced by his master. The acute judgment, the unbiased sense of right and wrong, the classic mould of thought, the habit of assiduous investigation and painstaking exactness in detail, the independent and sincere conviction, the depth of penetration, the facility in grouping and contrasting periods and writers, the power of most lucid exposition, the harmonious rhythm of language—all those combined in the storehouse of one man's brain tended to make Menéndez y Pelayo the standard of contemporaneous criticism.

His religious ideas, as we have stated above, were thoroughly Catholic. If the "*Heterodoxos Españoles*" were not sufficient to prove this, one could not set down the "*Ciencia Española*" in any other frame of mind than that of deep conviction that he had been perusing a work of a most loyal adherent to the Church of Peter. In these days, when the religion of many consists in a shameful homage paid to the golden calf under various aspects of human pride and passion, it is indeed a consoling thought for those who

are laboring to spread the kingdom of Christ to realize that they had, and in effect still have, so staunch an ally in the person of our Spanish author and litterateur. He who could find words of praise for the Inquisition, and who with Catholic and national ardor feels proud of the nation that produced a Domenic, the father of an Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas, who was overjoyed to believe that he was a compatriot of the captain of a company which numbered such valiant heroes as Francis of Borgia, Francis Xavier, Alfonsus Rodriguez and a host of others,<sup>11</sup> makes no difficulty of openly avowing his faith. "I am proud of my Catholic faith. And I say this without hedging, without mental restrictions."<sup>12</sup> He stigmatizes the questionable morality of Quintana as something to be outlawed from a Christian society which has profited by the instruction and tradition of numberless generations, which had imbibed of the streams of life and love that flowed from the wounds of Christ on Calvary."<sup>13</sup> He warns the people against Perez Galdós, telling them to disregard the fulsome praises of this latter's friends. For Perez Galdós would appear in his true light when the judgment of future years should have corroborated the charges made against him for the immorality of his works. Speaking of this novelist, he says: "Let us hope that the salutary evolution may continue as the generous nature of the author gives us reason to hope it will and that the grace of God will assist him in his honest effort until he gains in the shadow of the Cross the one solution of human destiny."<sup>14</sup>

All his life he was a Catholic and a practical Catholic of the most sterling type. He was put to the test time and time again, but just as often was found true to the faith of his fathers. He had the spiritual courage to bear testimony to that faith before men and to sing the praises of the Omnipotent God even in the midst of hostile audiences and in the centre of an otherwise universal silence. But he soon found souls to share in his sympathies and religious belief, and soon voices long since silenced by doubt and distrust were heard to join him in the heaven-directed praise he had begun. Ramon Nocedal is reported to have said in a speech that Spain was the land of intrepid heroes, of great artists and of famous writers as long as the spirit of Christianity ruled the hearts of the Spanish people. He goes on to say that the writer who aspires to draw men's hearts to higher things—to heaven, gains undying fame on earth, but from the moment he breaks the bonds that bind him to this sacred duty even the glory of the

<sup>11</sup> Carta al Sr. Laverde Ruiz, "Ciencia Española," Vol. I., 208.

<sup>12</sup> "Ciencia Española," Vol. I., p. 455.

<sup>13</sup> "Crítica literaria," Vol. V., p. 329.

<sup>14</sup> "Crítica literaria," Vol. V., p. 114.

world ceases and will never be renewed. It is for this, if for nothing else, that Menéndez y Pelayo merits the esteem of every Catholic. In none of his works is there expression of anything unorthodox or radical. Of his first publications, as of his latest, we can say without any pretense or exaggeration that each page, in fact each line, is a profession of faith, a snare for the wickedness of evil-minded opponents of Catholic truth and an incentive, encouragement and invaluable assistance to all who seek increase of knowledge without endangering the priceless heritage of their faith. The one guiding principle of his life seems to have been a practical application of Christian charity—love of God, love of his country, love of his fellow-men.

Jacinto Verdaguer, one of the most inspired poets of modern times in the opinion of A. Baumgartner, thus wrote of Menéndez y Pelayo when the latter was but a youth: "The young and already eminent writer, Menéndez y Pelayo, has reached in his first flight a high degree of excellence in the temple of science and has penetrated far into the serene heights of Christian inspiration."<sup>18</sup> Would he not agree with us that his eminent contemporary, lately deceased, had fulfilled Pidal y Món's prophecy and more than fulfilled it? For he has risen to an eminence where his fond admirers and devoted friends in every quarter of the globe will ever see his spirit, though time lay claim to the man. God in His Providence was pleased to grant length of days to the new defender of science and religion, that he might become, as he has become, the most illustrious founder of the majestic position which Spanish science holds to-day. And we may add that he has been given power to shed over the nation false sons led astray by the *ignis fatuus* of foreign impiety those streams of light which the light of Catholic truth in more propitious times spread over the whole territory of Spain. The pen in his hands has been a means of enlightening the darkness of the ignorant, of confirming the faith of the wavering and of removing doubts from troubled souls. As an historian, he has removed the veil of centuries from facts that were waiting to be brought to light, he has confirmed present traditions and ascertained many that had been forgotten. As an apologist, he has established the fact of Spanish philosophy, and has shown Spanish Catholicism to have been proof against all heretical attacks. As a critic, his work has been instructive, destructive of false notions and misdirected principles and constructive of a new standard style of criticism.

It is thirty years since Alejandro Pidal y Món made his prediction, and we in our day have seen it realized with a most convincing

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<sup>18</sup> "Ídilis," p. 239. Barcelona, 1879.

reality. The realization, moreover, brings back to mind that incident which supplemented an apparently boastful assertion on the part of an admiring friend—the incident of Menéndez y Pelayo's speech when the young man whose talent had been fostered by great and careful study, whose studies and talent, supported and augmented by a heaven-sent gift of grace in abundance, protested that his every work would be devoted to the greater glory of God and the exaltation of the name of Jesus. Menéndez y Pelayo remained true to his promise, and God remained true to him, enabling him to succeed in the titanic undertaking fitted for the strength of giants.

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### FREDERIC OZANAM.

**F**REDERIC OZANAM, the centenary of whose birth occurs on April 13, was one of the most gifted of the brilliant band of Catholic laymen identified with the religious revival in France in the first half of the nineteenth century. His birth and his all too brief career synchronized with stirring and epoch-making events. In the very month in which he was born Napoleon I. was already hastening towards his downfall. That masterful man, who had long awed and terrorized Europe, the maker and unmaker of kings and kingdoms, was about to see the immense empire he had created broken up. After the abortive invasion of Russia, ending in the retreat from Moscow, he was fighting for his existence as a ruler against the allied powers of Europe, who, at the close of the campaign of 1814, entered Paris in triumph and compelled him to abdicate at Fontainebleau. Then came the first Bourbon Restoration, followed by Napoleon's unexpected return from Elba; the Hundred Days, with their many crowded hours; Waterloo and the exile and death of the vanquished empire-builder in his island prison; the second Restoration; the brief reign of Charles X.; the Three Days' Revolution, which gave France its citizen-king in Louis Philippe; '48, when not only France, but all Europe was again in the throes of revolution; the Second Republic, and then the coup d'état which gave birth to the Second Empire, and then the coup expired of internal decay and met its Waterloo at Sedan.

All these dynastic changes coincided with changes in the moral and social order more revolutionary. It used to be accepted as an accomplished fact that the advent to supreme power of the first Napoleon marked the close of the great Revolution which convulsed Europe at the close of the eighteenth century. It was a

false reading of history. It is not ended yet; it is still running its course. Mirabeau said it would make a tour of the world, but—with the Catholic Church behind it. The restoration of freedom of public worship and the Concordat, it is true, introduced a semblance of order in the midst of the moral chaos created by the Revolution; but it was only a semblance. The Encyclopedists and Voltaireans had done their baneful work too thoroughly. The ruthless uprooting of beliefs left France, as a whole, without any faith in the unseen; its ancient religion, the religion of St. Louis and of the days of Crusader chivalry, had been discarded for materialism and rationalism. The hearts of a deluded and degenerate race were turned aside from the worship of Christ to the worship of the goddess Reason. Catholic churches were secularized and profaned; religious instruction was abolished, and the rural clergy had to minister in secret like the priests in England and Ireland in penal times. Some faint-hearted priests who had subscribed to the Civil Constitution of the clergy were endeavoring to keep the lamp of faith alight in Paris as best they could; but their best did not amount to much. The Church had lost its hold upon the people; it is only now slowly regaining it.

Napoleon's aim was to subject the Church to the State and to make himself supreme in both. Metternich, his great protagonist in the field of diplomacy, read him rightly when he recognized in him the incarnation of the spirit of the Revolution; the man who boasted in the East that he had "overturned the Cross" and "destroyed the Pope" (alluding to the seizure of Pius VI. by the Directory); who declared at Luxembourg, at the Christmas of 1797, "religion to be one of those prejudices which the French people had yet to overcome;" who later became the jailer of the gentle and saintly Pius VII.; who ordered the Bishops to send in their pastorals to be supervised by his prefects before being read in the churches; who forbade the opening of any community of men or women, whether for prayer, teaching or the service of the sick and poor, until the rules and statutes of each order or congregation had been investigated and endorsed by himself or Portalis; who, ignoring parental rights, which even the Revolution and the Consulate, at least outwardly, respected, completely extinguished liberty of teaching, making it the exclusive monopoly of the State. With him, much more than with Louis XIV., it was a case of "L'état, c'est moi!" The autocrat who established divorce and issued a decree forbidding priests to refuse the blessing of the Church to divorced persons who chose to remarry, and who, to show his utter indifference to time-honored Christian usages, strove, but in vain, to make the tenth, and not the seventh, the day of rest, thus abolishing,

as he fondly hoped, the Christian Sabbath—such a man was not the Man of Providence that France needed, and still needs, to restore it to its rightful place in the comity of Christian nations.

Little wonder that when the first Restoration freed the State-enslaved Church and broke its bonds French Catholics, who had preserved their faith unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution and the depressing despotism that followed it, hailed with joy and with high hopes begotten of that joy the return of the Bourbons to power. But that joy was premature and those hopes were not well grounded. Although Sunday observance was reënacted; Bishops recovered the direction of their seminaries; religious orders were fostered and protected by the State; missions were held in every town and village; pilgrimages to long-neglected shrines were resumed; and many of the Ministers were sincere Catholics, atheism and skepticism, sedulously instilled into the minds of the people for more than a generation, had inflicted wounds upon the Church too deep to be readily healed. Abstraction made of the economic changes which the Revolution had brought about, many of which were beneficent and long loudly called for, it had practically destroyed what it had taken centuries to uprear. When, therefore, Louis XVIII. inserted in his charter a clause constituting the kingdom Catholic, skeptical France laughed him and his charter to scorn. "It was not to be expected," says an able writer<sup>1</sup> who studied the subject well, "they would now turn Christians at the bidding of a State paper. The efforts of the Government to bring about such a result only irritated and aggravated the existing evil by provoking a spirit of direct antagonism."

It was in such a country and at such a time was born one whose high destiny and glorious privilege it was to have a large share in the grand work of reviving the Catholic spirit and teaching and infusing it into the minds of his generation and into the literature of the epoch upon which his name sheds a brilliant lustre. Frederic Ozanam belonged to a family distinguished by virtue and learning. Several served the Church either in the sanctuary or the cloister, while among those who devoted themselves to science was Jacques Ozanam, whose conception of the relative importance of science and dogma was expressed in the oft-quoted phrase. "It is the business of the doctors of the Sorbonne to dispute, that of the Pope to dogmatize and of mathematicians to go to heaven by the perpendicular." They claimed descent from a pretor of one of the Roman legions that accompanied Julius Cæsar in his campaign in Gaul and died the same year that the Emperor received his death-stroke at the

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<sup>1</sup> "Frederic Ozanam, Professor at the Sorbonne: His Life and Works." By Kathleen O'Meara, p. 47.

hands of Brutus. Of Jewish origin, they were Christianized in the seventh century, when, so the family legend runs, St. Didier, who had denounced the wicked Queen Brunhault and had to flee for his life, found refuge in the dwelling of Samuel Hozannam, whose hospitality he repaid by baptizing him and his people.<sup>2</sup>

Frederic Ozanam's father, Antoine, after serving five years as a conscript in the army of the first Republic, making the Italian campaign under Napoleon, who spoke of him as "the brilliant young officer whose valor had made a lively impression on him," returned to his native city, Lyons, where he engaged in commercial pursuits, made a fortune and lost it in Paris, ruining himself by giving the use of his name to a near relative who was in pecuniary difficulties. The Emperor, when he heard of it, sent him a brevet of captain in his own guards; but, a staunch republican, he refused to serve under the Empire. Leaving his wife and young children in Paris, he went to Milan, where, while endeavoring to provide for them by giving lessons in French, he qualified as a doctor, devoting much of his time to the poor and volunteering his services to succor the sick soldiers in the military hospital during an epidemic of fever until the Austrians took occupation of the city, when he returned to Lyons. For many years he was at the head of his profession, of which he took a high view, regarding it as a sort of priesthood, nobly dividing his time and his labors between the rich and the poor.

That his son Frederic inherited his spirit of charity and sensibility for the sufferings of others was abundantly made manifest in the sequel, as was also his practical piety. Alluding to his first Communion in a letter written at the age of sixteen, he says: "Oh, glad and blessed day! may my right hand wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever forget thee!" He was ever mindful of that important event. It would be well for France if all, or even the majority, of French Catholics were faithful throughout their lives, as he was, to the graces then received. In a French family the event is made much of as an occasion of rejoicing and festivity, but the impression too often fades out of the minds of the young communicants. If they moulded their lives on that of Ozanam, they would not be so supinely acquiescent in the arbitrary abuses of power by government and the stigma of returning anti-Christian freethinkers would not rest upon the French electorate.

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<sup>2</sup> St. Didier was subsequently seized and strangled by the Queen's emissaries on the banks of a stream called Renom, where a village was afterwards built called St. Didier de Renom. The name Ozanam was originally written Hozannam, the plural of Hozanna, according to the Hebrew custom of writing a family name in that number. Frederic Ozanam's grandfather, Benedict, was the first to drop one "n" and the initial "H."

The future litterateur was foreshown in the school lad of thirteen who essayed a long Latin poem in Virgilian hexameters on the taking of Jerusalem by Titus and the future Catholic polemist for his special mission by being subjected to agonizing doubts that severely tested his faith, and from which he was delivered when, on a sudden impulse, he entered a church, knelt and prayed, promising that if God gave him light to see the truth he would for ever after devote himself to its defense. The prayer was answered and the promise faithfully kept. The experience made a deep impression on him. He could never in after years, we are told, allude without strong emotion to "the horror of those doubts that eat into the heart, pursuing us even at night to the pillow we have drenched with our tears." Those only who have passed through this ordeal will understand what his feelings must have been. "It was the teaching of one who was both a priest and a philosopher," he gratefully records, "saved me; he brought light into my mind; I believed henceforth with an assured faith and, touched by this mercy, vowed to consecrate my days to the service of that truth which had given me peace." This priest was the Abbé Noirot, who had a special gift for directing and developing each one in his vocation.

It was not long before an opportunity, readily seized, of fulfilling his vow presented itself. While engaged in the dry drudgery of clerking in an attorney's office before entering on the study of law—studying at intervals English, German, Hebrew and Sanscrit—he wrote a treatise against the St. Simonians which, his biographer says, may be said to have struck the keynote of his future literary career. Ampère said "it was like a preface to the work which was to occupy him to the end of his days." He had already entered the lists against them in the local journals when they sought to propagate their opinions in Lyons. They were dreamers like the masons and modernists who talked vaguely of "the religion of the future," spoke patronizingly of Christianity as a thing of the past and formulated a creed which to them seemed to solve the great problem of life; ensnaring many who, weary of the prevailing apathy on the religious question which left an unfilled void in the human heart, hungered for a faith of some sort to satisfy their spiritual cravings. St. Simonianism had its day and it ended, as that of masonic deism and modernism will end. The religion of the future will be the religion that was taught in the hill country of Judea and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Ozanam's treatise, which was published in 1831, at once struck Lamartine, who wrote to congratulate the youthful author. "This beginning," he added, "promises us a new combatant in the sacred struggle



of religious and moral philosophy, which this century is sustaining against a materialistic reaction. Like you, I augur well for the issue. We do not see it, but the voice of conscience, that infallible prophet of the brave man's heart, promises us that our children shall. Let us trust to this instinctive promise, and live in the future."

Ozanam was already arming himself for the combat. He studied the social life of France, moved by a desire to ameliorate its condition in conjunction with others, riper in mind and in years, and more capable of solving the problems it raised. In a letter to two college friends, written midway in his eighteenth year, he calls himself "a poor little dwarf who sees things from afar." The dwarf was destined to develop the energies of a giant. He had made his choice and sketched out his plan for the future, which he unfolded to his friends. The first want of man, the first want of society he recognized was some notion of a religion, something solid to take hold of in order to resist the torrent of doubt. He worked out the solution of this first and most important of social problems. "My soul," he says, "was filled with a great joy and a great consolation; for lo! it discovered, by the sheer force of reason, that this something was none other than that Catholicism, which was first taught me by my mother, which was dear to my childhood, and so often fed my mind and my heart with its beautiful memories and its still more beautiful hopes—Catholicism, with all its grandeurs and all its delights. Shaken for a time by doubt, I feel the invincible need to cling, with all my might, to the pillar of the temple, were it even to crush me in its fall; and lo! I find this same pillar supported by science, luminous with the beams of wisdom, of glory and of beauty. I find it and I clasp it with enthusiastic love. I will take my stand by its side, and there, stretching out my arm, I will point to it as a beacon of deliverance to those who are tossing on the sea of life. Happy shall I be if a few friends come and rally round me. Then we shall unite our efforts and create a work together; others would join us, and, perchance, the day would come when all mankind would be gathered together beneath the same protecting shade. Catholicism, in its eternal youth and strength, would rise suddenly on the world, and placing itself at the head of the age, lead it on to civilization and happiness." The prospect fills him with intellectual delight, "for," he says, "the work is magnificent and I am young." In his youthful optimism he outlines the scheme of a book on the history of religious creeds to be written at thirty-five and for which he proposes to begin to qualify himself at eighteen by the acquisition of twelve languages and an exhaustive study of geology, astronomy

and universal history! Although he confesses that he was aghast for a moment at his own audacity, his boldness, he laid the whole scheme before the Abbé Noïrot, who encouraged him to carry it out. In this idea, which possessed his mind for two years, we may discern the *idée germe*, the genesis of those masterly historical and critical studies which he gave to the world later on and which are among the classics of modern French literature.

When he went to Paris in 1831 to read for the bar he found atheism dominant in the lyceums and colleges, himself and three others being the only Christian students at the Ecole de Droit. He felt intellectually isolated in the midst of young men who were either avowed atheists, rationalists or St. Simonians, until he was drawn within the more congenial circle of which the celebrated mathematician, André Marie Ampère was the centre and became an inmate of his hospitable house, 13 Rue des Fossés St. Victor. It brought him into contact with the most distinguished men of science and letters, for Ampère was then at the pinnacle of his fame. This association exercised a formative influence upon his receptive mind and was essentially educative. Besides, it safeguarded him from the contagion of unbelief and false science which gave the tone to society in what he calls "this great capital of egotism, this vortex of human errors." The example of a man of Ampère's eminence, who was not only a great scientist, but a firm believer, supported and strengthened his faith. He would often break off abruptly in what he was explaining or investigating, and burying his great white head in his hands, exclaim like one overpowered by some high presence, "Oh, how great God is, Ozanam! how great God is!"\*

The three days' revolution of 1830 had taken place. Politico-theological liberalism was the disintegrating influence then sapping the basic principles of Catholicism and monarchism. It was an epoch of false philosophy, of Utopian dreamers and quasi-religious innovators who were going to change the face of the earth and forestall the millennium. Still the number of Catholic students attending lectures at the College de France was increasing. Earnest, level-headed young Catholics were drawing together and gaining strength and courage from union. One young student, who had often seen Ozanam at the Ecole de Droit, met him one day coming out of the Church of St. Etienne du Mont. "What!" he exclaimed. "Are you a Catholic? How glad I am! Let us be friends; I thought you were an atheist!" He had been little more than a year in Paris when he wrote to his cousin, Ernest Falconnet: "We are more numerous than we thought. I have met here with young

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\* O'Meara, p. 58.

men strong in intellectual vigor and rich in generous sentiments who devote their thoughts and researches to the high mission which is also yours and mine. Every time a rationalist professor raises his voice against Revelation, Catholic voices are lifted up to answer him. We have, several of us, banded together for this purpose. Twice already I have taken my share of this noble work by addressing my objections in writing to these gentlemen." They made one professor, who attacked the Papacy, practically retract his words, and by a protest, which Ozanam drew up and which was signed by fifteen students, brought to book Jouffroy, one of the most prominent rationalists, who, from the chair of philosophy at the Sorbonne, denied the very possibility of Revelation. The latter, in presence of an audience of two hundred, who listened with respect to these young Catholics' profession of faith, apologized and promised to endeavor for the future not to wound the belief of any of his Catholic hearers. "The most useful result of all this," wrote Ozanam, "is that it enables us to show the students of the present day that one may be a Catholic and have common sense, that one may love liberty and religion at the same time; also it stirs them up from their fatal religious indifference, and accustoms them to grave and earnest discussion. But the most interesting and consoling thing of all for us young Christians are the 'conferences' which have been undertaken at our request by the Abbé Gerbet. Now we may say with truth that light shines in the darkness—'Lux in tenebris lucet.' Let us cheer up; our enemies are weak; these fine doctors of incredulity could be worsted by the simplest of our village priests."

But it was not a simple rural curé that the founder and leader of the young Catholic party was instrumental in bringing forward as the champion of Catholicism, but the great Dominican pulpit orator, Lacordaire, who was to brave the sons of Voltaire in the habit of the Inquisition. When he heard the eloquent friar preacher, then the Abbé Lacordaire, discourse in the chapel of the College Stanislas, the most unpretentious of Paris colleges, in a new style adapted to the age in which they lived, he said; "There is the man we want to confound Jouffroy<sup>4</sup> and his school!" At that time all the Paris professors were insidiously attacking the doctrines of Christianity; like Gibbon "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." One day, on leaving the Sorbonne after listening to a display of sophistry and false science, Ozanam observed to a companion, "What we want is a man of the present time, young like

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<sup>4</sup> Jouffroy on his deathbed returned to the faith which he had spent the greater part of his life in attacking. His dying words to a philosopher friend, who stood beside him, were: "All the systems put together are not worth one page of the catechism."

ourselves, whose ideas sympathize with ours, that is, with the aspirations and struggles of the young men of our day." Convinced that Lacordaire was the man, he and two other law students waited on the Archbishop, Mgr. de Quélen, and respectfully submitted their plan of lectures or conferences on the vital questions then agitating the schools, presenting religion in its relations to society and combating the anti-Christian publications of France and Germany. Lacordaire was conspicuously a man of his time. His name had been before the public in connection with the school question, when, in his quality of barrister, he had ably defended himself. He had been in the forefront of those who signalized themselves by fighting the battle of freedom of education and association and was known through his connection with the *Avenir* to hold popular and progressive views. A devout and zealous priest, he later on gave proof of his fidelity to the Church by his filial obedience and submission; further emphasized by his breaking with Lamennais, who was just then on the eve of breaking with Rome. After a series of sermons by seven selected preachers of the old school at Notre Dame failed to attract any portion of the public they were specially intended to draw, and after a delay due to jealous opposition—for human nature will reveal itself under the cassock as well as under any other garb—Lacordaire, as yet a secular priest, was unexpectedly invited by the Archbishop to preach the Lenten course at the Cathedral. Then began those famous fifteen conferences which captivated a select and critical auditory and hold their place in the standard literature of Catholic France. One day, rising from his archiepiscopal throne, Mgr. de Quélen, in presence of an immense congregation, greeted him as "the new prophet." Montalembert, who described him as the impersonation of "virtue armed for the defense of truth," says; "We all know what was the audience at Notre Dame. Never had its venerable walls seen the like. Let us remind our readers that the core of them was first formed by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which had just been given to the Church by Ozanam, one of those whom Lacordaire most loved and of whom he said, 'He is an ancestor.' The ranks of this glorious band swelled and multiplied tenfold around the pulpit of Notre Dame. It there drank in that spirit which carried it until yesterday<sup>5</sup> intact, respected and blessed through our revolutions and struggles. Lacordaire was next to Ozanam, and with him its father. He may have said of it, 'Apollo plantavit, ego rigavi, sed Deus incrementum dedit.'"<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to its dissolution by Napoleon III. in 1861.

<sup>6</sup> "Memoir of the Abbé Lacordaire." By Count de Montalembert. Bentley, 1863.

Ozanam always disclaimed the credit of having founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which, in the words of one of his co-workers, revived the faith and charity of the first centuries. He did so not merely from modest self-depreciation, but from a higher motive. "I firmly believe," he said, "that the most solid institutions are not those which man creates after his own fashion, with a deliberate purpose and with elements of his own creation, but those which spring, as it were, from circumstances and out of elements already existing." He longed "to see all young men who have intelligence and heart united in some scheme of charity, that thus a vast and generous association for the relief of the poorer classes might be formed all over the country." The society has long since more than amply realized his ideal. It is spread not merely over France, but all over the world. The eight members who formed the first conference have been multiplied manifold. It may be said to have fortuitously, or rather providentially, grown out of the little debating society started by the young Catholic party which held its meetings first in the offices of Bailly's *Tribune Catholique*, 7 Rue du Petit Bourbon St. Sulpice, and afterwards in a spacious hall in the Place de l'Estrapade, to which all comers were welcome. They discussed everything, history, philosophy, literature, the scientific and social bearing of the Gospel, etc. The fifteen students who began it soon numbered sixty, and included names not unknown to fame. It was there Ozanam, for the first time in public, displayed that impassioned and sympathetic eloquence which was later to win him such brilliant triumphs at the Sorbonne.<sup>7</sup> It gave visible form to a project conceived before he left Lyons when he "yearned to form a reunion of friends working together at the edifice of science under the flag of Catholic ideas." Ten of them, more closely united in heart and mind, formed a sort of literary knighthood. At one of Montalembert's soirées, where they met the most illustrious champions of Catholicism and other distinguished persons, a great deal was said about the misery of the people.

When inaugurating a conference at Florence in 1853, in relating the early history and progress of the society, he said: "We were just then invaded by a deluge of heterodox and philosophical doctrines that were clashing all round us, and we felt the need of strengthening our faith in the midst of the assaults made upon it by the various systems of false science. Some of our fellow-students were materialists, others Simonians, others Fourierists, others deists. When we Catholics sought to call the attention of these wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said

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<sup>7</sup> O'Meara, p. 67.

to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In bygone days Christianity did indeed work wonders, but to-day Christianity is dead. And you, who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? What works can you show which prove your faith and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' And they were right; the reproach was but too well merited. Then it was that we said to one another, 'Let us to the front! Let our deeds be in accordance with our faith.' But what were we to do? What could we do to prove ourselves true Catholics except that which pleases God most? Succor our neighbor, as Jesus Christ did, and place our faith under the safeguard of charity. Eight of us united in this idea, and at first, as if jealous of our new-found treasure, we would not open the door of our little assembly to any one else. But God had other views with respect to us. The association of a few intimate friends became, in His designs, the nucleus of an immense family of brothers that was to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we cannot with truth take the title of founders, for it was God who willed and who founded our society." One of the St. Simonians smiled incredulously at the idea of "eight poor young fellows" relieving the misery that swarmed in a city like Paris. A world-wide organization now, under the patronage of that great apostle of charity, St. Vincent de Paul, largely helps to relieve the misery of two hemispheres.

If he refused to be recognized as a founder, he was made a leader despite himself. He had to take the lead in every movement; when there was anything difficult to be done, he had to bear the burden of it. They could not hold a meeting, a conference of law or literature but he had to take the chair; five or six reviews and newspapers wanted articles from him; in short, he was forced to diverge, more and more, from the narrower path he first trod as the work he vowed to pursue widened.

Successively a barrister, a doctor of laws and then of letters, he was much more enamored of the study of the law than of its practice in the courts, which raised certain scruples from which the majority of lawyers are self-divested. There must have been a good deal of "moaning at the bar" then in Paris and Lyons as elsewhere. Although he was not one of the great unbriefed, and his French thesis for the doctorate of letters—which was on Dante, whose character and genius he had studied with something of religious enthusiasm—was so eloquently declaimed as to draw from Cousin, one of the examiners, the exclamation, "Ozanam, how is it possible to be so eloquent?" his fee book had many blank leaves. A daily lesson in law was the most stable part of his income, and his clients, he said, left him "large leisure." The professor of

barrister, he notes, is "one of those at the end of which a man is surest of making a large fortune, provided he does not die of hunger at the beginning."

Appointed professor of commercial law by the Municipal Council of Lyons, and after having had the refusal of the chair of philosophy at Orleans, he contemplated writing a book on the philosophy and history of law, treated from the Christian point of view, which, it seemed to him, would fill up a great void in science. The opening of the course of law lectures brought him more into prominence. Foisset, in his introduction to these lectures, published from notes left by Ozanam, says: "Those who did not know Ozanam as a jurist did not know him fully. Law was for him, above all, a branch of philosophy; it was a portion of history; it was even one side of literature." Whatever subject he treated he always regarded it from the viewpoint of the litterateur; above all, the Catholic and philosophical litterateur, not the mere surface skimming phrasemaker. Literature was to him a lay apostolate. When his mind was disturbed about his vocation; when a visit to the Grande Chartreuse attracted him towards the monastic life; when, for a time, he thought of the priesthood and of following Lacordaire into the Dominican Order and wrote to him: "If God deigned to call me to His service, there is no army in which I would more gladly serve than that in which you are enrolled," and the restorer of the Friars Preachers in France responded: "The hope of seeing you some day one of ours is dear to me;" there was one vocation about which his friend, of whom he took counsel, had no doubts. When his thesis on Dante, expanded into a volume entitled "*Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle*," had been reprinted, Lacordaire wrote to him: "You must on no account lay aside your pen. Writing is a hard trade, no doubt, but the press<sup>a</sup> has become too powerful for us to desert our post there. Let us write not for glory, not for immortality, but for Jesus Christ. Let us crucify ourselves to our pen. If nobody should read us in a hundred years hence, what does that signify? The drop of water that falls into the sea has gone to swell the flood, and the flood never dies. 'He who has been of his time,' says Schiller, 'has been of all time.' He has done his work, he has had his share in the creation of things which are eternal. You have a nervous, brilliant style and solid erudition. I advise you strongly to go on working, and if I were the director of your conscience, I would lay it on you as an obligation."

His vocation was finally fixed when, in 1840, Mlle. Amélie

<sup>a</sup> Lacordaire did not mean simply journalism, but rather literature, properly so called.

Soulacroix, daughter of the rector of the Academy, accepted the offer of his hand and heart. He had just been offered the position of assistant professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, tenable only during the illness of M. Fauriel, who held the chair, and which only carried a salary of about £100 a year. When Villemain, then Minister of Public Instruction, heard of the engagement of his friend's daughter to the brilliant young professor, he offered Ozanam the chair of foreign literature in the University of Lyons, which, with that of commercial law and other sources, would bring his income up to £600. As the Sorbonne was the more direct avenue to eminence, his fiancée, to whom he left the decision, bravely putting her trust in him, determined him to forego an assured and adequate income in the provinces for a precarious one in the capital. So one June morning in that year an ideal Catholic marriage, a perfect union, was solemnized in the Church of St. Nizier, in Lyons. At the altar his eldest brother lifted up his sacerdotal hands, while the younger one made the liturgical responses, and the bridegroom's old comrades of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with numerous friends, filled the choir and peopled the nave.

It was a bold bid for fame, if not for fortune. It was, besides, a perilous position for a young Catholic, the comrade-in-arms of Montalembert—the first of his race who fought only with the pen, but who found the pen mightier than the sword in the combat for freedom of education, in which he was tilting at all opponents—at a time when the public mind was envenomed against religion. But to the knightly soul of Ozanam the post of danger was the post of honor. "Guizot, Villemain and Cousin," says his able biographer, "had for some years past formed a triumvirate of genius which had raised the standard of professorships at the Sorbonne to the highest point of critical severity; it was, therefore, a tremendous ordeal for the inexperienced young provincial doctor of laws to be brought into competition with such rivals."<sup>9</sup> He stood the ordeal with a successful issue that added greatly to his growing reputation. He did more; he opened a new era at the Sorbonne. Nearly half a century had elapsed since an uncompromising Catholic had ventured to raise his voice there. Voltaireanism and rationalism had inspired all the teaching. This young man of twenty-seven, seated among gray-haired veterans, boldly made use of his professorial rostrum to propagate Catholic truth through the medium of science, poetry and history. He did it with such signal ability as to dispel the prevailing illusion that Catholics were lacking in intellectual capacity to uphold the teaching of their Church and the Catholic philosophy of history. It was, in the

<sup>9</sup> O'Meara, p. 192.



opinion of his biographer, "a rash experiment;" but such "rashness" has always been displayed by courageous Christian apologists in every age since St. Paul addressed the Athenians from the steps of the Parthenon. The fact that neo-pagans of the nineteenth century formed the majority of the students before him did not deter him. "The skeptics," records Kathleen O'Meara, "heard him in astonished admiration, the Catholics applauded with a sense of victory."<sup>10</sup> One day, on coming home from the Sorbonne, the following note was handed to him: "It is impossible that any one could speak with so much fervor and heart without believing what he affirms; if it be any satisfaction, I will even say happiness, to you to know it, enjoy it to the full and learn that before hearing you I did not believe. What a great number of sermons failed to do for me, you have done in an hour; you have made me a Christian! . . . Accept this expression of my joy and gratitude."

Besides being an eloquent and persuasive lecturer, he was a born educationist, using the word in its literal and truest sense. "He would take endless pains with a student whom he saw trying to supplement by diligence and courage a nature scantily endowed. He was gentle, even respectful, to dullness, as he was to poverty in every shape; and it sometimes happened that, under his fostering influence, those who had utterly failed with other masters unexpectedly developed with him latent capacities which had hitherto remained stubborn and unproductive. He loved the young and had the secret of gaining their fullest confidence. The students came to him in all their troubles, consulted him about their studies, about everything in which they wanted direction, and he gave himself up to them as if it was his most important business. The room adjoining his study was besieged as if it had been the ante-chamber of a Minister."<sup>11</sup>

Evidently one of the results of Ozanam's presence and influence at the Sorbonne was the striking conversion from skepticism to Christianity of Lenormant, a very distinguished man, who occupied Guizot's chair as assistant professor of history at the Collège de France, and who courageously and conscientiously followed up his conversion by publicly vindicating and exalting what he had formerly denounced and denouncing what he had exalted. Michelet and Quinet, who mockingly called him "the convert of the Sorbonne," resented his conversion as a personal insult, and his lecture room became the scene of hostile and riotous demonstrations organized in the offices of some revolutionary newspapers, whose interest it was to stimulate and keep alive the religious, or rather anti-

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<sup>10</sup> Biography, p. 195.

<sup>11</sup> O'Meara, pp. 199, 201, 202.

religious, ferment in France. Ozanam and Lenormant made common cause in the strenuous struggle that was being waged against the party of irreligion, whose machinations, however, caused Lenormant's course of lectures to be stopped by order of the Government. This did not, as was probably meant and expected, cause Ozanam to change the tone of his lectures, as many well-meaning but weak-minded men might have done—timid temporizers who would cloak their cowardice under the guise of prudence. His lectures continued to be as thoroughly Christian and Catholic as ever. His faith and intrepidity gained for him increased influence and popularity. "His faith," says his biographer, "was in itself a power. Men delight in the sight of enthusiasm and strong conviction, even when they do not share them; a faith of any sort is a power; skeptics, who do not believe in belief, envy those who do."

An indefatigable worker, he strove to infuse his own energy into others. Addressing a meeting of young men at the Cercle Catholique—founded in 1843 by Mgr. Affre as a centre for Catholic students coming to Paris to take out lectures—he said: "Every day our friends, our brothers, are killed as soldiers or missionaries on the soil of Africa or before the palaces of the mandarins. What are we doing meanwhile? Seriously, do you imagine that God has appointed for some to die in the service of civilization and the Church, while others walk about with their hands in their pockets or lie down on roses? Oh! gentlemen, you, toilers of science, and you, Christian men of letters, let us, one and all, prove that we are not cowardly enough to believe in a division which would be an accusation against God who would have made it and an ignominy on us who would accept it. Let us be ready to prove that we, too, have our battlefields, and that, if need be, we can die on them."

Upon the death of Fauriel, in 1844, Ozanam was appointed his successor and professor at the Sorbonne for life. In 1846 his health began to fail, and after a fever attack he made a health tour in the south of France and Italy. He traveled much on the Continent, each journey resulting in the production of one or two books, his whole works comprising eleven volumes. This holiday tour resulted in the subsequent publication of "Unpublished Documents to Serve for the Literary History of Italy from the Eighth to the Thirteenth Century" and that much-admired book, "The Franciscan Poets," which contemporary critics extolled as "a pearl without a rival."

His holidays, like the rare ones of Cardinal Manning, only meant a change of work. Those of 1845 were employed in finishing what he called his "interminable volume" on the "History of Christian Civilization Among the Germans." The object of the lectures, which

formed its groundwork, was to prove that Germany owes her genius and her whole civilization to the Christian education she received; that her greatness was in proportion to her union with Christendom; that she drew her power, her light, her poetry, from her fraternal connections with the other nations of Europe; that for her, as for others, there is, there can be, no real destiny except through Roman unity, the depository of the temporal traditions of humanity, as well as of the eternal designs of Providence. Writing to Foisset in 1847, he says: "My two essays on 'Dante' and 'Les Germaines' are for me like the two extreme points of a work which has been carried on partly in my public lectures, and which I should be glad to resume in order to complete it. It would include the literary history of the barbarous ages; the history of letters, and consequently of civilization, since the Latin decline and the first commencements of Christian genius until the close of the thirteenth century. I should make it the subject of my lectures during ten years, if necessary, and if God leaves me life." He designed largely and studied deeply, never losing sight of a subject which fascinated him in his youth, and which absorbed the ripened thought of an accomplished man of letters. The first five of the lectures on the "Fifth Century," delivered in 1849 and 1850, taken down in shorthand by the reporters of the Sorbonne, revised by the author and published in the *Correspondant*, formed, in Ampère's opinion, "the finest and most finished pieces that have issued from Ozanam's pen." In European civilization he recognized the chief work of Christianity. Non-Catholic writers, like Gibbon, distorted the historical perspective of the Middle Ages, misconceiving and misrepresenting the share which the Catholic Church had in the making of that history. In his introduction Ozanam wrote: "We must reconquer this territory, which belongs to us, since we find it cleared by the hands of our monks, our Benedictines and our Bollandists—those men who did not think their life ill spent in growing pale over parchments and legends." He resolved to write the history of the progress of that period where the English philosopher saw nothing but decay, the history of civilization in the barbarous ages, the history of the human mind escaping from the shipwreck of the empire of letters and traversing the flood of the invasions as the Hebrews crossed the Red Sea, and under the same guidance: *forti tegente brachio*. "I know nothing," he says, "more supernatural, nothing that proves more clearly the divinity of Christianity, than to have saved the human mind."

When writing the two posthumous volumes, "*Civilization au Cinquième Siècle*," he let these words fall from his pen: "I know not what fate awaits this book, whether I shall finish it or whether

I shall reach even the end of the page that flies beneath my pen. But I know enough to throw into it the remnant, be it great or small, of my strength and of my days." It is a magnificent fragment of an incomplete whole, but it enables us to realize the grandeur of the scope of the *magnum opus* it adumbrates. Crowned by the French Academy, it was adjudged the annual prize of ten thousand francs, just then founded, for the finest literary work produced within the year. Villemain, the illustrious critic who pronounced the *éloge*, said of it: "It raises criticism to eloquence; it conceives and seeks and finds eloquence itself in its highest source, in that type which never dies, or rather which is for ever born anew in the native instinct of a soul that vibrates to the good and the beautiful, to everything noble here below—virtue, liberty and science, and to those great truths above which constitute the promise of Christian faith and hope."

His "Etudes Germaniques," comprised in two volumes, entitled "The Condition of the Germans Before Christianity" and "Civilization Amongst the Franks," trace the evolution of a new civilization and a new empire—that of Charlemagne—out of the ruins of the old Roman Empire through the subjection of its barbarian conquerors to the mild and humanizing yoke of the Gospel, and the formative influence of the Celtic races, notably the Irish missionaries, in Christianizing those rude tribes. Of this work Montalembert observes that Ozanam has left absolutely nothing to be said by those who come after him to glean in the fields where he has reaped.

His "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle"—a subject which first suggested itself to him when he contemplated the laurel-crowned figure of the great Florentine poet in Raphael's "Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament" at the Vatican—is a study of mediæval philosophy as unfolded in the "Divina Commedia," an aspect of that sublime work which he considered to have been the least considered.

It has been noted that his visits to the Continent generally resulted in some literary output. For instance, a short excursion into Spain, which included a few days at Burgos, was followed by "A Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid," the latest of the many works he wrote and only completed during his last illness.

Meanwhile the eventful year, '48, that epoch of insurrectionary movements which convulsed Europe, when Dublin, Paris, Vienna and Rome were the storm centres of a political cyclone, drew Ozanam—who had, to use his own words, shut himself up in the Middle Ages, which he studied with a kind of passion—from his studious seclusion into the vortex of a revolution—such a revolution, he says, which the world had not seen since the fall of the

Roman Empire. He to whom the history of even modern revolutions was almost unknown was forced by events, and through a sense of public duty, to abandon his "dear studies" and in the struggle between the classes and the masses to throw himself, along with others, between those hostile ranks, to deaden the shock if he could not prevent it. He donned the uniform of the National Guard and took his turn of duty at the post of peril with all good citizens. He did more. Drawn at the same time again into journalism, to which he had earlier served a kind of apprenticeship in Bailly's *Tribune*, he tried to make his voice heard above the storm in the pages of the *Ere Nouvelle*, a democratic Catholic organ he started with the coöperation of Père Lacordaire, with the object of reconciling Catholics with the Second Republic, which, quite different from the Third Republic, gave freedom to their schools and religious bodies. It quickly gained popularity and was the medium of propagating Christian democratic principles. Lacordaire, though he did not give his adhesion to the Republic so fully—accepting it, like the majority of French Catholics, only as a plank in the shipwreck of constitutional monarchy—was elected by Marseilles as its representative in the National Assembly and cheered vociferously when, tonsured and habited as a Dominican friar, he appeared on the peristyle of the Palais Bourbon. Ozanam himself had been frequently pressed, but declined to seek election. He counseled Catholics to give their votes to the republican candidates who shared their faith, and who offered serious guarantees for their liberty. He went further and urged priests to come out of their presbyteries and make themselves conspicuous in public and social action. "If a greater number of Christians, and, above all, priests," he wrote to his brother, the Abbé, "had but occupied themselves with the working class these last ten years, we should be more secure of the future, and all our hopes rest on the little that has been done in this direction up to the present." He was profoundly impressed with the belief that underlying the political movement was the social question; a belief which has now found more general acceptance in every country and been the *primum motor* in remedial legislation. In 1836 he had written to his friend Lallier: "The question which agitates the world to-day is not a question of political forms, but a social question." Twelve years later, on the eve of the '48 outbreak, he repeated: "It is a social question; do away with misery, Christianize the people, and you will make an end of revolutions."

Appealing to the French priests as citizens, he wrote in the *Ere Nouvelle*: "The time is come when you must go and seek those who do not send for you, who, hidden away in the most disreputable

neighborhoods, have perhaps never known the Church or the priest, or even the sweet name of Christ." His friend, the Abbé Cherruel, who had blessed thirteen trees of liberty, had been quite affected by the proofs of faith which he found amidst the people, where since 1815 the priest had been taught to see only enemies of God and the Church. Ozanam had a like experience when, in the distribution of public relief and in furtherance of the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, he visited the homes of the very poorest of the poor, the submerged tenth, who were sunk in the deepest misery. In Paris alone the number of unemployed then amounted to 267,000. What he saw, while it saddened stimulated him; it touched his heart and fired his zeal in the cause of charity, for he was no fireside philanthropist, but a genuine humanitarian. In a quarter that was one of the strongholds of the insurrection he found fifty families in one house; in another ten married couples even without a bed; in the depths of a cellar a family lying on a handful of straw, on the earthen floor, with a rope fastened from wall to wall from which the poor creatures hung their bread in a rag to keep it out of the reach of the rats; children dying of consumption as fast as flies; yet very few who had not a crucifix at the head of their bed, a picture or a piece of blessed palm. "If I turn wearily from the controversies that are agitating Paris," he wrote to Foisset, "I am torn to pieces by the sight of the misery that is devouring it. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul finds grave duties here, and it may be that God has permitted its rapid development only that it might be ready for the task He was preparing for it. One is astounded to find how much Christianity there still is amongst this people, consequently how much there is to work upon. Ah! if we only had some saints! But can we doubt that God has a few in reserve for a century to which he has given Pius IX. and the Archbishop of Paris?" It was at the instance of Ozanam that Mgr. Affre intervened as a peacemaker when the insurrection was hottest and met his death—a glorious death, that of the martyr—at the barricades, the olive branch he held out being changed into a palm; his dying prayer as he staggered back, fatally wounded, being, "May my blood be the last shed!"

Though 8,000 copies of the *Ere Nouvelle* were daily sold in the streets of Paris, it suspended publication in the year that called it into existence. Invited to write for the *Moniteur Religieux*, a new paper edited by the Abbé Gerbet, he could not be induced to reënter the lists of journalism. He was then in his thirty-seventh year, "worn out prematurely with cruel infirmities." But it was not merely physical suffering he had to endure, but mental. He had some sharp passages of arms with the *Univers*. An anonymous

writer in that journal denounced him as a deserter, a Catholic who disbelieved in eternal punishment, who through cowardice and self-interest betrayed the common cause, taunting him with what he called "his denials." In repelling this gross calumny, he wrote: "I wished to devote my life to the service of the faith. It seemed to me that my days would have been well spent if, in spite of my own insufficiency, I succeeded in gathering and keeping round my chair a number of young spirits, in reinstating the principles of Christian science and forcing my audience to respect what they had hitherto despised—the Church, the Papacy and the monastic life. I should like to have collected these same thoughts into books more durable than my lectures, and all my desires would have been accomplished if a few wandering souls found there a reason for abjuring their prejudices and coming back, with God's help, to the truth of Catholicism. This is what I have been striving for these ten years, without any ambition for a higher destiny, but also without having ever had the misfortune to desert the field. . . . Was there really no peril," he asked, "in bringing forward the religious question, in reinstating, one by one, the institutions of Catholicism, when, a mere assistant professor, I had to consider the philosophical opinions of those who held my future at their disposal—when alone I stood by M. Lenormant, assisted at his *cours* and supported him by my presence and my voice, when later, in 1848, the Revolution passed daily under the very windows of the Sorbonne? If I have had some success as a professor and a lecturer, it is to courage, to work and not to base concessions that I owe it. It is true, I am nothing but a poor sinner before God, but He has not yet let me cease to believe in eternal punishment. It is false that I have ceased to believe in it; that I have denied, dissembled or attenuated that or any other article of faith." Cardinal Manning once said: "There are times when resentment becomes a virtue." This incident in Ozanam's life was such a time.

Ozanam, as a Catholic publicist, endeavored to adjust the balance of opinion between two opposing schools of thought—uncompromising reactions in the Conservative ranks to whom the Republic was anathema, "young statesmen of from five-and-twenty to thirty," he calls them, who would not hear of such things as a Constitution, a national representation and a press; and the rigidly orthodox, in their own estimation more Catholic than the Pope, who, in Cardinal Newman's words, "strained principles almost to snapping." Ozanam was of the school of Châteaubriand, Lacordaire and the Abbé Gerbet, whose aim it was to search out all the secret fibres of the human heart that could attach it to Christianity, awakening in it the love of the true, the good and the beautiful, and then

showing it, in revealed faith, the ideal of those three things to which every soul aspires. He never forgot that saying of St. Francis de Sales, "that we can catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar." Though not a politician in the party sense of the word, he was, to a certain extent, what would now be called in England a radical, or at least an advanced liberal; but his radicalism was the radicalism of the Encyclical, *Rerum novarum*, which went to the root of the social problem—the betterment of the condition of the toiling masses and the adjustments of the relations between employer and employed, between capital and labor—a problem that has shaped, and is still shaping, the course of political history.

This life of incessant and arduous study and restless activity told upon a naturally weak constitution. At one time a malignant fever threatened to terminate fatally. Upon his partial recovery he was sent by the Minister of Public Instruction on a literary mission to Italy, when he was twice received in private audience by the Pope, of whom he has traced a graphic pen-portrait. This was in 1847, when Pius IX. inaugurated his reign by a policy of reform which made him the popular idol. Ozanam, an advocate of the emancipation of oppressed nationalities, shared to the full the enthusiasm and optimism which that policy evoked. He believed that Pius IX. had a political as well as religious mission and was raised up opportunely for Italy and for the world. How that long-suffering Pontiff's hopes were deceived is matter of history. The popular acclamations that greeted his accession were the hosannas that preceded his *via dolorosa*. The prophecy of St. Malachy was to be fulfilled to the letter. Ozanam had forebodings of it, for on his return he declared at a public meeting: "I believe firmly the future has serious troubles in store for Pius IX.; I believe it is for his greater glory. God does not raise up such men for ordinary difficulties. If this great Pontiff had only to cope with the over-enthusiasm, the eagerness of his people—a thing that so few princes have to complain of—his mission would be an easy one; it would fill too small a place in history; his bark would glide over tranquil waters. We must look out for the tempest. But let us not fear, like the disciples of little faith: Christ is in the boat, and He is not sleeping; never has He been more wakeful than in the present days."

His health again broke down in 1850, when he toured Brittany, where he saw much evidence of faith and piety and many things that appealed to him as an archæologist, but was under strict prohibition to touch a pen during the holidays. Next year, the year of the Crystal Palace Exhibition, he visited London, when he was cheered by the increasing number of conversions and "the



example of those two grand souls, Newman and Manning," but depressed by the horrible excess of pauperism which disfigured the wealthiest metropolis in the world. The latter phase of English life touched his sympathies very keenly. "Better than I," says M. Ampère *fils*, "he would leave me to return alone to the Crystal Palace, that he might have more time to visit the cellars and garrets inhabited by the poor of Catholic Ireland; he would come away from them with his heart full, and always, I suspect, a little poorer than he went."

In 1852 an attack of pleurisy seriously endangered his life. The most grievous trial of illness to Ozanam, we are told, was the inactivity which it enforced. He continued, however, to lecture at the Sorbonne as long as he had strength enough to drag himself to his chair. His last appearance there called for an heroic effort. The students were clamoring for him. He was accused of self-indulgence and neglecting duties for discharging which he was paid by the State. "I will show them it is not true. I will do honor to my profession," he said with some heat, and drove straight to the Sorbonne. "When the Professor, leaning on the arm of a friend, pale, worn, more like a spectre than a living man, advanced through their midst, the rioters," relates his biographer, "were smitten with horror and remorse; as he ascended the chair that had witnessed so many of his triumphs, and that he was never to ascend again, their applause broke forth, rising and falling like waves around him. He stood for some minutes gazing in silence on the thoughtless, cruel young crowd, his black, dazzling eyes shining with the terrible light of fever, his long hair hanging, his whole appearance that of a man who was nearer to death than to life. When at last the tumult subsided, he spoke. His voice rang out as clear as silver, more piercing from its very weakness, like a spirit imprisoned in a body too frail to bear the shock of its inspiration. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic; and yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it; our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part, if I die, it will be in your service!' He said truly; this last effort killed him."<sup>12</sup>

Ill as he was, he excelled himself; it was the last flaming up of the lamp before its light was extinguished for ever. He spoke, it is related, with an eloquence and power that startled those who had heard him in his palmiest days; the enthusiasm of his emotional French audience rising at last to frenzy.

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<sup>12</sup> O'Meara, pp. 363-364.

The next day his brother, Dr. Ozanam, diagnosed a principle of decomposition in the blood. "He may be dead in ten days!" he whispered to his eldest brother.

The lamp of life flickered low, but it was not yet on the point of extinction. Successive sojourns at Eaux-Bonnes; at Biarritz, where he saw for the last time the Abbé Perreyve, another *ame d'élite*, whom he told that he knew the hand of death was on him; at Bayonne, from which he made a little excursion into Spain and a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Buglosse, a sanctuary close to the native village of St. Vincent de Paul, "the beloved patron," he says, "who protected my youth amidst so many dangers, and who shed such unlooked-for blessings on our humble conferences;" and in Italy, if they could not "keep the flame from wasting by repose," at least ensured its burning to the last, as long as there was the least spark of vitality in the worn-out frame.

While preparing for the final sacrifice he received many kind, complimentary messages from Cardinal Maï, who greatly admired his "*Poètes Franciscains*," just then published in book form; was gratified by hearing that a certain Padre Frederic, himself a Franciscan, was going to publish a translation of it; and honored by the general of the Franciscans, who sent him his thanks with a diploma—"not the least precious of my titles," he wrote Ampère—placing him on the list of benefactors of the Franciscan family and thus associating him to the merits of the Friars Minor, "who work and pray for all the world."

It was at Antignano the end drew near. The Bible, which he generally read in Greek, was his "daily bread," as he called it. It was his habit every morning to cull from it such texts as most impressed him, jotting them down for the purpose of recalling them to mind during the day. To render a last service to other invalids, by pointing out to them the passages that had soothed his own soul during his illness, he dictated them to his wife, and they were afterwards published under the title of "*Le Livre des Malades*."

Devoted to the last to literature, which formed the largest part of his life-work—truly "crucified to the pen," as Lacordaire phrased it—he occupied himself with his "*Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid*," which he called "his *Odyssey*," although he was so weak that he could only write a few lines at the time, resting on a sofa during the intervals. The closing pages are almost the last he ever wrote. Equally, if not more, characteristic of the man, and in keeping with his practically and consistently religious bent of mind, was the fact that his last walk on earth was to the church on the feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1853. The old curé of Antignano was dying at the time; but when he heard that Ozanam had

come to the church and wished to receive Communion before Mass, he said to those about him: "Get me up; I must give it to him; no one else shall have that privilege." The dying priest, assisted likewise in his weakness, gave Communion to Ozanam and his young wife, and then was led away. It was his last priestly act; he never left his room again; neither was Ozanam ever again present at Mass.

His course was now well finished. Speaking with regret of his interrupted work, he said to his wife: "If anything consoles me for leaving this world without having accomplished what I wished to do, it is that I have never worked for the praise of men, but always for the service of truth." On the last day of August they left Antignano. He hoped to reach Paris and die amidst the scenes of his labors, but was too exhausted to continue the journey. He could go no farther than Marseilles. Having asked for and received the last sacraments with the greatest fervor, his brother urged him to have confidence in the mercy of God, to which he replied with a surprised look: "Why should I fear Him? I love Him so much!" He fell into a slumber on the evening of the 8th of September, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity. Suddenly opening his eyes and raising his hands, he exclaimed: "My God! my God! have mercy on me!" They were his last words, and with this plea upon his lips, he passed to his eternal rest.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Cork, Ireland.

## Book Reviews

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**THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.** An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine and History of the Catholic Church. In fifteen volumes. Vol. XV.—Tournon-Zwirner. Errata. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

There is general rejoicing on the completion of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Its importance can hardly be exaggerated. It is the first work of its kind in the English language, and the fund of necessary and useful information which it contains is invaluable. Now that we have it the wonder is, how did we get along without it. The lack of public Catholic libraries placed Catholics at a great disadvantage in the study of Catholic affairs. The use of the Latin language in theological and liturgical works closed those fields to the laity generally. The comparative scarcity of books in English on philosophical, historical and devotional subjects as compared with books in foreign languages made the work of the English student still more difficult. As a result, Catholics were forced to depend to a great extent on secular encyclopedias and works by Protestant authors for information on Catholic subjects. What they received was meagre, inaccurate, prejudiced and unfair. It is useless to expect that non-Catholic authors will teach Sacred Scripture and history in a manner satisfactory to Catholics, when the Church and the sects to which these authors belong differ in regard to essentials, in regard to authority and in regard to motives and responsibility. All due allowance may be made for the desire of some non-Catholic authors to be fair in regard to these matters, but, morally speaking, it is impossible for a Catholic to learn the truth about Catholic things except from Catholic sources.

The wonder is, then, how did we get along until the present time without a book of this kind? And the truth is, we got along rather badly. All classes, without exception, have felt the need of it. The very fact that the scholars and the libraries of the world have contributed to its making shows this. It is not the work of one man or group of men; it is not the product of any one nation; it is not a summary of one library, however extensive; but it is the result of the combined efforts of the scholars of the world, of various nationalities and drawing on the storehouses of knowledge that contain the real wealth of ages.

And now this wealth is brought to our very doors—is placed on the shelves of our libraries and laid upon our tables. It is made accessible to all, and the amount of good that must result from it is incalculable. Falsehood is very insidious; it comes in

very deceptive disguises; it finds many victims among the young, who are unsuspecting, confiding and easily deceived. It is much harder to erase a wrong impression than to make a right one. Therefore the necessity of having at hand in practical form correct information on things Catholic.

The Catholic Encyclopedia does this. It ought to be in every Catholic household in the English-speaking world. It is or it will be in every public library, secular and religious, and in every parish library and community library; but it ought to be in every parish school and in every family, if possible, because it should be read and consulted constantly if Catholics wish to get true knowledge concerning the Constitution, Doctrine and History of the Church, and if they wish to correct the false impressions that are so frequently being made in regard to these subjects.

**CELTIC BRITAIN AND THE PILGRIM MOVEMENT.** By *G. Hartwell Jones, M. A., D. D.*, Member of the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire. 8vo., pp. 581. Illustrated. London: Cymmrodorion Society.

"The growth of religious thought, Ethnic, Hebrew or Christian, besides being of supreme moment, is of an interest so perennial that no apology should be needed for presenting any evidence not hitherto easily accessible. It has been my custom for some years, whilst occupied with the study of ecclesiastical history, to jot down or at least to make a mental note of anything that seemed to bear upon Wales, Cornwall, Ireland and or Scotland, and as I pursued my investigations (begun solely for the satisfaction of my own curiosity) the cultural significance of the pilgrim movement was strongly borne in upon my mind. Whether we consider its many-sided character, its human elements, its doctrinal import, its intellectual fertility or the tenacity of this irrepressible instinct throughout the ages, it appears to challenge comparison with any other field of inquiry, and after a considerable amount of material had accumulated it was more than once pointed out to me that the publication of what I had garnered might serve a useful purpose, a suggestion in which the honorable Society of Cymmrodorion readily acquiesced.

"To avoid any misapprehension with regard to the scope of this work, two features must be explained. First, the term 'pilgrim' and 'pilgrimage' are used, as were the Latin 'peregrinus' and 'peregrinatio' in the Middle Ages, to denote an ecclesiastical or semi-ecclesiastical errand, in fact, practically any mission or journey accomplished under the sanction of Holy Church. Viewed from another standpoint, the following pages deal with the foreign

influences operating in the mediæval churches of Britain. Secondly, the work treats of the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, inextricably interwoven, as they were originally, by ties of blood, and subsequently by constant intercourse, but displaying in the course of time marked idiosyncrasies. More particularly I have endeavored to throw into relief the social parts played in the pilgrim movement by the Cornish, the Welsh, the Irish and the Scotch and the salient characteristics exhibited by these branches of the Celtic race in the history of the Church as it toiled up the slope of progress."

It is not often that the author and the subject fit so well together as in this book. The reader will soon be convinced that it is the work of a scholar and an enthusiast laboring in a favorite field, the chief motive power being love. And one cannot help thinking what a pity it would be if such a subject were treated in any other way. And the conviction follows that if it were the work would be unattractive and valueless. But such a subject in the hands of such an author is charming indeed as well as informing, and the combination is completed by the excellent manner in which the book is made. The Honorable Society of Cymmrodorion has shown a splendid appreciation of the work in the paper, type and illustrations.

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**THE ROMAN CURIA AS IT NOW EXISTS.** An account of Its Departments; Sacred Congregations, Tribunals; Offices; Competence of Each; Mode of Procedure; How to Hold Communication With; The Latest Legislation. By *Rev. Michael Martin, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 423. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The volume here presented to the public is intended to convey some knowledge of the Roman Curia as it exists to-day. This Curia was reorganized by His Holiness Pius X. in accordance with the Apostolic Constitution, "Sapienti Consilio," of the 29th of June, 1908. A few months afterwards a series of articles was begun in the pages of the *Ecclesiastical Review* by way of commentary, in which the writer endeavored to indicate the new legislation of the Sovereign Pontiff. This series of articles treated of the Sacred Congregations, Tribunals and Offices of the Curia, setting forth the province assigned to each department and the method of procedure in the management of ecclesiastical business. The articles appeared in occasional numbers of the *Review* from December, 1908, until October, 1910.

From various quarters it was suggested that for the convenience of readers those articles ought to be republished in a separate volume. In considering this suggestion a certain difficulty occurred. After the appearance of the articles, a considerable number of

Decrees were issued by the Holy See, elucidating particular questions not previously settled by the legislation of 1908. If the articles were to be republished without any mention of these Decrees, the result would be disappointing for some and misleading for others.

To solve in some manner the difficulty just referred to, it was decided to reproduce the articles substantially as they appeared in the *Review* and also to subjoin addenda containing the latest Decrees and a brief exposition of their purport. Besides, in the addenda will be found some practical hints upon the method of communicating with the various departments of the Roman Curia, and likewise some formulas of petitions.

Since the ecclesiastical legislation of 1908 there has been a positive need for a book of this kind. The transition in Church government is hard even for clerics, especially when the change is from the simplex to the complex. The departments of the Curia under previous Roman Pontiffs were comparatively well known; but probably very few have had the opportunity to acquire full and accurate knowledge of the present condition of the Curia.

The reverend author, who is professor of canon law and moral theology in the University of St. Louis, and who is already well known as the annotator of Slater's *Moral Theology*, is unusually well equipped for a work of this kind, and the book is a necessary adjunct to a priest's tool chest.

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**TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.** By *Bird S. Coler*. 8vo., pp. 248. New York: Frank D. Beattys & Co.

This is a very remarkable book. It is not, as the title seems to indicate, a work on arithmetic, but a treatise on the necessity of religion and morality in the schools. Mr. Coler's long connection with public affairs in New York and the public offices which he has held give him exceptional opportunities for the study of the subject. The fact that he is not a member of the Catholic Church, which has defended this thesis almost single-handed until recently, lends a special value to his declarations. They cannot be set aside as the product of an inexperienced or prejudiced mind, but must be weighed calmly and carefully.

He says: "The public schools in this country are not for making righteousness. There isn't an educator of any note who hasn't admitted this. The metropolis of this country is thug-ridden. It has developed a new type of criminal, a conscienceless, fearless young brute who murders for hire and recognizes no moral accountability and no special obligation.

"The relationship of the Godless school to the growing viciousness among our people did not come to me as a religious man. As a practical man, a public officer administering a municipal office, I was called upon by my official duties to pass upon the expenditures of public money for charitable purposes. I found, as a matter of cold fact, that the mortality rate in State institutions for the care of the weak and helpless was terribly high, while in similar institutions under the care of religious bodies it was quite low. This interested me, and an inquiry resulted, which revealed the truth that in the care of the helpless those who have the service of God at heart are more efficient than those who are mere servants of the State. If this were true of foundling asylums, why not of schools? Quite by accident the obvious relationship between the Godlessness of the public school and the poor moral and mental character of its products forced itself on my attention."

His conclusions are startling. For instance: "A century and a half of the Godless school would leave the Catholic Church in complete possession of Christianity." "A century and a half of eugenics would leave her alone in the field." "Such a school as Spargo (modern Socialist) says will be compulsory under Socialism would drive the Church back to the Catacombs to protect the faith from a hostile world." "The result of the public policy so many Protestants now blindly support will be a complete extinction of their branch of Christianity and a division of the world of opinion between Catholicism and atheism."

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**GOD OR CHAOS.** By *Rev. Robert Kane, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 248. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

"The subject matter of this work presents a double difficulty. It demands deep and tough thinking. It needs clear and precise expression. This double difficulty is intensified in our day. Our age is in such fever haste that it is impatient of deep reasoning, which must be slow, while it will snatch up any appearance of proof which it may find upon the surface. It is so conceited that it arrogantly challenges all truth which it does not understand, while it contemptuously refuses the time and trouble necessary for the understanding of it. It is so prejudiced that it is docile or even credulous in matters of mere material knowledge, while it is defiant or even cynical towards abstract thoughtfulness. It is so radical that it is as rebel against the laws of language as against the authority of kings. But if ever age had need of understanding the reason of God, it is our own.

This book was written more than twenty-five years ago. It is the fruit of long years of patient meditation and of strenuous



study. It has been matured while the writer was teaching the matter of it to able and mature minds. Ever since it has been waiting for the calm judgment of experience."

What stronger recommendation could any book have than that contained in the words of the author himself just quoted. The subject, the existence of God, is ever old and always new; it is not confined to any age, any country or any community; it concerns all men, all nations and at all times. Every one should believe in God and hope in Him and love Him. It is the end of each one, without exception, to know, love and serve God in time that he may be united happily to Him for eternity. And yet in every age and every clime there are men who are positive and negative atheists and agnostics, and hence the subject of this book is of universal interest.

The result of meditation and study, tested by practical teaching, matured by twenty-five years of waiting and now published as the result of the calm judgment of experience, it is terse, clear, convincing, irresistible. It should be worth its weight in gold to the students of public schools of the higher grades and of secular colleges and universities, and we hope that the publishers will bring it to the attention of the authorities of such institutions. In most of them God is not known and in some of them He is denied.

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**SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.** Ten Conferences. By *Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 390. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It is at the earnest and repeated request of very many non-Catholics, as well as Catholics who heard them, that I am venturing to publish these conferences on Socialism from the standpoint of Christianity. Six of the number were preached during the Lent of 1912, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. To make the set complete, and, I hope, more useful, I have added the remaining four addresses.

May I make bold to beg my readers not to forget, when perusing the pages of this book, that they are rather listening to the spoken than reading the written word? I do not want to "talk like a book." These conferences do not pretend to be exhaustive treatises on the subject with which they deal. On the contrary, they are meant to open up vistas of thought, while they themselves deal rather with the larger principles of the question than enter fully into the scholastic and economic difficulties to which they give rise.

Are Socialism and Christianity opposed to each other? Would Socialism serve to redress industrial wrongs? What attitude should those who wish to uphold the principles of Christian faith assume

toward this most rapidly growing movement? These and similar questions are asked and answered by Father Vaughan in this book, and the various phases of these questions are brought before the reader in that popular style and vivid manner which have enabled the author to catch the attention of the multitude and hold it long enough to force home conviction. We have very good scientific treatises on the subject, but the crowd has not time to digest them. Father Vaughan's book brings the subject before the mind in a manner not requiring deep study, and yet effectively.

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**SAINTS AND PLACES.** By *John Aycoough*. 12mo., pp. 477. Illustrated. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Old places as well as old subjects take on a new charm when described by one who has traveled extensively and who is noted as philosopher, poet, wit and novelist. The descriptions of such a person lend a newness and an interest that are akin to the pleasure to be derived from a traveling companion who is at the same time a well-informed guide. For this reason "Saints and Places" is a delightful book. It contains descriptions of places, principally in Italy, and mostly in or near Rome, which the author has visited, and which are connected intimately with some saint or distinguished historic personage. The text is not taken from guide books, but it is written by the author and tells us what he saw, so that the reader sees through his eyes.

The illustrations are beautiful, and, together with the text, they make a book which is well worth having and which is worth while keeping.

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**THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN.** A Commentary on the Greek Version. By *J. J. L. Ratten, M. D.* 12mo., pp. 417. New York: Benziger Bros.

In January, 1906, the present writer published a book on "The Apocalypse, The Antichrist and The End," and in 1908 a supplementary book of "Essays on the Apocalypse." These books were designed to show that the Revelation was given in the year 67, that the letters to the Seven Churches were predictions concerning the Seven Ages of the Church of Christ, and that the Jewish and Roman themes of the book were historic forecasts, which have come true. These works were so well received and favorably reviewed, notwithstanding their many shortcomings, that the author ventures now to publish a "Commentary" on the Greek text of the Apocalypse. Further study, especially of the original Greek of St. John, has strengthened the conclusions reached in the works above mentioned.

The usual custom has been followed of giving the Revelation its ancient title, "The Apocalypse." But that word seems to have had an obscuring influence on the study of the book. Its real title is "The Revelation of Jesus Christ." Many of those who have neglected "The Apocalypse," as being a difficult and mysterious book would have felt compelled to read "The Revelation of Jesus Christ."

As Dr. Ratton's book is the only commentary in English by a Catholic writer, and as it has already merited the approval and commendation of Scriptural writers, it is a notable acquisition to Biblical literature and deserves a warm welcome and liberal patronage. There is no book of divine revelation which requires a more competent guide and which is less widely known. For this reason also Dr. Ratton's achievement is more noteworthy.

**SAINT FRANÇOIS XAVIER.** Par le R. P. A. Brou, S. J. Two volumes in -8 raisin avec cartes (xvi.+446, 448 p.). Beauchesne, Paris.

A new biography of St. Francis Xavier being indispensable, Father Brou gives it to us full of life, full of reference and full of details. We are now able to follow the Saint through the various stages of his life and better to acquaint ourselves than in the past with what that marvelous Apostleship was. The author has reconstructed with great care the Asiatic surroundings in which it was exercised. He has not only had for reference the various documents published during the past fifty years, but also a process of beatification still unpublished. It has thus been possible to allow the witnesses of action so often wonderful to speak directly for themselves.

While this book will be welcomed to all those who are interested in the history of missions, it will be above all most interesting to missionaries themselves. They will see in detail the method of the Great Apostle, and without doubt will be consoled for their own trials in seeing with what great griefs and disappointments his life was clouded. It is through this that he will draw them to himself, becoming their model through his heroic virtues.

**DE ECCLESIA CHRISTI.** Antonius Straub, S. J. Duo volumina, pp. 500 et 916. Neo Ebor: Fr. Pustet.

The distinctive feature of this extensive and learned work on the Church is its extreme orthodoxy. The author takes a decided position in regard to certain questions, which other authors generally put in less positive terms. For instance, concerning the "ex cathedra" nature of the Syllabus of Pius IX., the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. on the invalidity of Anglican Orders and the "Motu

Proprio" of Pius X. on Modernism. Regarding the "Temporal Power," he holds that it could not be relinquished without a violation of the prerogatives of Papal Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council. The author's purpose evidently is to counteract the tendency to minimize Catholic doctrine at the present time and to combat the tendency to Modernism.

It is a really learned work, hardly suited for the classroom, but of unquestionable value for reference.

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**THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF THE LADY SAINT CLARE.** Translated from the French version (1563) of Brother Francis du Puis. By *Mrs. Reginald Balfour*. With an Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., and twenty-four illustrations. Crown 8vo., \$1.25, net. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is the English translation of a quaint sixteenth century French version of Thomas of Celano's legend of St. Clare of Assisi—the companion and friend of St. Francis and the foundress of the Second Order of Franciscans, or the Poor Clares, as they are now called. Father Cuthbert's introduction deals with the personality of St. Clare and how she preserved the spirit of "holy poverty" in her rule. Four letters of St. Clare to Blessed Agnes of Bohemia are included in the volume—also those passages in the "Fioretti" and the "Speculum Perfectionis" which tell of the relations between St. Francis and St. Clare.

The book contains twenty-four illustrations, including a series of engravings by Andreas Collaert of the same date as the French translation, and a drawing by Benozzo Gazzoli of St. Francis receiving St. Clare into his order.

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**THE HOLY BIBLE.** Translated from the Latin Vulgate. 12mo. New York: C. Wildermann Company.

A very attractive edition of the Bible, with annotations, references, historical and chronological index and maps and illustrations. The pictures are unusually good, being reproduced from photographs by Underwood, of New York. The paper is excellent—hard and opaque, while the type is new, with open face. It is a book which can take its place next to the best in the Protestant market.

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**A CHILD'S RULE OF LIFE.** By *Robert Hugh Benson*. With drawings by Gabriel Pippet. Quarto, pp. 28. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Quaint is the word best suited to describe Monsignor Benson's Rule of Life for children. Beginning with the duty of raising the mind and heart to God at the awakening moment in the morning and ending with the recommendation of the soul to God before

the eyes are closed in sleep at night, each duty of the day is set down in simple language and pleasing rhyme, which the author expects the child will learn and put in practice. The task is made easier for him by the pictures which Mr. Pippet has drawn and which appear at the top of each page. They show children doing what the rule requires them to do, and make the lesson clear and pleasing. The proper atmosphere is created by a border in red made up of toys and pets and nursery accessories generally, interspersed with articles of childish devotion. Quaint is the word.

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**BREVIOR SYNOPSIS THEOLOGIAE MORALIS ET PASTORALIS.** Auctoribus A. Tanqueray et B. N. Quevaster. Small 12mo., 607 pages, half morocco, net, \$1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Index Analyticus: de ultime fine actuum humanorum, de actibus humanis, de legibus, de conscientia, de peccatis, de virtutibus in communi, de fide, de spe, de virtute caritatis, de virtute religionis, de virtutibus moralibus, de virtute justitiæ, de contractibus, de varii statuum obligationibus, de præceptis Dei et Ecclesiæ, de censuris ecclesiasticis, de Sacramentis.

A clear, precise and scientific exposition of the questions which a priest is called up to solve in the confessional or in his daily relations with the souls entrusted to his care. The authors make it a point to state in brief and terse language not only what is lawful or unlawful, but also expedient and advisable.

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**DE PASTORE ANIMARUM.** Enchiridion Asceticum, Canonicum, ac Regiminis, iuxta Recent. SS. Pontific. Encyclic. ac SS. RR. Congr. Novissimas Leges Digestum. Pr. A. M. Micheletti. 8vo., pp. 708. S. Ludovici: B. Herder.

In this rather full work the author tells us that he has tried to bring together all those documents from ascetical, canonical, liturgical and theological sources which pertain to the pastoral office, together with the Sacred Scriptures, the teachings of the Fathers, the Apostolic Constitutions and the Decisions of the Congregations, to the end that the pastor of souls may the more easily perfect himself for the discharge of his duties and the more effectively labor for the salvation of souls.

The work is very complete and breathes throughout the learning and piety of its distinguished author.

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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"Contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the *REVIEW* not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from *Salutatory*, July, 1890.)

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JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

AT my first commencement as a student at Fordham in 1879 the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon Dr. John Gilmary Shea. I can just remember the small, not very striking looking man with rather delicate, refined features, but a fine intellectual head who responded to the name of John Gilmary Shea and received his degree from the hands of Cardinal McCloskey. Later when I was teaching at Fordham in the early nineties I met him several times there and learned to appreciate something of the scholarship of the man, though I must confess that I had no proper realization of the work that he had done for the Church in America and how much it would mean for succeeding generations. He did not talk of many things, but on subjects with regard to which he was willing to express an opinion he displayed abundant information and thorough consideration of all points of view. The amount of information that he possessed on certain subjects, especially the early history of the country in all that concerns our relations to the Indians and the development of religion, was literally encyclopedic. None of the rising generation, however, really appreciated all that his work meant. I fear that we were inclined to think of him as just an impractical student, who delighted in old dusty volumes and unpublished documents and who had little touch with or ambition for the ordinary affairs of life. So the scholar will always be considered by his younger contemporaries, I suppose, and only the after generations will sometimes reward his diligent

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1913, by J. P. Turner, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

study and research by the admiration and remembrance of the students who benefit by his labors.

We in this country have been much more deeply interested in the development of our natural resources and in the material progress of the country than in the phases of the intellectual life, and above all in the gathering of historical material that might be of use to subsequent generations. In all departments scattering rather than accumulation has been the watchword. Conservation is a comparatively new idea. In spite of our occupation with material things, however, there have always been some men whose intellectual tastes, instincts we might almost call them, have tempted them to turn aside from personal gain to perform tasks for which there was very little reward and often little appreciation at the time, though their work was to be very precious for succeeding generations. Most of the men of their own time could scarcely understand the tastes that ruled them and the incentives that urged them. Many were frankly inclined to think that their careers represented a certain lack of power of adaptation to ordinary life and a visionary regard for things intellectual. Their reward was to come in the after-time.

Such a man was John Gilmary Shea, who in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when all the world was intent on making money, utterly regardless of that, set himself the task of gathering materials for our Catholic history here in America and accomplished the task with fine success. Kipling once said, "Watch the man whom money does not tempt and see how far he will go."

John Gilmary Shea was born in New York city on July 22, 1824. His father, James Shea, had come to this country in 1814, impatient as many another young Irishman of that period with the bitterness of life for Catholics under the English penal laws of the time and the crushing of all opportunity for the Irish under the English rule. After many vicissitudes he succeeded in making his way in this country. James Shea had somehow secured much more of education than usually fell to the lot of the young Irishman of the time, and this proved a help to him. The biographer who told the story of his life in the *Church News* (Washington, D. C.) for March 31, 1889, has described what happened just after James Shea's landing in America:

"It was the year the great French captain met the allied forces on the bloody field of Waterloo that a captain of a sailing vessel from Ireland, having treated his passengers so badly, that, fearing to take them to New York, he ran his ship up the Shrewsbury River and landed them in New Jersey. Among the passengers was a young Irishman by the name of James Shea, who, having a liberal

education and being provided with means and letters of credit by his father, who, in spite of the penal laws, had succeeded in keeping some little property, came out to the United States to enter one of the professions.

"As James Shea walked up the country road that bright May morning he saw a farmer plowing in his field and stopped to talk with him. The dinner horn sounding, the farmer, who was no other than General Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame, asked him to dine with him. At the table was another guest, a Protestant minister, who at once began to attack the Catholic religion, but Mr. Shea answered him in defense of his faith with so much ready wit that he soon got the better of his adversary, and so pleased the old General that he engaged him as tutor for his sons and nephew.

"After remaining with General Schuyler for several years, Mr. Shea, having lost by a financial failure the means he brought with him as well as whatever he had acquired in America, opened a school in New York. About 1829 he transported his pupils to Columbia College Grammar School and became one of its principals."

In 1820 Mr. James Shea married a descendant of Nicholas Upsall, who came over with Governor John Winthrop in 1630 and settled in Boston. Upsall will be remembered as a character in one of Longfellow's New England tragedies. The bitter intolerance of the Puritans with whom he lived could not bring Nicholas Upsall into any such frame of mind as to let their inhuman laws regulate and above all repress his feelings of Christian charity. There were some starving Quakers in the colony, and over and over again in spite of repeated legal prosecution he provided them with food. He was fined a number of times and finally imprisoned for life. This was his ancestry on his mother's side, and John Gilmary Shea then, was fortunate in his genealogy on both sides of the house.

As a boy Shea was tutored by his father, a really good scholar, in the old-fashioned solid way. Later quite naturally he entered the Columbia Grammar School, in which his father was one of the most important members of the faculty, and here laid the foundation of a thorough education. After graduation from the grammar school he resolved rather to take up a business life than to devote himself to any of the scholarly or professional careers. Like many another, his youthful, immature selection of a vocation was to give way to his deeper instincts for the intellectual life almost in spite of him.

When young Shea resolved to take up a commercial career he found employment in a Spanish trading house, where he soon obtained an excellent knowledge of the Spanish language. His



bent as an historian showed itself very soon, and he was only a little over fourteen when his first historical article, an account of the heroic services of the soldier-Cardinal, Gil Alvarez Carrillo de Albornet, to his country and his Church made its appearance in a Catholic magazine for young folks then in its infancy. This article attracted the attention of Bishop Hughes, who was at the time acting as editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and he commended the young author's work in an editorial note.

After a time, coming to the realization that a mercantile career would never satisfy him, young Shea took up the study of law, and in 1846, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted to the bar in New York. He was not satisfied with the practice of the law, however, and two years later he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, then established at St. John's College, Fordham. The Jesuits gave him a taste for the languages and literature and for serious study in all branches, but he was very delicate in health, and after some six years it seemed better that he should withdraw from the order. He went back to the practice of law in New York then, disappointed at the failure of his religious vocation and yet with his intellect stored with the special knowledge obtained in his period of religious life and the invaluable spiritual experience gleaned from the busy years of association with the Jesuits. He was particularly fortunate in having been under the influence and enjoyed the intimacy of Father Martin, S. J., a man of broad philosophic, literary and historical sympathies, deeply cultured and an unfailing inspiration to others.

To the ordinary observer it would seem that John Shea's life was not likely to mean much, since apparently he did not know how to settle down to one thing long enough to accomplish any definite purpose in it. He had been a merchant's clerk, a lawyer, a Jesuit and now again a lawyer, before he was thirty. A little consideration, however, will show that every one of these occupations was to be of great value for his future life work as an historian. His thorough knowledge of Spanish gained, or at least well begun in his commercial experience, was to be a precious possession, because the history of Catholicity in America is so largely to be found among the Spanish peoples and in the Spanish tongue. His law studies and practice were to be of value in his historical researches in enabling him to understand the legal documents better and to appreciate the place which law occupies in history. His years with the Jesuits gave him training of mind, completed his knowledge of Latin, perfected his French, for St. John's College, Fordham, was at that time in the Province of New York and Canada, and most of his professors and nearly all of his

associates were French, and all the members of the order were required to know French very well; in a word, without planning it at all, he had in many ways secured the best possible training for his future career as an historian. The discussion of theories of evolution, and above all the exaggeration of the place of natural selection as a factor in evolution, have taken us away somewhat from the idea of the rôle played by Providence in the world, but a little detailed study of the life of almost any individual who accomplished anything worth while brings it back very emphatically.

How much his years of religious life had affected him and how deep and simple was his devotion to his religion all during his life may be best appreciated from his middle name, Gilmary, which he adopted as a sign of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The name is an English adaptation from the Irish expression which means servant of Mary. He was very slight of build, with a rather high voice, and his playmates had nicknamed him Mary. He accepted the designation and was proud to wear it in this modified form all his life—indeed, being known by it rather than the name John, which was much less used.

On his return to New York city after his years with the Jesuits, where his natural love of books had been fostered, the New York Historical Society's library quite naturally attracted the attention of the young scholar, unsuspecting as yet that he was to be the future historian. Its fine collection of historical documents offered opportunities for the study and the employment of his leisure hours that were gladly taken. It was inevitable under the circumstances that John Gilmary Shea should write, for he was no mere accumulator of knowledge for knowledge's sake, and a series of articles soon appeared in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, published in Baltimore. Among its contributors on the theme of history at this time were such well-known Catholic scholars and writers as Right Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville; Rev. Dr. Charles I. White, Rev. Constantine Pise and others.

Shea was fortunate in the direction to which his work was applied in his early years, for it made a magnificent foundation for the serious studies of his later life. His first noteworthy publication, issued in 1851, when he was twenty-seven years of age, was the "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi, with the Original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennepin and Anastase Douay." It was dedicated to Jared Sparks, president of Harvard University, as a mark of the personal regard of the author and a recognition of the encouragement he had given the young writer. This attracted wide attention and was praised by both the *Westminster Review* and the *London Athenaeum* for its scholarly char-

acter and interesting contents. In 1854 he published a "History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529-1854." The amount of labor and research required for this can scarcely be estimated, but it formed an excellent preparation for the "Library of American Linguistics," which was to appear in the next decade. His work on the Mississippi led him to realize the value of many of the old publications with regard to the voyages of early explorers in America, and so he began in 1857 the "Cramoisy<sup>1</sup> Series" of reprints, which eventually numbered twenty-six volumes, and in which were published many rare and valuable geographical and biographical pamphlets and personal narratives of great human interest telling of travels in this country.

This series, printed by Munsell in Albany, were practically all edited by Shea. Most of the little volumes consist of the so-called relations of the early missionaries. They are letters to their superiors in France, in which some usually rather detailed account of their missionary work among the Indians in America is given. Most of these works are spoken of as Jesuit Relations, though sometimes the accounts were written by missionaries other than Jesuits. There was, of course, a very limited sale for these books, and their preparation must have involved considerable trouble, but they have proved almost invaluable to historians since. Oftentimes there was only a single copy in manuscript in existence, and this was hard to reach and might have disappeared in some of the many vicissitudes that such perishable articles are liable to. Shea did much to call attention to the value of these letters as sources of history.

For the Church the story of the hardships of these pioneer priests is most precious. Those of the household of the faith know her power to inspire to self-sacrifice, but the glorious record of these martyrs among the Indians comes home to us with special force, because their blood was shed on our own soil and under circumstances where everything round about was discouraging, and only supreme faith kept these noble-hearted men up to their lofty mission of winning souls to Christ. In this respect John Gilmary Shea's work represents a glorious chapter in the history of humanity.

Shea's studies in the Indian missions proved particularly valuable as a training in the use of original documents in history. Only those who have tried to arrange such scattered documents as were available for its history can appreciate the difficulty. On the other hand, it is only the working through such difficulties that trains a man properly for the larger view in history and for that devotion

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<sup>1</sup> So called in honor of Cramoisy, printer to the French King in the early seventeenth century.

to original documents that are so important for historical studies that are to be of lasting import. A man trained in the use of secondary and printed materials in historical writing only would have failed completely in the great work that crowned Gilmary Shea's latter years, his "History of the Catholic Church in the United States." This was particularly true for all of that history that related to the early years, for it would have been quite impossible to write it with any fidelity to truth without patient examination, transcription, collation and translation of scattered originals.

After having written his story of the missions, Shea took out of the book a series of the most interesting incidents to publish them in a separate volume, called "Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness; or, Narratives of Shipwreck and Indian Captivity Gleaned From Early Missionary Annals." The book was issued in Boston by Patrick Donahoe and bears no date on the title page, but has at the end of the preface the legend, "New York, Anniversary of the Death of Father Jogues, 1856." This little volume contains the most stirring incidents from the lives of Fathers Lallemont and Jogues, Renè Goupil, Fathers Bréboeuf and Daniel and Father Emmanuel Crespell. Any one who knows something of the lives of these men—above all, any one who has read Father Campbell's stirring sketches of them in "Pioneer Priests of North America"—likely to realize that no set of adventures by land or sea was ever more soul-stirring than could be found in the travels of these men.

It was this that Shea made into a popular work, and it had a very wide sale. I remember it very well, because it was one of the scant dozen of books that we had at home when I was a boy. I know nothing that I would rather put into the hands of young people than this series of adventures, with all its appeal to the boyish love of adventure and distant travel and his need to have heroes for whom danger means nothing and the dread of death is absolutely lacking.

While Gilmary Shea had a genius for research and patient investigation, and above all that quiet persistence which means so much in the study of documents, it would be a mistake to think that he was not able to write popular history. I have recently been going over his "Child's History of the United States," which was issued by the old firm of McMenamy, Hess & Co. in 1872. It was in three volumes, bound in the heavy moulded leather familiar in the gift book binding of the time, and with many illustrations. Nothing that I know that has been issued in recent years surpasses it in charm, simplicity and completeness. The opening chapters on Columbus' discovery of America and the early days of the colonies are particularly well done. I believe there was a subsequent

reissue, though the work is now out of print, but I cannot help thinking that it is a misfortune that this work is not now available for the children and the grown folk of our time. I know nothing so complete, so sympathetic and so attractive as that old history. Probably now the large volumes would have to be cut down somewhat—in form, not historical matter—and the heavy leather binding simplified, but surely it would find many readers. Nearly every page of it has something that nullifies prejudice or modifies false impressions with regard to the Church and to Catholics generally. Certainly our libraries would be very much benefited by having a set of these books.

Another work in popular history which brought Shea popular reputation and probably much more money than most of his time-taking serious history is the interesting subscription series called "The American Nation," edited and mostly written by him. This consisted of sketches of the lives of the men who had reached distinction in the Civil War. The work was issued in numbers, a popular mode of publication at that time, each number having several lives and steel plate portraits of the subjects. Among the contributors were George William Curtis and Daniel McCook, and the first life was that of Elmer Ellsworth, who as one of the first officers to fall in the Civil War, came to be looked upon as a martyr. A Confederate flag was flying above a hotel in Baltimore and Ellsworth went up, tore it down and was shot by the proprietor on the way downstairs. The death caused a great sensation through the country and made him a popular subject of interest. Many of these lives were gathered into a volume subsequently under the title "The Fallen Brave."

"Shea's Bibliography of Catholic Bibles in America" is a very interesting little volume. As he says himself, the Catholic Church does not encourage frequent reading of the Bible, as if that were the only rule of faith, or as if edification must necessarily be derived from it. It rather discourages the notion of promiscuous Bible reading, and especially for those who are not properly trained to read appreciatively and understandingly unless under proper direction. The fact, however, that in every country Catholic editions of the Bible are and have always been published in the vernacular just as soon as the Church gains a firm foothold, shows that not only is there no opposition to the Scriptures as such, but that the definite purpose is to give ready opportunity, so that scholars and others for whom they may be useful may have ready access to the Scriptures. The first edition of the Catholic Bible issued in this country was published by Matthew Carey just after the Revolution. Before that there could have been no assurance of profit for the

publisher. It is said that both Washington and Lafayette contributed somewhat to make the business of this first Catholic publisher a success.

It is curiously interesting to realize that the two most important works on the bibliography of the Bible—one on the general bibliography of the sacred writings, the other on the American editions of them—should have been written by Catholics. In my sketch on the life of Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan I called attention to his magnificent contribution to this subject of editions of the Bible, which is considered thoroughly authoritative. These two publications, when taken in connection with impressions still so prevalent of supposed Catholic opposition to the reading of the Scriptures, ought of themselves to carry great weight for those who care to know the realities of the question. The fact of the matter is that editions of the Bible were issued in Germany in German long before Luther's time, and his supposed finding of a copy of the Scriptures for the first time when he was a grown man is simply absurd. Shea has emphasized the truth of this subject even for America.

In Sabin's dictionary of works relating to American history Shea occupies several pages, with some hundred titles. It is only through such a list that one is able to understand somewhat the immense amount of labor that Gilmary Shea accomplished. Only specialists engaged in the same work can really appreciate it. Historical societies throughout the country, experts in early American history, American bibliophiles, these were the men who properly appreciated Shea's work, and he received many well-deserved tributes. He was made a member of many State historical societies, and the reward of his life came in such recognition.

Georgetown's award of a gold medal, with the publicity that came with it, was a fine tribute that touched Gilmary Shea very deeply and made him feel that, in spite of the neglect of the generality of Catholics his work was not to be without proper appreciation.

A very interesting contribution to the history of Catholicity in New York is Shea's "Catholic Churches of New York City," with sketches of their present pastors; an introduction to the early history of Catholicity in the island and lives of the Archbishops and Bishops, which was published in 1878. It was one of these large subscription books, popular at that time and during the preceding generation or two, with portraits of the pastors and photographs of the churches and containing at the end of each chapter a roll of honor of the parishioners. It is a little bit hard to determine just how this roll of honor was made up. Probably it represents the list of names handed in by pastors of parishioners who had been

faithful in their support of the Church, but there is just a suspicion that it may represent particularly those who subscribed to this volume. In spite of this feature of the work, which ordinarily would stamp it as hopelessly superficial and merely money-making, Shea's association was sufficient to lift it out of that class of books, and it contains some very valuable authentic information which any writer on Catholicity in New York will find it of value to consult with regard to any phase of our history, for New York at least.

Besides these larger works, which are usually well known and may readily be obtained in many libraries, Shea published a series of historical pamphlets on special subjects that are extremely interesting and eminently valuable for the teacher of history, but also for any one who wishes to have definite knowledge with regard to these particular subjects. They are especially significant for Catholics, because they represent the Catholic point of view on certain important subjects. They illustrate Shea's methods of historical study very well and show at once how interestingly he could write, while at the same time founding his history on documents. Because they are less known, I have thought that they deserve special mention here, with a brief abstract of their contents, since it would be difficult for the ordinary reader to get at them.

Most of these pamphlets, which are very important for American history, and especially the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, appeared in the historical magazines, especially the *United States Historical Magazine*, and are now not readily available except in special libraries. Certain of these are of sufficient importance to deserve that their contents should be generally known, and consequently I venture to dwell on them at some length. While Shea's reputation depends on his longer works, there is scarcely one of these pamphlets or shorter articles that does not bear the stamp of devotion to truth and his insistence on getting into original documents to settle mooted questions in history. Most of these pamphlets deal with subjects particularly interesting to Catholics and that Shea's faith caused him to devote the time and trouble to make them clear. I have to thank the magnificent library of the New York Historical Society and its librarian for the opportunity to see them.

Probably the most important of Shea's contributions to American Catholic history was made by the publication of the address of Catholics to Washington during the American Revolution and his reply to them. This shows very clearly how thoroughly the Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army appreciated the subject at its proper weight and deprecated the prejudices which would hurt

the feelings of Catholics and make it doubly difficult for them to go on with their patriotic endeavors for the country. Copies of this letter of Washington are now to be found in all the important libraries, and they represent the definite evidence of the temper of mind of the father of our country towards his Catholic officers and soldiers. Shea insisted in his popular histories, especially in his "Child's History of the United States," on how ready Catholics had always been to make sacrifices for their country and furnished abundant evidence of how much Catholics did to bring about the establishment of our government and secure not only political, but religious liberty for this country. With such documents on record, the attitude of mind still occupied by many even supposedly educated persons becomes absurd, and Shea's researches have done much to bring this out.

There are many problems of history that Shea was able to solve the solution of which was becoming increasingly difficult as time went on, and the full discussion of which by him was of great value for subsequent history. His very full discussion of the question, "Why is Canada not a part of the United States?" is especially noteworthy in this regard. The blame for the failure of Canada to join with the other British colonies in resistance to the mother country needed to be placed definitely, and that Gilmary Shea succeeded in doing. His story of the celebration of "Pope Day" in America and of Washington's rebuke of those who in the army would have insisted on carrying out the customs of the time before the Revolution, in spite of the fact that so many of the soldiers of the Revolutionary army were Catholics, who would have been properly insulted by such unseemly display as was made, is of itself a most interesting chapter in American history. In general, Shea's study of the Washington documents made him an authority on Washingtoniana, and, above all, enabled him to bring out very clearly how genuinely broad and liberal-minded in all matters of religious toleration and racial prejudice the father of his country was.

Shea indicts John Jay for the loss of Canada, not only because of his bitter intolerance and his frequent expression of it before and during the negotiations undertaken with Canada shortly after the beginning of the Revolution, but also because of the part he played in the peace negotiations at the end of the Revolution. Franklin was intent on insisting that Canada should be ceded to the colonies as a part of our final settlement with Great Britain, but John Jay secretly and on his own responsibility, assuming plenipotentiary powers, concluded the negotiations leaving Canada out. He feared the influence of the French Catholic Canadians, and, above all, he was determined that the colonies should have as little as possible to do with Catholics. Considering all that



Catholics had done for this country before the Revolution and how bravely Catholic soldiers had fought for American liberty during that struggle, this frame of mind shows clearly the narrow prejudices of the man. John Gilmary Shea has brought this out very emphatically, and the well-deserved stigma thus placed on the character of John Jay will endure. It may well be recalled as a lesson to others who even more than a century later have not given up this same unreasoning bitterness in all that concerns the Church.

Shea's article on Pope Day, November 5,<sup>2</sup> as celebrated by the Puritans is an interesting and important contribution to the history of religious intolerance in this country. November 5 used to be celebrated in England as Guy Fawkes Day. The Puritans could not, however, with any good grace celebrate the saving of King James I. from the real or supposed Gunpowder Plot—for Father Gerard's work has thrown serious doubts on the reality of the plot—since their forefathers had themselves put James' son, Charles I., to death. Accordingly they modified, as Mr. Shea traces, Guy Fawkes Day into Pope Day, and instead of an effigy of the notorious arch-conspirator carried through the streets, to be burned eventually, they made for their procession an effigy of the Pope. In Boston there used to be two parties, one from the north end, the other from the south end of the city, with rival celebrations, and they often met in bitter quarrel before the end of the day. The celebration disappeared during the Revolution as a consequence of the ill will that would surely be aroused by it in the minds of the French Catholic allies. Washington was particularly emphatic in pointing out that any such celebration was senseless and could only inflict pain and arouse the bitter feelings of the Catholic soldiers who were fighting so bravely shoulder to shoulder with Protestants in the cause of the Revolution.

Gilmary Shea has told very sympathetically the story of Beaujeu, the French commander at Fort Duquesne, who with but 1,500 men went out so bravely to meet Braddock's 4,000, and who succeeded in inflicting such a grievous defeat on him. The young commander lost his life, his forehead pierced by a musket ball, while bravely fighting in the forefront of the battle. Because our history has been written, so far as that period is concerned, almost entirely from the standpoint of the English and because our attention has been centred on Braddock's utter foolishness and Washington's successful effort in saving at least the remnants of the British force,

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<sup>2</sup> It was in the celebration of Pope's day that firecrackers were used, the reason for them being the traditional connection with the gunpowder plot, and after the suppression of this celebration they were transferred to the Fourth of July.

Beaujeu has been neglected. Mr. Shea has rescued him, however, and the story of his life and of his sad fate constitute a precious little monograph that deserves to be better known than it is, and that at least provides a good store of material for those interested in the times before the colonies became the United States.

A type of the sort of work which John Gilmary Shea did to perfection and that when completed reveals all the labor that was involved in its preparation only to the writer who has tried to do something of the same sort himself is his essay on the "Bibliography of the Councils, Synods and Statutes of the Catholic Church of the United States" (New York, 1890.) To make such a bibliography complete required the most patient investigation and research and the collection of scattered documents of all kinds that could only be obtained after much travel and correspondence and much delay on the part of those appealed to in the matter who lacked the vital interest to be of prompt, efficient help. Once prepared, however, such an essay is almost invaluable for succeeding generations, and particularly for those who want to be sure of data. Done in this way, it is an *opus perfectum* accomplished once for all time and requiring but little care and diligence to keep it up to date.

One of the most interesting of Shea's short pamphlets is that on the question of where the bones of Columbus rest at the present time. When San Domingo passed from under Spanish rule the Spanish were unwilling to leave the bones of Columbus, which had been placed in the Cathedral there, in foreign territory. Accordingly, the leaden casket, or perhaps better said, a leaden casket supposed to contain the bones of the discoverer of America, were transported to Havana. In 1877, however, a similar leaden casket was found in San Domingo with an inscription that seemed to indicate that it contained the bones of Columbus. San Domingo then set up the claim that it was the remains of another member of the Columbus family which had been transferred to Havana, and proceeded to honor the Great Admiral's remains by fitting inscriptions. Immediately there was great argument over the question. Finally Mr. Shea took it up, traced the whole story of the wanderings of the remains of Columbus and came inevitably to the conclusion that they are still in San Domingo. It had been declared by the Spaniards that the leaden box found in 1877 was a modern forgery, mainly because Columbus is described in the inscription on it as the discoverer of *America*, and that term was not used in Spain in Columbus' time, but instead the Western Continent was always called the Indies. Dr. Shea points out some examples, however, of the Spanish use of the word *America* at the time when this box, if genuine, was made. Besides, the Admiral's first name is spelled

Cristoval without an *h*, though Christoval was the ordinary spelling of the time. Here once more Dr. Shea is able to show that in the Columbus family the use of the spelling of this name without an *h* was not without precedent.

For one who wishes to see briefly and easily the character of Dr. Shea's work in history, the reading of this article on the location of Columbus' bones might well be recommended. It appeared in the *United States Historical Magazine* for 1883. It is thorough, founded on authentic documents, has illustrations of all the important objects spoken of, copies of the inscriptions that are questioned and quotations from all those who have written on the subject before. It is humanly interesting, extremely simple, with no striving after effect, and sincerely historical. As it sums up the vicissitudes of Spanish history to some extent and recalls the trials the Great Admiral had to go through, it is worth the while reading for its own sake.

Among the honors that came to Shea toward the end of his life one that was very deeply appreciated was that creating him a Spanish Academician. It was conferred upon him because of his essay on "Where Are the Bones of Columbus?" In that he calls attention to the neglect on the part of the Spanish Government of the remains of the man to whom Spain owed so much of her greatness in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and who gave the New World to Europe. This is the sort of essay that might scarcely have been expected to meet with much favor in Spanish circles, but the research required for it was so thorough, the statement of the case so complete, that the Spanish Academy felt called upon to honor it. Mr. Shea was, I believe, the only one on whom the honor of membership in the Spanish Academy was ever conferred in America, for only very rarely have foreigners been invited to share the honor.

Shea's *magnum opus* is, of course, his "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," issued in four volumes, 1886 to 1892. This involved an immense amount of labor, and he had to unearth the sources of a good deal of the history. His training in Spanish and French, his excellent knowledge of Latin, his familiarity with the Indians and with Indian customs, besides his studies in the lives of the Indian missionaries, all these had prepared him well for his great work. His work as the editor of the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, which he had himself founded, had been excellent training, and the result was a history that has attracted the attention of historians everywhere, and is acknowledged as authoritative. No library of any importance is considered complete without it, and it is consulted with confidence on subjects relating

to the history of the Church that historians of all kinds and creeds want to treat. It is a monumental work that one learns to appreciate more and more the more one knows it. It is probable that when many histories written during the nineteenth century by Americans and supposed to represent distinct contributions to history would have been forgotten or relegated to library shelves where consultation is infrequent, Shea's "History of the Catholic Church" will continue to occupy a prominent place in the mind of historical investigators and in our important libraries.

The story of the finishing of his great history with death staring him in the face, knowing that it would come within twenty-four hours, is itself an interesting passage of Catholic history. The day before his death there was a consultation of physicians, at which it was decided that Mr. Shea could not live very long and that probably death would come in the next twenty-four hours. His dear friend, Rev. Father Carroll, was asked to break that news to him, and Shea received it with unruffled composure, and said he was ready to make his peace with God and receive the last sacraments. Father Carroll went away then to get the Viaticum for him, promising that he would return after a couple of hours. In the meantime, as Father Carroll learned afterwards, Mr. Shea insisted on getting up from his bed, and having his manuscripts brought to him, proceeded to finish the last chapter of his "History of the Catholic Church in America." With that accomplished, he was free in mind and ready to devote himself entirely to that immediate preparation for another world which he felt was so important. After the reception of the last sacraments he composed himself quietly for death, resigned entirely to the idea of it and consoled by the thought that he had been allowed to accomplish a work which he had every reason to hope would mean much for the Church to which so much of the labors of a long lifetime had been devoted.

It is a most striking feature of American history that in times of need great men have been raised up to accomplish great purposes for the country. The group of men who counted for most in the Revolution is particularly striking in this regard, for the conditions of the country might scarcely have been expected to foster them. The men who during the early developmental days of the Catholic Church in America represent some of the magnificent examples of men of wonderful initiative and energy with power to accomplish things in the face of difficulties. Bishop Carroll, Bishop England, the Kenricks, the Spaldings and Archbishop Hughes were men manifestly raised up for the accomplishment of great purpose. How sadly they were needed only those who know the conditions of the

first half of the nineteenth century can properly appreciate. It is the story of these men that John Gilmary Shea has properly arranged and correlated as an example and a stimulus for the modern time, and his own work is another instance of the providential factor in the Church's history. He came just when a historian was needed, or many of our precious records would have been lost, and his thoroughness and his devotion to his task, his carelessness of personal gain and his single-hearted labor in the great cause that he had undertaken of illustrating Catholic history made his work the valuable landmark that it has been in the story of the American Church.

Dr. Shea himself was always an extremely modest man who kept much to himself. In the old days he might often be found in Grant's old book store downtown, the very picture of the old antiquary and bibliophile represented in the popular picture, standing on a ladder before his bookshelves, with a book under each arm, one between his knees and another in his hands that he is reading. There were alcoves in the old downtown store. Such conveniences for consultation of books before buying have passed with the march of progress—who would want them now? Back in one of these Dr. Shea would be discovered deep in the old and dusty volumes of whom no one knew better the values than he. With all this he could be light-hearted enough on occasion and always had a fine sense of humor. Mr. Robert H. Kelby, the librarian of the New York Historical Society, once told me of having said to Dr. Shea, whom he knew to be the editor of the Frank Leslie publications: "But who writes the joke columns of the Frank Leslie's?" Without a word, Shea simply pointed to himself and went on to talk about something else.

During the last three years of his life Dr. Shea was the editor of the *Catholic News*, in New York, and succeeded in giving that paper a distinction that it had not enjoyed before. It seems almost too bad, however, that with all his power of accomplishment for greater things that he could not have had more leisure, but must for the sake of earning a living devote himself to routine work that might well have been done by some one else. No one ever heard Shea himself complain of the matter, or at most only in passing. Life was to be lived, work was to be done, duty was to be fulfilled and a man was bound to accomplish all that he could.

Many people fail entirely to be able to understand how a man can give himself to such work as that of Shea and keep at it so faithfully. Undoubtedly the historical writer, like the poet and the artist and the teacher, is born and not made. Some one has said recently, modifying the old saw, that the poet is born, not paid.

This, too, is true for the historical writer, at least for the historian who consults original documents. The writer of secondary history who popularizes what has been found and puts it in shape to be palatable to the many often makes money. He is usually much better known in his own generation than the searcher of originals. The debt of the race to him is much less, and in the aftertime that comes to be recognized.

It is not for fame, however, that such a man as Shea works among the dry-as-dust, crabbed, old hand-written documents that provide him his material. It is the special inspiration of his vocation and the love of truth for his own sake and the purpose of nature working itself out in him. Not that his work is inevitable, for many a man who has the inspiration resists it at the beginning and fails to acquire that habitual state of mind and satisfaction in work that comes from an endless task, some portion of which can be completed each day. The men who do such tasks are eminently the happy ones among humanity. It is literally true that "blessed is the man who has found his work," and only those who find their work get any real happiness in life.

It must not be thought, however, that the satisfaction of the occupation repays completely or keeps the worker always in that exalted state of mind where work is needed. Sometimes when appreciation comes from some one whose opinion is well worth while there is a satisfaction almost unequaled in life. The long years of toil, however, of many hours and days of disappointment and discouragement, especially when those who ought to recognize the value of the work for the great cause in which they are engaged, fail to appreciate it, or when incapable critics carp and chance reviewers utter superficial criticism. There are times when only in the consciousness of how much the work will mean for the future for a great cause and the feeling that the consultation of original documents well done is an accomplishment that need never be repeated, and that therefore represents enduring work, that keeps the writer to his task and the searcher to his researches, until finally the complete work is used from his pen. Doubtless few men have been happier than John Gilmary Shea looked at from this standpoint, and yet he lacked most of the things that men are striving for so strenuously in our hasty, fussy, thoughtless time.

While Shea's occupation with missions, early Indian days and the dry-as-dust details of old history might stamp him as probably an old foggy lacking interest in present-day concerns and perhaps deficient in a sense of humor, any one who knew him personally would tell just the opposite. The comparatively scanty appreciation of contemporaries and the lack of pecuniary reward neither damp-

ened his ardor for historical research nor darkened his spirit. He was one of the most cheerful of men, always had a smile and a joke and could joke about nearly everything. Even when things did not go so well in life and when illness and serious obligations were upon him, he could still be joyous and hearty and had his joke for every one. His letters nearly always, when they occupy more than a page, have a flash of humor somewhere in them. He sends a book to a friend, and when that friend returns a postal order for it, he suggests in the next letter that much reading must have made his friend mad, for surely nothing else would cause him to think that a postal order would be accepted for the book sent in token of friendship and of gratitude for coöperation. He jokes about his own forgetfulness, about the necessity for reminding him and about phases of his work. He writes to Wilberforce Eames for a certain edition of the Bible, understanding that it contains a complete list of subscribers, and then, after seeing it, corrects his first impression by saying that it is completely absent.

Gilmary Shea's work meant much for this country and for the Church to which he was so devotedly attached. For the country the searching out and the arranging of the sources of our early history showed how much had been accomplished by the Catholic missionaries and how much more might have been done only for unfortunate circumstances. Devoted men who labored among the Indians would have succeeded in bringing civilization and peace and happiness to the natives only that so many selfish agencies were at work exploiting the savages and caring only for opportunities to make money out of them, to secure possession of their land, to inoculate them with the vices of civilization, so that they might more readily be taken advantage of. The heroic lives of those early missionaries are a stimulus and an example for life at all time, and only for Gilmary Shea's patient researches, often under most discouraging circumstances, it would have been impossible a little later to secure anything like the details that he succeeded in bringing together. To have lost this important chapter in the history of the development of this country would have been to have missed some of the most inspiring pages in the history of the race. We cannot afford to lose any of the heroic lives and deeds of humanity, for man always needs inspiration, stimulus and example for the bringing out of what is best in him.

John Gilmary Shea is one of the worthy products of our American Catholic education. His life and work were a boon to the whole country. He was in a particularly striking way one of Fordham's contributions to the intellectual life of New York city. His training for six years there had given him a thoroughness and breadth of

view and a grasp of subjects that counted for much in his work as a historian. Without the excellent knowledge of Latin and of French, with the perfecting of his knowledge of Spanish thus acquired, his historical research work would have been impossible. Without the patient habit of industry and faithful employment of even short intervals of time which his training with the Jesuits had given him he would never have been able to accomplish all that he did, compelled as he was to earn his living apart from his work as an historian. As it was, his avocation proved of great value to his countrymen and especially to his fellow-Catholics. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was mainly what most men would call their leisure hours in which John Gilmary Shea did the life work that was to count for so much. Only the training in that devotion to a cause that came with his years at Fordham enabled him to carry out the work that was thus accomplished.

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## THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY

TOWARDS the end of last year the world was astonished to read in the daily papers that the Imperial Parliament of Germany had been disturbed by scenes of disorder and angry polemics over the attitude of the Empire towards the Jesuits. So serious did the situation seem to be that men began to talk, some with complacency and some with alarm, of the possibility of another Kulturkampf throughout the German States. After a few days the whole alarm fizzled out, prophecies were no longer indulged in and curious readers searched their papers in vain for even a passing reference to the German crisis.

For the truth was that the talk of a Kulturkampf was absolute nonsense. The question which gave rise to the somewhat heated discussions in Parliament was one which could never have assumed the dimensions that newspaper editors attempted to give it. The Jesuits, it seems, have never been officially emancipated from the law passed against them just thirty-one years ago. But, as frequently happens in such cases, the law had become a dead letter. The Jesuits were living and were thriving all over the German Empire, and the general of the order at the present time is a German. Some Catholics, however, were not quite satisfied with this state of things. They wanted to have the Jesuits among them *de jure* as well as *de facto*. The attempt to have this done brought



an outburst of bigotry from the Protestant section of the Parliament and led to some stormy scenes within the precincts of the Assembly. Most Catholics will admit that the emancipation of the Jesuits was but an act of justice, for, when the Catholic Church is officially recognized in a country, it seems unfair to exclude a body of men who, however much their particular rules may differ from others, are nevertheless approved of by the Church in just the same way as other religious bodies. To exclude them would therefore, we think, be an act of injustice to the Jesuits themselves and to the Church as well, but even the perpetration of this act of injustice would by no means justify the fears—or the hopes—of those who were anticipating a Kulturkampf. Most people were therefore entirely in agreement with the words of the German Premier when he said that those who made use of the expression in connection with the present struggle showed themselves to be only very imperfectly acquainted with the nature and importance of the Kulturkampf. To minimize the injustice of excluding the Jesuits would be, of course, very wrong, but to exaggerate it is quite as bad. And referring to the question as a renewal of the Kulturkampf is certainly a very big exaggeration in the eyes of those who are acquainted with the history of that long and arduous struggle.

Why precisely there ever was such a thing as a Kulturkampf in Germany is a thing that has puzzled many writers. But there can be little doubt as to the reason. The Kulturkampf arose not from any desire to overthrow religion, but simply because Bismarck, the maker and for many years the real ruler of United Germany, was unable to understand the necessity of one of the marks with which the true Church must be stamped, viz., that it should be Catholic. There is good reason to believe that Bismarck would never have objected to the Catholic Primate of Germany claiming all the privileges, within the limits of the German Empire, which the Pope claimed over the universal Church. What he did object to was that an outside prelate should dare to meddle with even the ecclesiastical affairs of German subjects, and an attempt to prevent this was the aim and object of the Kulturkampf. Bismarck failed, not because he was a bungler, but because he had attempted the impossible. But the history of his attempt, his partial victories and his final overthrow form one of the most interesting chapters in the modern history of the Catholic Church.

Up to the year 1870 the gigantic ability of Bismarck was entirely too much occupied to allow him leisure for dealing with the important question of Catholicism. Germany was being gradually built up amid opposition and difficulties such as few modern states-

men have had to contend with. But the work was heroically carried on and received its finishing touch from the great spirit of patriotism aroused throughout the length and breadth of Germany by the Franco-Prussian War. This war it was that united the Northern and Southern States of Germany, and when, at its conclusion, the Prussian King was crowned Emperor of United Germany at Versailles, Bismarck's mind was freed from any apprehensions of internal troubles, and he proceeded forthwith to deal with what he regarded as the dangers to Germany from without. And foremost among these was the power which the Bishop of Rome, an outside prelate, exercised over the spiritual affairs of twenty million German subjects.

Ever since the beginning of the war with France Bismarck had not hesitated to declare that the whole campaign against Germany was entered into at the instigation of the Vatican. How such an idea could have entered into his head is by no means easy to explain. If there was one man in Europe who by nature and by his position was opposed to warfare of any kind, it was Pope Pius IX. What lent credibility to Bismarck's theory, however, was the fact that the Empress Eugenie, who was a most devoted Catholic, was said to be strongly in favor of the war, and, of course, from this it was argued that the Pope was in favor of it also. It needed the lapse of time and calm consideration to convince men that Pius IX., though it was not his place to interfere between the two nations, was deeply grieved to see them at war, and, above all, had nothing whatsoever to do with the political opinions of the Empress Eugenie.

But the feeling which was stirred up against the Church and the Pope was nevertheless of the greatest assistance to Bismarck in the campaign which he now started. Without it he could never have achieved such success as he did in the beginning, and, strange to say, it was just the same factor that afterwards contributed to his downfall. For, after a while, the public began to get sick of the campaign, and, when that reaction set in, Bismarck's sun had set.

The Minister of Worship whom Bismarck called to his side in the anti-Roman campaign was Dr. Falk, a dogmatic, fearless, but not very able politician, whom the struggle against the Church has immortalized, for even in centuries to come students of history will still hear narrated what their ancestors in Germany suffered during the period in which the Falk Laws were enforced. That Bismarck entertained no very great opinion of him is evident from the fact that when he afterwards dropped the *Kulturkampf* he also dropped Dr. Falk. But that was not till they had fought many hard battles together. Falk was by nature a fighting man; conciliation and diplomacy were entirely foreign to him, so that, while

fighting was to be done, Bismarck kept him close by his side, but immediately that friendly negotiations were entered into, Dr. Falk was politely asked to go.

It would perhaps be regarded as extraordinary if we went on with our narrative without making some reference to the general attitude of the man whose opinion should have been of the highest importance in any question affecting the welfare of millions of German subjects. What the old Emperor William thought about the whole conflict no one can profess to say with certainty. He was an old-fashioned, bluff soldier, whom many people detested for his political narrow-mindedness, but whom every one admired for his honesty. To his credit it must be said that he was by no means a bigot. If there was one thing in the world he detested it was the idea of persecuting any one for following the dictates of conscience. For he was a man of an intensely religious nature, and in the domain of conscience he would never dare to meddle with the humblest of his subjects.

But Bismarck was far too clever to represent the Kulturkampf to him as a campaign against conscience. It was a national necessity, the only means of safeguarding the Empire. By the most roundabout of means Catholicism, and consequently Catholics, was represented to him as a political peril and a menace to his safety. Catholics, insinuated Bismarck, are bound hand and foot to the Vatican, the Vatican is the ally of France, France is the relentless enemy of you and of your Empire. As a result, the old Emperor was induced, though not without many misgivings, to let things go ahead as Bismarck wished. But he never appears to have been fully convinced, and when, later on, peace loomed on the horizon, he readily advanced half-way to meet the overtures of Pope Leo XIII.

Freed thus from the fear of France from without or of the Emperor's opposition from within, Bismarck entered upon the campaign against the Church. Had he not undertaken it, he could have boasted, like Cæsar, that he had never been finally beaten in any struggle. As it is, his reputation is rather like that of Napoleon; he accomplished great things, but his career ended in defeat.

In the meantime the Catholics were by no means backward in making preparations for the conflict which, they could easily foresee, was about to be waged against them. The joining of the Southern States to the national confederacy had greatly augmented their strength, and after that event the Centre, as the Catholic party in the Parliament was called, became a body to be very seriously reckoned with. The great figure which shines out on the Catholic side throughout the whole of the Kulturkampf is that of Ludwig

Windthorst, a man who, like O'Connell in Ireland, can hardly be regarded in any other light than one of those instruments of Providence which have at all times been supplied to the Church in her emergencies. In him Bismarck recognized the man who more than any other must be crushed. He had felt his power and his ability before the Kulturkampf, for it was mainly through Windthorst that a pet scheme of his had been defeated in 1868. In that year he had attempted a forced march on the Southern States, for, having summoned what is known as the Tarrif Parliament to settle some economic questions, he made a desperate effort to force the Assembly into recognizing the union of Northern and Southern Germany, with Prussia at its head and Austria excluded. But the pro-Austrian sentiment still found favor in the eyes of many, especially of the Catholics, so that the Chancellor's project met with very determined opposition, which ended in its defeat.

There was one religious movement in German life at this time which Bismarck considered would render him the greatest assistance in his campaign. This was the Old Catholic schism, which had just broken out after the Vatican Council and which was a system of religion quite conformable to the ideas of Bismarck. It was a distinctly national Church, and, with a little care, could easily have been brought into entire subjection to the State. He wrongly calculated that this sect would be accepted as a *via media* by the Catholic masses when he had made it clear that intercourse with Rome would not be tolerated. To any one who is acquainted with the dispositions of a practical Catholic the idea seems absurd. There is not a practical Catholic on the face of the earth who would not as soon become a Buddhist as an Old Catholic. But very few Protestants understand what Catholicism really means to a Catholic. Their idea is that, provided we are allowed to wear gaudy vestments, burn candles, sprinkle holy water and perform various other ceremonies of that kind, we are quite content and would never raise any question about such trifles as the authority of the Pope. Bismarck's mistake, therefore, was that he regarded Catholicism as mere outward show. And we must not judge him too harshly for it, for, as we go through life, we will find that there are very few Protestants who are not imbued with the same idea.

The spirit with which Bismarck entered into the Kulturkampf was exactly the spirit that tyrants have at all periods of history adopted. His first idea was to split the Catholic forces into hostile parties. No one knew better than he did the supreme value of the well-known axiom, "Divide et impera." And his first attempt to do this was indeed a bold stroke which, had it succeeded, would very probably have altered the whole history of German Catholicism

since 1870. For in the opening months of 1871 Bismarck made a tremendous effort to have the Catholic party in the Parliament censured by the Vatican. To accomplish this he managed to have them misrepresented at Rome as disloyal to the Emperor, hostile to the Empire and a source of danger to the lawful authorities. But Rome does not move very quickly and does not issue a condemnation until both sides of the question have been thoroughly sifted. An able and fearless defense of the party was speedily made by the illustrious Bishop Ketteler, and as a result Bismarck's plot came to grief. The answer finally given by the Vatican was that it did not think the circumstances justified any interference in German affairs—an answer with which Bismarck was highly dissatisfied.

Foiled in his attempt to set the Catholics at variance with the Pope, the Chancellor's next effort was to set them at variance with their leader, Windthorst. On February 2, 1872, he made a furious attack on Windthorst's leadership of the Centre. It was an undisguised offer of peace to the Catholic population on condition of their abandoning Windthorst. He dragged to light all Windthorst's old leanings towards Austria and warned the Catholics that, if they did not desert him, they would bring the hostility of the whole Empire upon themselves. But this second attempt was as dismal a failure as the first. The Catholics would not desert Windthorst, for they knew quite well that, with his powerful influence removed, the peace which Bismarck would give them would be one which they could not accept. Windthorst was the one man capable of fighting the Chancellor, and they were quite determined to support him in doing so.

From that time onwards the policy of the Chancellor was entirely changed. The "divide et impera" had become an impossibility, so he had no alternative but to face German Catholicism, whole and entire in itself and encouraged, furthermore, by the confidence and sympathy of the Vatican. The task was no easy one, but neither was Bismarck the man to shirk a difficult situation. He entrusted the management of affairs to Falk, but it is more than probable that he himself privately directed every move of the campaign.

On July 4, 1872, the first anti-Catholic measure was passed through the Reichstag. Its victims were, as we may expect, no other than the Jesuits. By the law passed on that date the society was handed over to the arbitrary supervision of the police and was subject to be expelled at a moment's notice from the Empire. The Imperial Supreme Council furthermore interpreted this law to mean that the Jesuits were excluded from all public ministry in either churches or schools. The Jesuits thereupon left the country. The

following year this same law was extended to the Redemptorists, Lazarists, Fathers of the Holy Ghost and Ladies of the Sacred Heart, these orders being regarded as closely allied to the Jesuits.

The Government further adopted the policy of filling up all vacant posts with members of the Old Catholic sect. This policy gave rise to many conflicts between the Bishops and the State officials, the invariable result of which was that the Government sent an ultimatum to the Bishop informing him that, if he did not accept its decision, his salary would be withdrawn. But the Bishops, on their side, were not idle. On September 20, 1872, they issued from Fulda, where they were assembled, a memorial to all the German States. In this document it was pointed out that the recent measures clashed with certain rights of the Church recognized both by national and international law, which violation could not be suffered to pass without protest by the Catholic population. As a result the agitation against the new measures waxed stronger day by day, and a new Catholic association, the Mainzer Verein, which adopted an almost threatening attitude towards the Government, obtained a following of no less than 200,000.

From distant Rome came unmistakable evidence of the Pope's opinion of the conflict. Efforts had been made, as we have already said, to have the blame thrown on the shoulders of the Catholics themselves. But Pius IX. was not long in perceiving that in reality the struggle was one in which the very existence of Papal authority in Germany was at stake and that it was on the loyalty of Catholics and not on the soothing promises of Bismarck that he had to rely. On June 24 the Pontiff, in his address to the German Catholics in Rome, spoke very reprovably of Bismarck, who, he said, had placed himself at the head of the persecutors of the Church. "Who knows, however," he continued, "but that soon the little stone will fall from the mountain and strike the feet of the colossus and shatter it?" These words did not, at the time, seem likely to be verified; yet they came true, though Pius IX. did not live to see their fulfillment.

At the Christmas consistory of the same year Pius IX. came out even more strongly against Germany. He dealt especially severely with the civil officials, whom he described as "men who not only do not belong to our holy religion, but do not even know it, yet arrogate to themselves authority to decide concerning the doctrines and the rights of the Catholic Church."

The outspoken words of the Pontiff and the determined opposition of the Catholics within the Empire urged the Government on to more stern measures than before. To Bismarck's mind these two things ran hand in hand. The Catholics were determined

because the Pope spoke strongly; the Pope spoke strongly because he saw that the Catholics were prepared to fight. Pressure upon the Pope he could not hope to bring, so the only course left to him was to crush the Catholics. For this purpose it was that his Minister, Falk, prepared to draw up a code of laws, the whole effect of which would have been to make the Bishops independent of the Pope, the clergy independent of the Bishops, but both clergy and Bishops entirely dependent on the State. The means by which he intended to accomplish this design were the following: The education of the clergy was to be taken almost entirely out of the hands of their ecclesiastical superiors. Every student, therefore, before being ordained priest, was compelled to do his course of studies at a university whose professors had been nominated by the State. There is little doubt that by this means it was hoped to imbue the priests of the future with the spirit of Old Catholicism, for it was from this sect that Falk intended to choose all the professors of theology. Secondly, all nominations to ecclesiastical posts had to be notified to the civil governor of the province, who was authorized to cancel the nomination if he considered that the candidate was likely to prove at all troublesome to the civil power. Another decree declared the primacy of the Pope to exist no longer in Prussia; forbade any ecclesiastical court outside the kingdom to exercise any disciplinary power over the Prussian clergy, and provided, furthermore, that the decisions of any ecclesiastical court within the kingdom could be annulled by a body known as the Royal Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs. In other decrees the punitive and disciplinary authority of the Church was in various ways restricted, and thus it was hoped that little punishment could be inflicted on any priests or laymen who chose to obey the State rather than the Church.

These were the main ideas embodied in four bills laid before the Landtag by Dr. Falk, the first in November, 1872, the other three in January, 1873. Their passage through that assembly was, as we may be sure, marked by some very heated debates. Windthorst contested every inch of the way against Bismarck and Falk. A frenzy of delight swept through the Catholic ranks when the Landtag Commission, to which the consideration of the measures had been entrusted, declared some of them contrary to the Prussian Constitution, which guaranteed to the Catholic Church an independent administration of her own affairs. The Commission, therefore, felt constrained to declare that, if these measures were to be passed into law, there should be added to them another changing entirely the status of the Catholic Church in Prussia.

This further measure was added to the other four, and the

Parliamentary debates were once more resumed. On January 30 the Bishops of Prussia issued a solemn protest against the measures, and thus gave additional moral force to the Catholic party in the Parliament. Windthorst's brilliant ability was displayed at its best throughout the whole proceedings in Parliament. He was always at his post and never failed to utilize an opportunity. Even Bismarck paid him a high tribute in parliamentary debate. But the Government had the legions at its back, and all the eloquence of Windthorst could not control these. One by one the measures were passed, and at last, on the 11th and 12th of May, the four bills of Dr. Falk, together with the measure altering the Constitution, received the final sanction of the Parliament and became the law of the land. They are sometimes called the Falk Laws, because of their having been introduced by Dr. Falk; more generally, however, they are known as the May Laws, because of the month in which they were finally passed.

Seeing that the inevitable had to be faced, the Prussian Bishops had on May 2 issued a common pastoral, setting forth to the faithful the reasons why they must offer to the coming legislation a passive but unanimous resistance. On May 20, after the measures had been sanctioned, they sent a declaration to the Prussian Ministry to say that they refused absolutely to coöperate with the Falk Laws. All over the country the clergy, practically to a man, remained loyal to the Bishops and refused to obey the laws. Nor was there the least sign of disloyalty among the laity. The failure of the Catholic Deputies to stave off the May Laws had led many to believe that one of two courses would be adopted, either of which would have played into the hands of Bismarck. Either the Catholic Deputies would bring pressure to bear upon the Bishops for the purpose of making them accept the new legislation, or else they would adopt the offensive and incite the Catholics throughout the Empire to civil war. But the Catholics fell into neither of these traps. Immediately after the protest made by the Bishops, Windthorst had pointed out to Dr. Falk how the coming legislation would be received by himself and his followers.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that the Government, to carry out its purpose, the character of which every one knows, will make use of all the means which the present or any future laws may place at its disposal. There need be no conjectures as to the position which we shall take up. We shall never do anything illegal in opposing the intentions of the Government. The day that the Catholics allow themselves to be drawn into some illegal action they will compromise in a most regrettable manner the victory which is already close at hand. Yes, gentlemen," he continued, noticing



the murmurs of dissent, "I say it is close at hand, for the justice of our cause is beginning to make itself felt. I know that certain of our opponents desire nothing more than that the Catholics should have recourse to illegal means. But, besides these, there is a method of passive resistance, entirely justified in the case. This is the method we shall adopt, and against it, sooner or later, everything that is contemplated in these laws shall be shattered to pieces."

In the face of this unanimous resistance the exasperated Ministers immediately began to put into operation the penalties applicable to those who violated the law of the land. Heavy fines were imposed on the clergy, and as these were never paid willingly, their being forcibly collected gave rise to general feelings of irritation and not unfrequently led to scenes of tumult and disorder. This was especially the case during the elections which took place in November, 1873. Feeling ran high everywhere, and the rank and file of both parties often transgressed the limits of moderation, which their leaders were most anxious that they should observe. The result of this election proved a great blow to Bismarck. He had left no stone unturned to get the Catholic members ejected from every constituency which they held. They were the violators of the laws, they were under the thumb of a foreign prelate, they were opposed to the exclusion of Austria from the German confederacy, and they were, worst of all, in secret sympathy with France. By party cries of this kind Bismarck hoped to incite the voters all over the country to repudiate the Catholic Deputies. But the result crushed his hopes. For the Centre returned to Parliament ninety-one instead of its former sixty-three, and each individual of it could now justly claim to have received from his constituents a definite mandate to fight Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy to the bitter end.

Fresh measures of repression, directed chiefly against the clergy, were the only means by which Falk sought to overcome the verdict of the country. Early in 1874 he passed through the Reichstag a measure known as the Priests' Expulsion Law, which ordained that all priests deprived of their posts for violation of the May Laws should be handed over to the discretion of the police authorities. Very soon the prisons began to be filled with the most distinguished ecclesiastics the land possessed. One of the first victims of the new law was the illustrious Mgr. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen. He was dragged off to prison at 3 o'clock of February 3 and confined in the dungeon of Ostrowo. While still a prisoner here he was created Cardinal by Pius IX. on March 13. The Government in a rage declared him deposed on April 15. Having been imprisoned two years to a day, he was liberated, but

was compelled to leave Prussia. He betook himself to Rome, but still remained Archbishop of Posen till 1895, when, in the interests of peace, he resigned his see.

During the same time the Auxiliary Bishop of Posen was in prison also. The Bishops of Treves and of Paderborn likewise came under the ban of the law, and both were imprisoned almost within stonethrow of their respective residences. In some cases the civil authorities seemed to put themselves out of the way to offer insult to their distinguished prisoners. This was very noticeable in the case of Mgr. Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, who, having been imprisoned for six months, received on being released a document to certify that he had behaved himself well while in prison!

Besides these more illustrious victims, there were, of course, thousands of others, for, if the Bishops were not spared, we may be sure that little mercy was shown to the rank and file of the clergy. The prisons were soon filled, most of the parishes were quite destitute of priests, every episcopal see in Prussia was vacant, every one of the Bishops having been either imprisoned or banished.

But, in spite of all this, the end desired by the Government was not brought about. No cathedral chapter attempted to elect a new Bishop, and the mandates of the old Bishops, whether in prison or in exile, were obeyed as loyally as though the prelate were free and in the midst of his people. The parishes refused to attend the services of the Old Catholic priests whom the Government sent to them, and to add to the turmoil and dissension, Pope Pius IX. spoke out once more and declared the May Laws invalid. Exasperation on both sides was now raised to such a pitch that Bismarck saw that the very foundation of the civil power was in peril and resolved to take charge of the campaign himself.

The advent of Bismarck brought about a complete change in the tactics adopted by the Government with a view to compelling the Catholics to obey the May Laws. One of Falk's mistakes had been his taking it for granted that the lay Catholics of the country would obey the new legislation once the clergy were got out of the way. And it was in this hope that he devastated the pastoral ministry and imprisoned or exiled the Bishops and priests. This hope had been completely crushed by the action of the laity, and Bismarck, in consequence, came to the conclusion that the best plan was to let the priests remain at their posts, but to coerce them into submission. Once the clergy had given in, he rightly considered that the opposition of the laity would very soon cease.

To bring about the submission of the clergy was, he foresaw, no easy task. The only method which he thought likely to accom-

plish it was a strong appeal to their material needs. For this purpose he passed through the Parliament in April, 1875, a measure which decreed that no State payment would be made to any Catholic Bishop who should refuse to comply with the May Laws. This bill was soon followed by another, passed on June 20, which confiscated all the property of the Church and turned over its administration to lay trustees, who were to be elected by the members of each parish.

What Bismarck expected this last measure to accomplish there is now very little doubt. The laity, he hoped, who would be in rebellion if the Government starved the priests, would now have a powerful weapon in their own hands. They were sick of the conflict and would either force their priests to comply with the laws or else welcome any outside priest who would do so and thus bring them peace. The result of these measures was indeed a heavy blow to the Catholic cause. It has been estimated that between 1875 and 1880 the Church was deprived of sixteen million marks, while close on two thousand priests had fallen victims to the new legislation. Not only parishes, but even whole districts were without a single priest, and thousands of Catholics were passing out of the world deprived of the sacred rites of the Church.

But still the desired end had not been achieved. In spite of a condition of things for which—in the last century at least—no parallel can be found, the Catholics were still unconquered. From beginning to end the Kulturkampf was a series of disappointments to Bismarck, though it took him a long time to see that the reason of this was that the whole struggle was founded on an error. Bismarck began the Kulturkampf with an erroneous idea of Catholicism, and each disappointment he received was merely an additional proof of that fact. For Bismarck's fundamental idea was that Catholicism was not a reality, that it was a species of fanaticism which Catholics had inherited from their parents, but of which they were in no determined way convinced. He could not understand—very few Protestants can—that to the Catholic mind there is no *via media* between Catholicism and irreligion. Bismarck himself was of a temperament which could not very easily entertain such an idea. He was not an atheist, but he was just as far from being a theologian. He saw no great difference between one Church and another, provided each of them believed in God, and such expressions as Apostolic succession or valid orders would in all probability have been quite meaningless to him. Consistently with these views, he regarded it as certain that Catholics, if pressed far enough, would grant him any concessions he wanted.

His appeal to the weapon of hunger was therefore merely a

means to an end, and, like all his previous devices, ended in disaster. The stopping of State payments only succeeded in bringing forth voluntary contributions so liberally that in many cases the priests were better off financially than they had been before. Nor did there seem to be the slightest idea on the part of the laity to take on themselves the power over ecclesiastical affairs which the State was willing to grant them.

Meanwhile, various external circumstances forced upon Bismarck a more conciliatory policy. In the first place, his effort to have Windthorst pilloried through the country had been a complete failure. For the Catholic leader was, if anything, an ultramontane loyalist. Never once during the conflict had he failed to impress upon his followers the necessity of moderation, nor did any one doubt that he would have jumped at the slightest concession as a means of repressing any excessive zeal which may have existed among the more impetuous of his followers. The attempt to impugn Windthorst's loyalty because of his attachment to Austria was not a very effectual weapon now, for already more friendly relations had set in between Austria and Germany, and the prospects of a future alliance were being freely discussed. This alliance was eventually formed in 1879.

But the strongest of all the forces which militated against Bismarck was the voice of public opinion. People had begun to get tired of the conflict, and were asking themselves where it was all going to end. Stern measures had been tried and had failed, the priests had endured prison and hunger and their people had still remained loyal to them. Was the Government determined to refuse more than twenty millions of its subjects the right to take their part in the building up of the Empire and was the young and struggling nation to be for ever deprived of the brilliant ability of such men as Windthorst? Such were the questions which many non-Catholics were everywhere beginning to ask. The more religious among the Protestants entertained, moreover, a profound distrust of Dr. Falk. It is too much to say that they would not support him in his attack on Rome, but their suspicions were aroused as to whether the attack was to be directed against the Catholics only. For all the irreligious elements of the country had been brought to the front during the Kulturkampf. The anti-Catholic cause had been gradually associated with the most Godless form of Liberalism, and Protestants naturally began to fear that, once Rome was crushed, their turn would come next. This possibility Bismarck had not foreseen, and it was only brought home to him when he found himself brought more and more into contact with the elements he would have liked to avoid, and being gradually deserted

by the very men whose support he wanted. As a consequence, though not a single move of repeal had as yet been made, things were already beginning to look a little hopeful for the Catholics when, in 1878, Pius IX. died and was succeeded by the Pontiff whose most glorious achievement in a long pontificate was to be the complete restoration of religious peace in the troubled Empire of Germany.

One of the first acts of Pope Leo XIII. after his elevation to the Papacy was to send a personal letter to the rulers of the three States—Russia, Germany and Switzerland—in which the Church was at this time subjected to severe persecution. The letters were, of course, official announcements of his elevation to the Papacy, but Pope Leo nevertheless took the opportunity of discussing also the general condition of the Church in the country. It was not that he intended to deviate in any way from the policy of his predecessor, but he rightly considered that the election of a new Pope and the beginning of a new pontificate was a very suitable occasion for making a move in the direction of peace. It is, moreover, an undeniable fact that Pope Leo XIII. was much more disposed to negotiate and set much more value on diplomacy than his saintly predecessor.

The letter which the new Pope sent to Berlin was one which could not have failed to touch deeply the heart of the Emperor William. It was so evident a contradiction of what had been represented to him as the "spirit of the Papacy." There was no bitterness, no reviling for past injuries which could not now be undone it was simply an appeal to "live and let live." "Since, to our great regret," wrote the Pontiff, "the harmonious relations which formerly existed between the Holy See and your Majesty have been interrupted, we appeal to your magnanimity in order that peace and freedom of conscience may be restored to a large number of your subjects, and the Catholic subjects of your Majesty will not fail to show themselves, as their faith commands, loyal and devoted to your person. Fully convinced of your Majesty's sentiments of justice, we pray the Lord to bestow upon you the fullness of His heavenly gifts, and we pray that He may unite your Majesty and us in the bonds of the most perfect Christian charity."

Such a letter would have been answered with as great frankness by the Emperor William, were he the only one concerned. But the day had not yet come when the throne was independent of Bismarck. The Emperor's mind was still filled with tales of Catholic disloyalty and the dangers of making any concessions to the Pope. His answer to Pope Leo was in consequence formal and cold, and, were any one so foolish as to believe that it set forth the feelings of his

heart, would seem to hold out little hope of peace. He laid stress upon the fact that the German people had ever been distinguished for their loyalty to religion, as no doubt, from a Protestant point of view, they have been. The present disturbance, he held, had been brought about by a little clerical agitation; the laity would never have made any objection to the May Laws, had they not been told to do so by a few priests under the pretext of injuries and grievances which had no real existence. "The cordial words of your Holiness," he added, "lead me to hope that you will exert the powerful influence which the Constitution of your Church gives you over its ministers, in order that those among the priests who have refused to follow the example of the people committed to their charge may be induced to submit themselves to the laws of the country."

The letter of the Emperor was countersigned by Bismarck as Prime Minister of Prussia. But the ideas contained in it leave no doubt as to its author. Practically every line of it looks like a suggestion of Bismarck. The whole letter was indeed nothing but a reiteration of a story which will be told by oppressors till the end of time. No real grievance, no, none whatsoever, just a few agitators stirring up, for some selfish motive, discontent and rebellion among a loyal and contented people. That was just the idea that Bismarck had instilled into the mind of the Emperor, so that, if the Chancellor was not actually at the Emperor's elbow when the letter to the Pope was written, the chief ideas which it contained could nevertheless be referred back directly to his influence.

But Pope Leo XIII., like everybody else, knew quite well that the Kulturkampf was repugnant to the Emperor, though perhaps the time was not yet ripe for him to say so. The Pontiff therefore determined to supplement his first letter by a second, in which he could explain to the Emperor the Catholic position more fully than he had been able to do on the first occasion. On April 17, therefore, he wrote to the Emperor a letter which might almost be regarded as an answer to the attack which the latter had made on the loyalty of some of his Catholic subjects.

The Pope first thanks the Emperor for his kind words to himself and for his wish that his pontificate may be happy and fruitful, but immediately adds that he finds himself obliged to direct his attention to a matter vitally affecting the peace of his Catholic subjects.

"In recalling the happy past," the Pontiff continues, "in which the good sense of the German people has faithfully preserved civil peace and obedience to authority and in deploring the attitude adopted at the present moment by the ministers of the Church,

your Majesty solicits the intervention of our authority to bring back such precious peace by means of the submission of all the Catholics to the laws of the country in which they live.

"We in turn beg your Majesty to consider carefully whether, if there is a noticeable difference between the attitude observed by Catholics in the past and that which you point out as their attitude to-day, this must not be attributed solely to the changes made in the civil legislation, which, in some places interfering with the divine Constitution of the Church, in others setting the civil law at variance with her canons, has inevitably given rise to an agitation in the consciences of Catholics, who thus find that they are, through no fault of theirs, faced with the unpleasant alternative of either refusing to obey the new laws, or, should they obey them, of failing in the sacred duty imposed on them by the law of God and of the Church?

"From this your Majesty will easily understand the meaning of the appeal which we made to you in our previous letter when we asked you to restore peace of mind and of conscience to so large a number of your subjects. Our appeal was simply to implore you to remove the obstacle which prevented Catholics from reconciling obedience to the laws of the Church with submission to the decrees of the civil power, for it is an undeniable maxim of our holy religion that strict observance of religious duties should be united with obedience and respect to the civil authorities and the laws of the State."

The Pope then begs the Emperor to inquire into the matter for himself. The object of Pope Leo's letter was quite obvious. He agreed with the Emperor that a time had been when the German Catholics had been a quite contented body; he furthermore agrees that at the present time they are certainly not so. The reason for this difference, however, was, Pope Leo contends, the changes made in the civil law, and the great question now was: Should the Pope accommodate canon law to the recent legislation of Germany, or should Germany amend its recent legislation in such a manner as to bring it into harmony with the canon law of the Catholic Church? Any Catholic can see that that first was entirely out of the question, so any alleviation of the conflict could only come through the repealing of the May Laws. This was what Pope Leo stated in as many words, and it must be admitted that his letter created a rather bad impression in diplomatic circles at Berlin. For there, as in many other places, the character of Pope Leo XIII. was hopelessly misunderstood. He succeeded to a Pontiff who set no value by diplomacy and who was usually regarded as ultramontane and narrow-minded, while, on the contrary, Pope Leo was expected to

inaugurate some entirely different kind of policy. It was, of course, a tremendous mistake; there was not an iota of difference between the principles of Leo XIII. and those of Pius IX. as far as ecclesiastical discipline was concerned. There are naturally different ways of attaining the same end, but that was the only difference between the two Popes. Those who had hoped to see Pope Leo purchasing religious peace by simply sacrificing all the principles which Pius IX. had upheld were doomed to disappointment.

This blunt exposition of the Pope's opinion, viz., that peace could only be brought about by the repeal of the May Laws, was, as we may expect, rather distasteful to Bismarck. It was neither of two extremes, either of which would have been acceptable to him. The Pope did not cringe to the Emperor and humbly crave some concessions, but neither did he plunge into any abuse of the new German legislation. The latter course especially would have played into Bismarck's hands in just the manner he wanted. He could then have worked upon the mind of the old Emperor and persuaded him that these denunciations were merely poured out in the hope of exciting the enmity of the Catholic States against Germany. But the Pope's letter was rendered all the more annoying by the fact that, while its argument was unanswerable, its tone was entirely devoid of passion. Nevertheless, there was only one answer to be made to it at the time, namely, that the State could not see its way to retract any more than the Church. Such, no doubt, would have been the substance of the Emperor's reply, had it ever been sent. But before any reply had been sent to the Vatican the whole German nation was thrown into consternation by the happening, in rapid succession, of two events destined indirectly to have an important effect upon the religious legislation of the country.

On May 11, while the Emperor was driving through the avenue Under den Linden, a young tinsmith made an attempt to assassinate him. The attempt failed, and the would-be regicide was immediately taken prisoner. He proved to be an uneducated fanatic, who had belonged at various times to all political parties. It was on this occasion, when a deputation of the ministers waited upon him to offer him the congratulations of the nation on his escape, that the Emperor let fall a sentence which showed his real nature. "This only shows us," he said, referring to the attempted assassination, "how we must take care that the people shall not lose their religious principles." All true Christians, not alone Catholics, heard these words with joy, and the newly-elected Pope on hearing them must have felt that, with such a man at the head of the State, religious peace was only a question of time. Such great hope was kindled in the breasts of the Catholics by the Emperor's words that the



leading Catholic newspaper, the *Germania*, organized and sent to him an address, setting forth in forcible, though respectful language the grievances of the Catholics. There is little doubt that some of the things which William I. learned in this address were things which he never knew to have been carried on in his Empire. He now learned for the first time that in many cases the most elementary laws of justice had been flagrantly violated in the appropriating of Church property. The address contained the testimony of several Protestant officials with regard to the illegality of confiscating the churches and handing them over to the Old Catholics and so forth. But it laid emphasis upon the fact that, in spite of so much injustice, Catholics would never tolerate revolutionary ideas to be spread among them, and that their abhorrence of the attempt upon the Emperor's life was as deep and as sincere as that felt by any Protestant.

What impression this address made upon the Emperor we cannot say with any great certainty, but one of the historians of the *Kulturkampf* says that "judging by the attitude of reserve maintained by the Government organs, the address must have made a deep impression on the mind of the Emperor." Immediately that the Emperor's danger and his fortunate escape became known at Rome, Pope Leo sent him a letter of congratulation. It has been said that Pope Leo appended to his letter the Syllabus of Pius IX., in which the doctrines of Socialism and Communism were condemned. But this is not certain, nor does it seem very like a thing which Pope Leo—or any other Pope—would do.

The immediate effect of the attempt on the Emperor's life was the introduction by Bismarck into the Parliament of a series of measures by which the Socialist guilds and their official organs were placed under the control of the police. Great interest was taken in the attitude of the Catholic Deputies towards the new measures. For these measures were exactly similar to some parts of the May Laws, and men began to wonder if the Catholics, having fought so strenuously against the latter, would now turn round and vote for the former. But the Centre had no intention of doing anything so inconsistent. In an able speech Windthorst made it clear that the Government would receive no support from the Catholics, for it was by inculcating the principles of religion and not by unjust laws of exception that the social evils of the country were to be remedied. The Centre in consequence voted with the National-Liberals, and as a result the measure was defeated by an enormous majority, only 57 voting for it, while 251 opposed it. The affair threatened to complicate matters between Bismarck and the Catholics still more, but before there was any time for further

developments the nation was once more thrown into horror and amazement by a second attempt on the life of the Emperor.

The circumstances of this second attempt were entirely different from the first. The assailant was actuated in no way by the fanaticism which springs from lack of education. He was an educated professional man, Dr. Nobiling, who had, like many others, been won over to the strange creed that the first step in the regeneration of the world was the murder of all its crowned heads. In the attempt to murder the Emperor, Dr. Nobiling made use of small shot, several of which wounded the Emperor, though not so seriously as to cause alarm. The shots had been fired from a window of the doctor's room, and when the police forced an entrance they found the regicide lying dead, having discharged the pistol into his brain on seeing that his attempt upon the Emperor had failed.

But great as was the sensation created by the occurrence itself, popular feeling was excited still more by a report which was rapidly spread throughout Berlin that the assassin was in some sort of communication with the Catholic press and the Catholic leaders. There is no reason for thinking that there was the slightest malice on the part of those who started the report. Its origin was very natural, and at such times stories fly from mouth to mouth with incredible rapidity. The fact was that when the police entered Dr. Nobiling's room they found there several copies of the *Germania*, the Catholic journal of which we have already spoken, and also some visiting cards on which he was styled as co-editor of that paper. Needless to say, after a day the whole fable was dashed to the ground and the *Germania* exonerated, but, in the meantime, bit was added to bit till finally it seemed certain that it was either Windthorst or the general of the Jesuits that had engineered the attack upon the Emperor. It would be hard to find in the pages of bigotry a more diabolic act than that of Dr. Nobiling, for he contemplated a double act of treachery. Having resolved to put an end to his own life, he desired that his criminal act should be the means of bringing discredit upon the Catholic body, with which he had never the remotest connection. This second attempt turned all waverers in favor of Bismarck's policy of repression against the Socialists. The Parliament was dissolved, and the newly-elected Deputies passed the measures which had, only a few weeks before, been rejected by such a large majority. The vote, however, was by no means unanimous. The Centre, faithful to principle, voted against it, but feeling ran very high at the time, and the bill was passed without much debate.

Once more Pope Leo addressed himself to the Emperor to convey to him his abhorrence of the attempted outrage and his felicitations

at his happy escape. This time the Pope's letter was officially answered, not by the Emperor, for the shock and the wounds he had received prevented his transacting any business, but by the Prince Imperial Frederick, who acted as Regent during the indisposition of the Emperor. The Prince's letter began with an apology for the fact that no reply had been sent to the Pontiff's letter of April 17. The delay was occasioned, he explained, by the hope that some better understanding might in the meantime be arrived at, for at the present moment the standpoint of the Holy See and that of the Government were diametrically opposed and an exchange of letters could only tend to emphasize that regrettable but undeniable fact. The Prince expressed himself sorry to hear that Pope Leo felt himself unable to command the Catholics to obey the laws of the State as they now stood, and for that reason obliged to encourage them to at least passive resistance. "As regards the wish of your Holiness," he continued, "to see the May Laws modified in such a manner as to make them conformable to the principles of the Catholic Church, no King of Prussia could accede to that request, for the independence of the monarchy would thus be weakened and the freedom of its legislative action subjected to an outside power."

Many historians have been astonished to think that such a letter could have been written by the Prince Imperial. For he was in politics a Liberal in the best sense of the word, one who was entirely opposed to any sort of religious persecution, and his words to the Pontiff in consequence came as a shock to those who had expected to find in him a determined opponent of the *Kulturkampf*. But no such disappointment would have been felt if people had only taken into consideration the capacity in which Frederick wrote to Pope Leo. He was not King of Prussia, but merely Regent, and hence it would have been entirely unwarrantable for him to compromise the Emperor by setting out his own views, which were probably much more conciliatory than his letter would seem to imply. And again, he did not write as one upon whom the mantle of authority was just about to descend. His father's indisposition was very slight, and every one knew that in a few weeks he would once more be able to assume the reins of power. Nothing is more probable, therefore, than that the ideas, if not indeed the words, of the Prince's letter were inspired by the Emperor, who, of course, received in turn a little inspiration from Bismarck. It would have involved the greatest unpleasantness if Prince Frederick had on this occasion raised any hopes in the breasts of Catholics which would have been again dashed to the ground when the old Emperor resumed his place at the head of affairs. But the concluding passages

of the letter are couched in a tone which indicate the real feelings of the Prince himself and seem to show that, when a better understanding became possible, he at least would use all his influence in the interests of peace

"If it is not in my power," he concluded, "nor perhaps in that of your Holiness to mitigate the conflict of principles which has gone on in Germany for more than a thousand years in a greater degree than in any other country, I am nevertheless prepared to discuss the difficulties arising from this conflict, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us, in the spirit of peace and conciliation which the Christian faith dictates.

"Convinced that I shall find the same dispositions on the part of your Holiness, I shall never cease to hope that, where an agreement on questions of principle is impossible, the conciliatory sentiments by which both parties are animated may open to Prussia the road to such peace as has always been possible to other States."

There is very good reason to believe that Prince Frederick assisted the Catholics in the most practical manner, namely, by bringing his influence to bear upon the Emperor. For there is no doubt that the latter, from the moment he took up his duties again, began to act in an entirely different manner. It was not that his nature had undergone any change, but the difference was that, whereas he had formerly looked on and abstained from interfering, he now began to assert himself very firmly. Some influence had evidently been brought to bear upon him for the purpose of getting him to release himself from the thralldom of Bismarck and act as he in his heart thought right. And the Prince Imperial would certainly be the only one whose influence was sufficient to oust the Chancellor. At the same time there is no doubt that the two attempts at assassination had of themselves made a deep impression upon the thoughtful mind of the Emperor and forced him to the conclusion that it was by the forces of Socialism and anarchy and not by the upholders of Catholicism that the safety of the Empire was menaced.

To the world at large it soon became evident that the conciliatory sentiments expressed by the Prince Imperial were endorsed by the Emperor and that the prospects of peace now for the first time looked very bright. For almost immediately after the Emperor's recovery negotiations were opened up with the Holy See. At first, however, it looked as if the haughty demeanor of Bismarck would render peace impossible. His very first step was a diplomatic blunder and threatened to cause much bad feeling. The Papal Nuncio to Bavaria, Mgr. Aloisi-Masella, was at this time in Dresden, representing the Pope at the celebrations got up in honor of the

silver jubilee of the royal family of Saxony. Bismarck invited him to come from there to Berlin for a conference. The Nuncio, acting no doubt under orders from Rome, declined the invitation. The reason he gave for his refusal was that, considering the state of things that existed in Prussia, he could not see his way to hold a conference in its capital city. By the whole world the visit of the Nuncio to Berlin would have been regarded as a triumph of the Government. The Nuncio's object, it would have been said, was to humbly sue for peace in Bismarck's stronghold. So natural, however, was it for the Vatican to refuse that almost at once the Chancellor put forward a second and a much more satisfactory scheme. Every year Bismarck was accustomed to go to Kissengen, in Bavaria, for his rest and cure. So also was Mgr. Aloisi-Masella. Why should they not go there at the same time and meet? To the man in the street the affair would seem to have been quite a chance, and even if shrewd ones had a suspicion of the arrangement, there would be no humiliation attached to it, as there would have been to the Berlin journey.

But when the meetings did come off, it looked at first as if the negotiations were about to come to nothing. Bismarck, in the first place, made it clear that he had no intention of repealing the May Laws. What he was willing to do was to modify their application, obtain from the Parliament certain discretionary powers in the interpretation of the laws and so forth. But in strong contrast with the indefiniteness of what he was willing to do for Catholics was the extreme definiteness of what he wanted Catholics to do for him. He wished, firstly, that the State should possess the right of veto over all ecclesiastical appointments, and to this end wanted an agreement that no Bishop or parish priest was to be appointed until his name had been submitted to and approved of by the Government. Then in political matters the Catholic party was to become the tool of the Government. On all questions except those concerning Catholic interests directly the Catholic Deputies were to hand over their freedom of judgment into the keeping of Bismarck.

There could not have been a moment's doubt as to the answer of the Nuncio to these suggestions. Bismarck was merely asking for much and giving practically nothing in return. As a matter of fact, the only one thing he did promise, namely, that the May Laws would not be administered so severely, was dependent upon his obtaining the permission of the Parliament to use clemency. On the other hand, the veto which he sought was one which the Church could not be expected to grant. It was almost the same thing as had been proposed a century ago to the Irish Bishops and by them rejected and defeated. But even more unthinkable still was his

proposition about the Centre party. In things unconnected with religion the Church has not—and never claimed to have—any right to compel her followers to vote this way or that. The Pope might ask the Catholics to break up their party and fall in with one of the other parties, but allowing the party to stand and denying to it the most elementary freedom was out of the question. Nothing, therefore, followed immediately from the conferences, but the ice was broken, and neither party was despondent because no great results had as yet been obtained. The Nuncio returned to Munich and Bismarck to Berlin, and it was now only a question of time, tact and patience.

Meanwhile the news of the diplomatic negotiations between Rome and Berlin began to get known widely and soon became a topic of universal discussion. As we may expect, the failure of the negotiations was attributed to all sorts of reasons. Some said that the Centre was in revolt against Rome for attempting to come to an agreement without consulting the Catholic Deputies; others held that Rome was disgusted with the militant tendencies of some members of the Centre, and had, through Cardinal Franchi, inflicted a severe reprimand on that body. On all sides the rumor was spread and believed that between Rome and the German Catholics there was considerable friction, and that therein lay the real reason of the negotiations being broken off.

It is scarcely necessary to say now that these rumors did not contain an iota of truth. Rome had neither slighted the Centre, nor was the Centre in revolt against Rome. The Pope had, of course, no consultation with the leaders of the Centre; but, then, what could any such consultation have been about? There was question of a code of laws against religion, and surely the Pope knew better than any layman how far these should be altered to fit them in with the doctrines and the principles of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, the rumor that the Catholic Deputies were dissatisfied with the Vatican was nonsense. These men knew quite well that the Pope had not the slightest intention of curtailing their freedom in political matters, and in the fight against the anti-Catholic legislation they were quite prepared to follow out loyally any path laid down for them by him. The absurdity of any contrary rumors and the harmony between Rome and the Catholic members were well set forth by Windthorst during his speech in the Parliament on December 11.

"If any agreement," he said, "can be come to between the Curia and the Government, we will welcome it with a *Te Deum*. We will submit ourselves without reserve to this agreement, even if we should think that, for the sake of peace, too many concessions have been made to the State."

And there is no doubt that this was the opinion of every Catholic in Germany, with the possible exception of the few cranks who are to be found in every community. Every one knew now that the so-called failure of the negotiations was only a temporary suspension which, anybody could foresee, must inevitably happen when there were such fundamental differences of opinion between the two contracting parties. For the Pope was, of course, the personification of a Church universal, unfettered and independent, while Bismarck, on the other hand, was a whole-hearted believer in the maxim, "*cujus regio, illius religio.*"

After a while it leaked out that the whole arrangements between Bismarck and the Nuncio had been carried on without the knowledge of Dr. Falk. When the latter came to hear of the whole thing, he very naturally felt that an intolerable slight had been put upon him. He immediately tendered his resignation in consequence, feeling no doubt that it was for this express purpose that he had been so openly snubbed by the Chancellor. The Emperor, however, refused to accept the resignation. His doing so at the moment would have been inopportune as well as ungrateful. Falk had been a loyal follower of Bismarck, and if mistakes had been made, the fault was primarily with the Chancellor. Furthermore, Bismarck himself very probably advised the Emperor to refuse the resignation just then. For the dismissal of Falk would have been put down to the influence of the Vatican, and such a rumor at this moment would be able to do much mischief.

Nothing had so far been accomplished in the way of a repeal of the May Laws. Yet the Pope was more than hopeful; he was certain that peace was at hand. This was shown by the tone of the letter which he sent towards the end of this year to Cardinal Nina, the new Secretary of State.

"You are aware, my Lord Cardinal," he said, "that, in obedience to the impulse of our heart, we appealed to the powerful Emperor of the noble German nation, which claims all our attention because of the trying situation of the Catholics in that country. Our words, which were prompted alone by the desire of seeing religious peace restored to Germany, have been heard with favor by its illustrious Emperor and have been the means of bringing about a friendly conference, which it is not our intention to let pass as a mere armistice, giving a breathing space in preparation for further conflicts. We wish, after a few obstacles are removed, to arrive at a true peace, which will be as solid as it is lasting. The great importance of this object, which has been fully appreciated by those who direct the destinies of that Empire, will induce them, we feel sure, to offer us the hand of friendship in our efforts to bring it

about. The Church will certainly be pleased when religious peace has been reestablished in that noble nation; the Empire will have no less reason to be satisfied when it finds that its Catholic sons are, as before, its most loyal and most devoted subjects."

Nevertheless, the situation remained unchanged, and though every one felt that something was about to be done, yet nothing had as a matter of fact been accomplished. How bad the existing condition of things was may be gathered from a letter which Pope Leo sent to the intrepid Mgr. Melchers, who had sent to the Pontiff, at the approach of Christmas, an expression of obedience and of loyalty on behalf of the whole episcopate.

"Our heart will never find any rest," said Pope Leo in this letter, "when we know that, greatly to the detriment of souls, the pastors of the Church are condemned to exile, religious functions impeded by all sorts of obstacles, the monastic orders and associations of the faithful dispersed and the education of our children removed from the supervision of the Bishops."

And so things ran on for a while, till the hand of Providence made use of a purely political squabble, entirely unconnected with religion, as a means of bringing about the first move which eventually led to the entire repeal of the May Laws.

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## THE COMING OF CHRISTIANITY.

ONE day there passed through the gates of Rome a man from one of the most far-flung of her Oriental provinces—a Galilean Jew on whose feet was the dust of much journeying and under whose arm was the sum total of his earthly possessions. His hair was gray, and his cheeks furrowed from much weeping, an old legend tells us; but though he was bowed down from long wrestling with himself there was withal a most striking determination in his gait and carriage. Something in his bearing attracted attention to him; it was the iron courage and cool daring of a man who was conscious that he possessed the twin secret of whipping men's blood to quickened flow, and of compelling them, somehow, to take a decided stand, one way or another, on questions that were still hotly debated. And the mailed sentries, who sat in their sheltered recesses by the great gate, looked up interestedly from their dreary watch and nudged one another knowingly as he passed them into the crowded street. Here was, forsooth, another of those Oriental adventurers who came up from



a hidden corner of the empire to try his luck or make his fortune in the bounteous City by the Tiber. Had those guards been prophets any other where than over their wine cups they would have shut the gates of the city in the face of Peter of Galilee.

For it was he who now set foot in Rome with dreams of a universal conquest and an unquenchable assurance of the undying rule of a line of Fishermen Kings. He came to the proud city to challenge the Roman wolf in her own den. For he knew that he would capture the world just as soon as he should have succeeded in forcing Rome to capitulate to him. He came unarmed, for his weapons were of the spirit, and he sought not gold nor lands, but souls. He came unheralded, for the message he brought would one day make his name known and loved far beyond the frontiers of the empire. He came alone, for he was in search of associates. He had nothing but his own faith in the promises of his Master, and an oceanic love for Him the greatness of whose love for man formed the whole content of a new, unknown romance, a veritable "story beautiful."

For hundreds of years men had been longing to see this divinest "Romance of Love" lived out in their midst. In the dim past the patriarchs had sighed, in the name of the entire Jewish people, for the heavens to rain down the Just One who was to cure the moral weakness and growing helplessness which became more chronic as years followed upon that most fatal day of the primal catastrophe in Eden. Depending upon his own wisdom, man gradually began to look upon this world as his one home beyond which there was no other. Besides, since Jehovah tarried in his coming, the human race did not think it necessary to go to Him by love and a thorough conversion of heart, but preferred to fashion in His stead new gods out of clay. Even the Chosen People ran perilously near forgetting the great expiation which had been promised their fathers. The Jews only maintained their belief as to the unity of God and the coming of the Messiah through the burning appeals and dire threats of special heralds whom the Almighty, in His love for His own people, sent them from time to time. They, indeed, expected a Messiah, for His coming and the vicissitudes of His life were outlined all too clearly for them in their sacred books and the words of the prophets; but despite these prophecies, which grew more clear and distinct as the hour of His coming approached, the Jews, who had now lost political autonomy at the hands of Rome, changed the idea of a spiritual deliverer into that of a victorious leader who would free them from their political oppressors and would restore not the broken pact of Abraham's children with God, but the glory of the Jewish nation.

In the fulness of time—when peace reigned everywhere in the world—Christ came. Heavenly choirs saluted His coming, because there were only a few men to be found who were ready to adore a divinity which in consideration of our weakness hid itself in a poor mortal envelope of flesh. For thirty years Jesus labored in secret with His hands like the lowliest of those He came to save and lift up to dizzy heights of spiritual greatness. Then He appeared before men teaching by word, as one having authority, resuming in Himself, even to the last tittle, every word of the prophecies and doing works by His own powers which none but God could do. He gathered a college of disciples about Him to whom He revealed the full truth of the law and the secrets of the divine will, disciples whom He instructed, by word and example, in the almighty extravagant greatness of the divine condescensions of love. He passed up and down the country doing good; yet men nailed Him to a cross which He and His own looked upon as a throne, but which the world mistook all along for a gibbet. On the third day He arose from the grave by His own power as He had foretold, thus giving a final seal to His teaching and mission and providing a ready and irrefragable proof of His everlasting life in the Church.

For Christ had founded a visible society which was to carry on throughout the centuries the work which He had come to do. It is His own. For He abides in her by a real presence which it took the powers of infinity to invent and effect. Every phase of His earthly life is there lived out and over again in a spiritual but very real manner, because the Church is Christ's mystic body. But Christ is also the treasure of the Church. She lives and acts only for Him. She sets herself no other task than to do His will, because Christ is the Church's Spouse.

On this perfect identity, then, depends our understanding of the Christian past. Without it the Church were no better than any of the other countless religious bodies which have, at one time or another, claimed the attention of men. If the Church differs from all other religious organizations, if she is unique, it is because she alone possesses Christ as He possesses her alone. If the Church were any other than she is, we should have to put it down as the most gigantic foolishness for the world to have taken especial notice of her from the very first. Rome had nothing to fear from a handful of men who came from a poor hill country where dreams of ambitious rule are never realized; Greece had nothing to fear from a band of fishermen who knew nothing of philosophy and rhetoric; the Jewish world had nothing to fear from a petty sect whose teaching went counter to that of its schools which was alone authentic and accepted by every Jewry. But no sooner had she

appeared amongst men with her Gospel of salvation through love of God in spirit and truth, those men sounded the bugle of alarm, rushed to arms and attacked her from every side and angle. The world soon measured the foe who came out to battle. This was the work of God! It is only the Catholic Church which from the first was systematically hated, just as it is Christ alone whose tomb, after thousands of years, is yet surrounded by scoffers and adoring believers. Who hates Nero to-day though he was an unspeakable monster? Who loves Alexander to-day though he opened the way for the waters of culture to spread over the world? Face to face with Jesus Christ, and (which is the same thing) with the Catholic Church throughout the ages, even to our own, men must make their choice: either to hate Him in her to the death, or else to clasp Him in her to their heart of hearts! "He who is not for Me, is against Me."

This was the choice which it would soon to Rome's turn to make! But as yet no one surmised it. For the City of the Cæsars was bent on its own ways, and these did not lead, by any means, to Calvary and a Crucified Master. It was a fair, beautiful city to look upon, resting, like a couchant lion, on the seven hills from which it surveyed the country that stretched out around and before it. Across the Campagna—that stretch of level land twenty miles wide in each direction which circles Rome like a nimbus—huge aqueducts brought cool, fresh waters from distant shady mountain nooks for the refreshment of the citizens at one thousand, three hundred and fifty-two fountains and eight hundred and fifty-six public baths. On the low mountains, which stood at a respectful distance from the city, in seeming awe, hundreds of vineyards hung heavy with the tiny globes that swam in pools of their own generous distilling. The Via Savia, lined on either side with the mauloseums of the distinguished dead, led out and away from Rome—for she was the City of the Gay and the Living.

And well does Rome deserve to be called a gay city, since she abounded in countless parks, baths, lakes, menageries, theatres and race tracks. The streets were lined with the colossal palaces of rich merchants or prætors, who, returning from their provinces with fat coffers, could amply afford to erect for their own pleasure and comfort miniature cities with every known means of diversion. The piazzas were filled with rare trees and shrubs and the numberless statues which the Romans pilfered from the world and conveyed on ox carts to their Golden City. And the many ateliers were filled with deft craftsmen, brought back as prisoners from the Orient, and especially Greece, to assist in the labor of beautifying the city. Rome looked indeed a veritable art gallery with her ten thousand public statues, of which two were colossi, twenty-

two giant equestrian monuments, eighty finished masterpieces in gilt, seventy-four in ebony, three thousand, seven hundred and eighty-five in bronze. There were amphitheatres spacious enough to seat one hundred thousand spectators, with theatres of equal size.

The streets and fora were thronged with motley crowds of men of all colors and climes—lewd Syrians, conscienceless Greeks, painted Picts, boisterous Teutons, servile Ethiopians—men whose forefathers, no doubt, had been brought to Rome from their distant homes as prisoners of war, in chains, with black hatred in their hearts, but who were soon transformed, by the bewitching beauty and gayety of the cosmopolis by the Tiber, into fanatical admirers, and eventually worshipers, of the genius of this same Rome. In the morning these men lounged in the public baths, listening to tales of scandal and political intrigue, or reading the "*Acta Diuturna*" (or equivalent of our modern newspaper), which Cæsar caused to be posted daily in the Forum. In the afternoon they flocked to one of the many amphitheatres where feats were performed to satisfy their curiosity which astounded us even at this day, as when, for instance, the arena, in the turning of a hand, was changed from a stage for combatants with wild beasts into a sea upon which naval battles were fought out. At night no one remained at home, for it was absolutely safe to be abroad, since the emperor had provided each of the fourteen districts of the city with trained firemen and armed police, which latter, on occasion, would lend assistance to those who could no longer protect themselves. And after a round of wild, ceaseless merrymaking the rich Roman went abroad, with all the comforts, if not speed, of modern travel, to recoup his strength or regain new zest for pleasure, at one of the many provincial towns or resorts. For wherever the shadow of the Golden City—the *Pax Romana*—fell, there men somehow tried to forget the ills of life or else dozed in feigned disregard of its seamier side.

But beneath all this outer show there was a poignant, gnawing sorrow. For in proportion as Rome ministered to the body the soul of man was left to itself, starving and alone. If one man was happy, there were five thousand who were not so—for Rome paid for her gayety by the enslavement of thousands of men. Their lot was miserable to a degree, since a slave was rated at the same price as an ox or a mule, even by one of the best of the Roman emperors, Septimus Severus. To them was given just so much consideration and kind treatment as would make of them better machines or toys for the whims of their masters. Crime of all sorts raged amongst these poor unfortunates, huddled together like cattle, without respect for age or sex, driven to fanaticism by the most extravagant Oriental superstitions, helpless in face of their

masters' arrogance. Amongst them, too, was rife a sworn but secret conspiracy of vice, for thus they hoped by a subtle means which the Romans, with the exception of Cato and a few others, never thought of noticing to revenge themselves upon their masters for the loss of their own homes and liberty. Thus all classes of society were secretly inoculated with a moral poison as subtle as it was deadly. Children were abandoned, in cold blood, in goodly numbers by Roman matrons at the feet of two of the public statues in the city. Woman was looked upon as a mere chattel and plaything of man's pleasure. Seneca sardonically remarks that it was customary for the Roman women to number their years not by the names of the consuls, but by that of their divorced husbands. The gods were without credit. The four hundred and twenty-three temples of the city were the theatre of the most shameful vices which were performed in the name of religion and with its sanction. They were retained mainly because an army of small officials had to be provided by the State with a means of livelihood. Here came the Roman atheist in search of new diversion or curious sights; the Romans, too, hoped by this means to keep the better in bounds the naif woodsman who came up to the city with effete and old-fashioned notions of fear and reverence for his national gods. For the Romans had never been exclusive in their religion. They led off barbarian peoples into captivity just as easily as they imported alien gods. These "*dii adventicii*" were honored in every house and temple by a long, painful liturgy of formalistic mummeries; but there was no soul in these dry formulæ, whose former significance no one longer understood or cared to understand. Finally, the life story of the gods was travestied on the burlesque stage by broad comedians in the sight of grinning audiences. No wonder, then, that the Roman, who was at heart but a simple dicker farmer who planted his beans with religious awe and trust in the good graces of the gods, lost all trace of that stern uprightness, that "*antiquæ probitatis*" which went so far in assuring the municipality good citizens and valiant soldiers, who fought Rome's battles because Rome's gods wanted it thus. And a race of hedonistic philosophers taught blandly, in face of all the people, that pleasure was the be-all of life.

But the lie was given to these professional mockers of the human heart by the outraged human heart itself. For if Rome succeeded as no other in building up a State, and elaborating a system of laws which claimed the admiration, later, of Christian thinkers, all openly admitted that she utterly failed to satisfy the soul-hunger of the greater part of her subjects. There was one jarring chord in the measured symphony of Roman life—it was the deep, sad cry of the world-weary, pleasure-sated soul that died out in a

jangle as the music ceased and the musicians departed. Rome might beguile the day for her sons; but, like a scorpion, the thought of what all this pomp must end in stung the consciences of men at night when they had time to think. Religion was gone like a shadow and there was no reverence for the gods. Crimes of unspeakable heinousness breathed forth their putrid breath, which corrupted the children even before they had left their nurseries. The pagan soul was thrown upon itself, and found there no light nor courage for better things. No wonder there was a great soul-hunger which gave no peace to the tortured conscience; a weariness with all this hollow show; a sickness with a world that was rotten throughout. Serious men arose with an evangel of hectic quietism and Brahminic apathy for life's sorrows; yet the Stoics could not bring back the days of the old Roman probity. Marcus Aurelius might turn ornate sentences encouraging men to battle with life; Epictetus might distil words of seeming wisdom for the slaves who needed wisdom most; Seneca might attempt to teach men to bear the lashes of fate with philosophic calm. Yet no one believed these wordy formulæ of conduct—their authors least of all. There was but one door of exit—it was the door by which the Stoics themselves escaped from these giddy, sickening sights—it was suicide, which was the last word of hope, the last easement of pain and sorrow that the Roman world and philosophy could offer. And indeed a veritable passion for taking one's life—Seneca calls it a "*libido moriendi*"—drove countless men and women into the dark night from which no one was ever known to have returned, from which no sigh, or groan even, was ever known to have come. And men applauded when the curtain was rung down upon this craven comedy of life. When Otho, the compeer in wickedness with Nero, took his own life, enthusiasm for his courage ran wild in the city. Suetonius tells us that suicide was looked upon as the greatest bravery, the most consummate wisdom, in man. It is significant that nearly all the leading men of the later years of the empire threw themselves into the arms of death by suicide—men like Lucretius, Atticus, Silicus, Italicus, Petronius, Lucan, Scipio, Brutus, Cato, Cassius, Marc Anthony, Nero, Otho, probably Marcus Aurelius himself. Before them in the Greek world (where civilization ran quicker and earlier to a premature sterility, which state of things Rome prided herself in reproducing) we find the same phenomenon in the lives of Charondas, Lycurgus, Empedocles, Speusippus, Diogenes, Hegesias, Stilpo, Zeno, Cleanthus, Arkesilaus, Carneades, Aristarchus, Eratotherenes, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Cleomenus, Themistocles, probably, too, Pythagoras and Aristotle. Rome, which learned this lesson of cowardice well, looked upon a countless stream of her poor, unfortunate children,

who, following the example of those who were reputed rich and happy, marched out silently by night to the Flaminian Bridge, and drawing their worn mantles over their heads, leaped into the dark, rushing waters below. For the most frequent desire in the hearts of the Romans, Pliny tells us, was to be done with life, and done quickly and painlessly.

On the night of July 19, A. D. 64, a spear of fire shot up to the heavens like a javeline discharged by some warrior who lay hidden somewhere between the Cœlion and Palatine Hills. For seven days the Eternal City smoked! And Nero smiled upon the unusual pageant which his hand, suspicion had it, prepared as a diversion. A new city sprang up with astounding rapidity, crowded with most wonderful edifices. Tacitus tells us that henceforth the City of the Seven Hills was to be called "Urbs Neronia," in honor of the man, no doubt, who had destroyed the city of his fathers in order to enjoy the building of a new one. There remained after this first conflagration, the palladium of Rome's greatness, Jupiter Capitolinus, who was still adored in his temple on the crest of the hill. But on December 19, A. D. 69, the Romans set him in flames—and thus ended the greatness of Rome, so Tacitus tells us.

Eight months later—on August 10, A. D. 70—Jerusalem, with its wondrous temple, lay in ashes.

One hundred and fifty-five years earlier Sulla had destroyed Athens and put so many people to the death that it was impossible, Plutarch tells us, to count their numbers. People only remembered how high the stream of blood arose as it flowed out of the city gates.

The three civilizations which had disputed for the mastery of the antique world were gone—Rome, Athens, Jerusalem had fallen. And Rome turned the sword inward upon her own self at last, because there was no other to put to the death. Rome was the gravedigger of the antique world.

But Rome was the Eternal City!

Peter of Galilee, because he was a weak man without material resources, built a new spiritual Rome with Christ Jesus as keystone because He had been the corner-stone which the builders had rejected. And when this "Rome falls, then falls the world," Bede of Jarrow, the English historian, assures us. Truth to tell, Rome is Eternal!

The teaching of Jesus descended upon this crumbling, smoking world of pagan Rome like the sweet showers of April upon a devastated field. It needed no especially sharp acumen, nor wide erudition in the secret lore of the knowledge of the heart, for the Roman to see that Christianity, with its definite doctrine as to one God, whose word must be final and immutable if it was to be anything at all, was far superior to the fluctuating, uncertain teach-

ing of paganism, which seemed to lead to nothing else than an endless splitting up into conflicting and contradictory systems of belief. It was a simple creed when compared with the complex involved labyrinth of the old system. Indeed, it bristled with mysteries against which the rationalizing head of the Roman philosopher must break. But it was democratic, which paganism with its esoteric teaching and worship for the adepts and initiated could never claim to be. To the Christian every man was indeed a man, and his worth was gauged, not by position or wealth, but by virtue and friendship with God. There was no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or Scythian—all were brothers in Christ, and children of the Mother Church. The Creator must love the work of His hands—which doctrine dealt the death blow to the cold, hard, heartless formula of pagan theology: "*Nihil ergo extra se amat Deus.*" Since all were brethren, closely cemented together by their love of Christ, love must reign amongst them—and from it arose what was utterly unknown to paganism, a spirit of solidarity whereby men were willing to work for one another as they were willing to stand by one another in defense and support of their rights in this world and their efforts to secure a seat in a kingdom of the other. Thus was effaced the stigma which a lazy, sybaritic world had affixed to labor, and the taint of a narrow individualism which made every pagan seek, first and always, only his own ends regardless of the rights, comforts and prerogatives of others. Life was now worth living, since by it we merited another better one which should see no end; life was now worth living for, since by a conscientious fulfillment of our social obligations we made possible for countless others the possession of eternal bliss after a few years of intimate conversing by love with the Master. Easily and naturally the supernatural was introduced into the daily lives of men, which ate away, like an acid, the two most crying sins of paganism—polygamy and infanticide. Men learned the true courage, which consisted in a willingness to live in the shadow of the Cross as long as it pleased the Crucified Master. Suicide was stamped out. Thus by every one of her doctrines; by every one of her moral precepts, which grew out of and lived upon dogma; by her spirit and temper, which were compounded of both doctrine and moral teaching, Christianity was a flat, downright contradiction of paganism as it was understood and propagated by Rome.

It is no wonder, then, that when the Apostles and their successors faced the pagan Græco-Roman world they sought by all and every means to turn the weaknesses, shortcomings and insufficiencies of paganism to the advantage of the Gospel. They did not fail to point out, as Paul at the Areopagus, the innate superiority of the Gospel, which satisfied the mind and fortified the heart in a manner



which paganism might never expect to rival; the holiness of life of the first Christians spoke for itself; the heroism which the new faith obtained easily from its most recent converts astounded a world that knew only religious cowardice. To these advantages must be added the miracles which the heralds of the Gospel wrought in proof of its divinity, as also the charismatic gifts which were frequent and abundant and showed plainly that the God of the Christians was with His people and working through them for His own ends. Every convert was proud of his new, rich inheritance and was ablaze, with a holy enthusiasm, to share its blessings with all who would hear the good news of salvation. The Greek tongue, which was current in the Roman world, as also the facilities for travel, helped an army of nameless apostles to carry the Evangelion to every town and hamlet and outpost of the empire. These advantages were looked upon by Origen and the apologists as a boon which Rome, all unconsciously to herself, prepared, under divine guidance, for the spread of the Gospel.

Wherever the Word of God was preached men came over in goodly numbers to the Master. At first it was the poor slave and struggling "colours" who sought to find in Christianity that which he felt he most needed—the love and consideration of his fellows whom he might look upon as brothers in Christ. The sin-sated came to wash his soul in the waters of regeneration; the world-weary came to find the oil which would heal his soul all bruised by the whips of life and conscience; the innocent came to find a cross whereon to suffer in love, expiation and vicarious sorrow; the learned came to find a supernal wisdom transcending that which he had already amassed—those came whose coming was precisely the best argument for the divinity of the Master and the beauty and truth of His doctrine—those whose ills paganism had caused and had been unable to cure and alleviate. But the "nobiliores" also entered the Church in sufficient proportion to save her from being what some of our modern Socialists seek to make her out to have been—a chauvinistic uprising of the proletariat, headed by one, Jesus of Nazareth, who was a demagogue and religious anarchist. Not so thought those who could judge for themselves from personal observation, the scions of such noble Roman families as the Flavii, the Caecilii, the Glabrones; royal matrons like Julia Mamaea, the mother of Alexander Severus; Prisca, the wife of Diocletian, or Marcia, the royal concubine of that foulest of Roman emperors, Commodian. Before the end of the second century the King of Edessa, Abgar-bar-Maanu, had embraced the faith. From the Elbe to the Euxus, from the Rhine to the Euphrates, in far off Britain and shadowy India—everywhere it would seem—there were assemblies of the Christians who owed allegiance to a Petrine

Rome, who believed alike and worshiped the one God in the breaking of bread.

And Cæsar began to tremble on his throne. For here was a class which in its loyalty to the crown furnished enough valiant soldiers for another Tenth Legion. But somehow this new race of men was strangely obstinate on a point about which the emperor was most keenly sensitive: it refused outright to burn the grain of incense before the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus and the "numen" of the deified emperor. For Cæsar it was sufficient cause for anger and complaint to know that these men were opposed in principle and practice to the polytheistic regime obtaining in the city, claiming for themselves the only kind of liberty which Rome saw fit to deny her subjects—the liberty of conscience.

So the battle was declared! The Roman would destroy the Christian, because the latter, whilst willingly listening to Christ, the lawgiver, refused to obey Cæsar, the lawyer. What would be the issue?

Contrary to her tastes, which were never literary, and her temper, which was never philosophical, Rome took up against the Christians the arms of Athens. This method of warfare gives us at once to understand the depths of Rome's fear and hatred of the Gospel—it was a partial admission of terror on the eve of battle than which there is nothing more fatal. Knowing that men believed that salvation had come from the East, Rome introduced thence a set of ideas that were tinged strongly throughout with a Judaistic allegorism of the ultra-Alexandrine type, as also with an Oriental dualism half-Chaldean, half-Persian. Opposed to these Gnostics and Neo-pythagoreans were the Neo-platonists, whose doctrine was an amalgam of the decadent philosophy of Greece and the pantheistic polytheism of Rome. Neoplatonism was by far the most formidable intellectual enemy of the early Church—indeed, the only one she might really fear. By a subtle system of allegorical interpretation it elaborated the doctrine of a pantheistic immanent Trinity which looked much like the true doctrine of the Church, of which it was but a travesty. A fictitious divine revelation, a direct intuition of the truth of the ascetics and the translation of pagan mythology into moral precepts made of Neoplatonism a snare and a pitfall. About this same time and profiting by the religious vagaries that were current in philosophical circles, religious fakers, who claimed a divine origin and destiny for themselves, were easily believed. The really Roman contingent in this army of intellectual warriors against the Church were satirists like Fronto and Lucian, whose vitriolic verses would have raised blisters on the faces of any but Christians. Celsus tried to explain away the Church by an argument of common sense, which was, as this

Jew with hoarded hatred well knew, the only argument which a full-blooded Roman could understand. And for those who could not read, cartoons and caricatures of the Church were prepared, such as the "Palatine Cross," in which we see an ass nailed to a cross—whose meaning was obvious to the most illiterate. No wonder, then, that the followers of Jesus were hailed by the rough, drunken mob as "Worshippers of an Ass."

But Rome's strength never lay in philosophy. Violence and brute force were the only axioms she knew and applied. Not for nothing was her symbol a wolf. Even the eagles that were carried as standards at the head of her armies were distinguishable by their talons. And these were the methods of suppressing the Christians of which Rome first and most persistently made use. By professing to believe a long series of accusations against the Christians, which were as stupid as they were unfounded, the Golden City tried to blind the world to her own intolerance and justify herself to herself for her own injustice towards them. There was, of course, an abundance of obsolete laws regulating worship which Rome might easily fetch, on occasion, from their dusty shelves. Thus, when the Christians sought to follow their Master's injunction of praying in secret, they found themselves at once in conflict with the Roman law of 189 B. C. regarding the Bacchinalia and another by Trojan against the Heteræ; thus they gave an apparent juridic basis to the Romans for persecution on the ground of insurrection and "*laesae majestatis*." Because they refused to adore the "numen" of the emperor they were liable to death—the slaves by beasts or fire, the free citizens by the sword—in virtue of the law of "*impietas in principes*." Because they refused to adore the gods they were guilty of atheism and sacrilege. The Christian miracles were ascribed to black magic, and death by beasts or fire was the portion of those who had wrought them. Finally, Christianity was not officially recognized by the State, and the adherents of a new and illicit religion were deported if they were of noble origin, and beheaded if belonging to the servile class. Tacitus tells us that the Christians were charged with sinister dealings—"odium humani generis"—because they refused to perform the pagan rites and join in the public festivities which were always invested with a religious symbolic meaning. The countless officials who lived on religion—priests, artists, literati, merchants—were stung to hatred against the Christians who were the direct cause to them of heavy losses, whilst the mob was willing to join in the persecution because it was rebuked by the holiness of life of the Christians. These two classes of men were the most frequent delators of the Christians to the pagan tribunals, since conviction always meant the entire sequestration of the Christians' possessions

into the hands of the informer. The Jews, who had been scandalized at the cross which went counter to the besetting weakness of Hebraic character—ambition—and who expected the Messiah to be a general and not a priest, spread the worst calumnies against the Christians, as St. Justin tells us. The pagans, who looked upon Christianity at first as an insignificant and harmless schismatical sect of Judaism, were ready to believe the Jews when they accused the Christians of atheism, since they adored one God in spirit and truth; when they proclaimed the Eucharist to be the unspeakably hideous rites of Thyeste; when they branded the “agape” or love-feast of the Christians as a wild orgy. Every catastrophe was laid at the door of the Christians. Tertullian remarks, in his own piquant way, that if the Tiber rose above its walls and the Nile did not, or if any other like calamity fell upon the world, the Christians were held responsible.

From all of which it is clear that Rome had determined to make out a case at any cost against the Christians. The Church had to be destroyed at all odds. Only he escaped who had a charmed life! When Rome could not invoke statute law against the Church, she made it, especially after the days of Decius. Where the engines of law failed, the dynamite of fanaticism succeeded. For cruelty of tortures, blind fanaticism, baldest injustice, vile personal motives of greed, finical refinement of hatred and prejudice the ten persecutions against the infant Church stand alone in the history of the world. It is true that persecution did not rage everywhere, at the same time and with the same violence, in those two hundred and forty-nine years from A. D. 64 to A. D. 313. But calm was never absolutely assured. The storm was raging with more or less violence all the time, in one place or another, of the vast empire. Rome, Asia Minor and Gaul were the storm centres of this mad cyclone of intolerance. During one hundred and twenty-nine years of systematic persecution countless men laid down their lives joyfully for Christ and His truth—the lowest estimate of the number of the martyrs is five thousand, a figure which it can be shown is far too meagre. This does not include the confessors whose moral sufferings were hard and painful in exile; in labor in the mines “from which no one ever came out alive,” a contemporary writer assures us; in enforced slavery; in voluntary flight, which the Church as a wise mother counseled to those who feared the danger of apostatizing owing to their weakness.

Christian historians are not straining the truth when, in face of all this, they maintain that Cæsar saw in Christ more than a match, in the Church more than a rival.

Pagan Rome had subdued every people with whom she came in contact, and with the people its gods. Rome dreamed of putting

down the Christ and His truth. But the hour of cruel disillusionment was soon to strike. In the meanwhile, however, the Roman wolf roared with the sheer love of killing, and the Christians wept in the Catacombs as small birds cry in their nest. But the Nazarene had conquered! The last persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, which was by far the bitterest and most trying, showed by its very frenzy that Cæsar knew himself to be beaten.

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#### FURTHER ABUSES OF OCKHAM'S RAZOR.

THE malicious mouth according to the Psalmist "vomits fire and its tongue is a sharp sword," is "pointed as a serpent's tongue," is a "whetted razor." (Psalms lvii., 5; lix., 7; lxiv., 3; cxl., 3.) This brings us back to the consideration of Ockham's razor as used, not necessarily with *malice prepense*, but perhaps even with mistaken benevolence, to cut off what seems an encumbrance, but is really a needful part in a desirable whole. Thus the difficulties against religion raised on grounds of history and philosophy or from other arguable sources are often shirked by the device of shutting out such reasonings on the plea that religion belongs to an inner sanctuary of conscience to which logic has no admission. Logically and for the speculative reason, religion according to Kant is beyond human reach and is self-contradictory in its prime tenets: so he applies this razor to such argumentative objections as are found in those intellectual failures and takes refuge isolatedly apart from the world of debaters in what he styles the uncriticizable fortress of the Practical Reason. By a like retirement from assaults of logic against free will, he places freedom in what he calls by the magic name of the Noumenal Region, which he safeguards by a declaration regal in its authority that the noumenal lies beyond the range of knowledge and criticism.

To-day what is called Modernism repeats the Kantian tactics of retreat out of range from fleshly weapons. Against it, so withdrawn from the field of battle, its history and dogma are in vain cited for trial in court: because they are declared to be no vital part of itself: they have severed and made into outer garment of the living body of the faith which must change its dress with the seasons and ages. What some persons cannot, others perhaps can do without conscious hypocrisy. If certain souls can thus in the asylum of Modernism save themselves from blank agnosticism, their case is better than a worse; but the only good position is

that of the Catholic Church, which acknowledges its liabilities in the matter of history and formulated dogma and avows that those to it are vital parts of its organism. Interaction of soul and body is another difficulty for which the razor is called in that it may make away with the hard part of the problem. The common belief is rejected that mind regulates the movements of the material organs; which are called voluntary: the mental series is reduced to epiphenomena, which may correspond to much of the organic series, but are devoid of all efficient causality upon its sequences. Ribot is one who more or less favors this policy, but the confusion of his language is apt to hide the fact that sometimes he is arguing for what is not contested, namely, that abstract consciousness, or thought and volition as abstract as divorced from their substantial efficient ground in the concrete person or man, is not a sufficient cause for bodily movements. Not distinguishing soul and body as we do, Ribot argues that the psychophysical organism is the agent, not the abstract psychism which has no existence apart, least of all where no spiritual soul is admitted. But often his words seem to say more and to deny that consciousness has any share in the action of a living autonomous body.<sup>1</sup> "Si l'on s'obstine à faire de la conscience une cause tout reste obscur: si on la considère comme le simple accompagnement d'un processus nerveux qui lui seul est l'événement essentiel, tout devient clair, et les difficultés factices disparaissent" Here the word "accompagnement" suggests the bad use of the razor, a use to which Ribot hardly adheres in his inner thought. If with us he believed in the unity of man as a compound of body and soul in one substance, he would say that they, and not an isolated consciousness acting on body as on something else, was the cause of our voluntary movements. He calls such total cause "*le mécanisme psychophysiologique*." His oversight is at times, under stress of controversy, to cut off the psychic part so far as it is a consciousness and to set this consciousness aside as an accompaniment or epiphenomenon<sup>2</sup> having no share in the efficacy. We hold that in rationally guided movements the reason has its portion of the causality: it is the rational soul that acts through its faculties and we cannot cut off the rationality as

<sup>1</sup> "*Malades de la Volonté*," pp. 8, 9.

<sup>2</sup> The denial of the psychic or conscious share in the production of voluntary movements has been described as a sort of elevation beyond the labor class to an aristocratic class of the unemployed. The title epiphenomenon is thus a sort of peerage-like designation, bespeaking freedom from all taint of bandusia. But the honor of such unoccupiedness has fallen in repute during the last generation. One who knows the West End of London says that whereas to have nothing to do was fifty years ago a common boast, now even the idle rich put in a claim to be doing something useful to justify their existence, and to help on the preservation of their caste in a clamorous democracy that hates drones.

being no factor in the total cause. Ribot prefers the razor because he does not exactly see what he is doing: "Dans l'acte volontaire il y a deux elements bien distinctes: l'état de conscience, le je veux qui constate une situation, mais qui n'a pas lui-même aucune efficacité, et un mécanisme psychophysiologique très complexe en qui seule reside la pouvoir." (P. 3.) He argues out this theory from the actions of pathological subjects who seem to perform many reasonable actions unconsciously. But one unwarrantable assumption is that those movements are wholly unguided by any consciousness; a sweeping assumption which moderately cautious interpreters refrain from pronouncing. Another mistake is to ignore, in the fanaticism for a universal exclusion of conscious causality, the healthy cases of voluntary movement where conscious reason clearly takes a part: and these examples are the normal and therefore by far the most important. How far an unconscious automatism can work in man we do not know, nor shall we ever discover what precisely the *instinct* is in such workers as manage the complex economy of beehives. The term instinct has to cover our ignorance, but not to blind us to knowable wonders. At any rate, our lack of insight is not so bad as to blur the clear conviction that in reasonably tending movements of men the reason very often counts as a component of the causality. Our safety in this assertion consists in refusing to break up the substantial unity of man into parts that are as separate substances. Man is not as Descartes, who saw in the beehive only unconscious automatism, curiously fancied, an automatically worked vessel, with a soul acting as pilot in the pineal gland. Still further away from truth is the theory supposing a triple substance of body, soul and spirit, of which this is a specimen statement: "Let us recognize man as a free spirit, moving a material body, through the medium of a mind. Mind, then, represents the link between the spirit and the body, the medium through which the spirit, the self, the Ego can play upon the brain and other parts of the nervous system and so are the bodily organs. The mind represents, as it were, the keyboard which enables the pianist to act on the strings of his instrument and elicit music therefore."<sup>3</sup> Against this exaggerated trichotomy St. Thomas has established the safe doctrine of man as substantial unity as a reasonable agent, basing himself on Aristotle's principle of a soul informing a body. But we must take care to avoid the great evil of the Master in calling vous nous a third and quite superior part, not belonging to the animated body as such. St. Thomas best explains what Huxley said less comprehendingly, that "our volition counts for something as a condition for the course of events." A last instance of using the razor to get quit of difficulties

<sup>3</sup> "Faith and Suggestion," by Edwin Ash, pp. 114-115.

may be taken from the device of recurring to Monism in order, first, to escape the difficulty of transient action or of interaction between separate bodies, and, secondly, to account for the fact of there being literally a Universe, that is, a single connected system throughout all being, and not, as Professor William James words it, a multiverse. The device seems at starting to afford great relief: but the breathing time is of short duration before adversaries come up and put very disturbing questions. Rather than submit to such torture, Professor William James preferred to take upon his back the burden of the decried pluralism. He is not the best champion of the cause: but as an interesting personality in late years he may gain a hearing where more sober wisdom would be counted dull and old-fashioned and scholastic. "Hume's assumption" he wrote, "that any factor of reality must be separable leads to his preposterous view that no relation can be real: that all events seem utterly loose and separate, conjoined, but never connected by any tie. Thus does the intellectual method pulverize perception and triumph over life."<sup>4</sup>

Those who are credulous enough to believe Hume's intellectual method to be really intellectual, in spite of its non-intellectuality, may rush off in headlong flight to the shelter of monism in order to escape an absolutely disunited world of *dissecta membra*—loose, disjointed parts. James continues: "There is doubtless somewhere an original perceptive experience of the kind of thing we mean by causation. Where is the typical experience originally got? Evidently in our own personal *activity-situations*. In all these what we feel is that a previous field of consciousness which points to a result develops gradually into another field, in which that result either appears as accomplished or else is prevented by obstacles against which we still feel ourselves to press. As I now write I am in one of those *activity-situations*. I strive after words which I only half prefigure, but which, when they shall have come, must satisfactorily complete the nascent sense I had of what I ought to be. The words are to run out of my pen, which I find my hand actuates so obediently to my desire that I am hardly conscious either of resistance or of effort. Some of the words come wrong, and then I do feel a resistance, not muscular, but mental, which instigates a new instalment of my activity, accompanied by more or less feeling of exertion." (Pages 210, 211.) What James here attempts is to cut away the ground from Hume's feet, while the latter argues for skepticism, because of his declaration that his experience tells himself nothing of any causality to establish a real bond between outer events as they proceed in their customary way or between our mental plans and their execution. James interrogates

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<sup>4</sup> "Some Problems of Philosophy," p. 200.



one of his own *activity-situations* and reports against Hume: "I find there causation." Hume's discourse on the point is as usual a heap of confusion, irrelevance and inconsequent conclusions, as must be the case when reason is bent on upsetting reason. He avers he has "no impression and so nothing to suggest the idea of power" and can only "feel a customary connection between ideas," along with "the sentiment of a nusus or endeavor;" and thereupon he transfers these subjective feelings or sentiments of inward endeavor to external objects, giving them a fictitious connection of causal interaction. Hume would have been the first to admit that what in theory he so airily propounded would in practice make him ridiculous as regards the interpretation of events as they went on in the universe around him. He is frivolous in his discussion, and he seems to take perverse delight in putting himself into untenable positions and then pointing out the absurdities of the situation. Meantime he enjoyed life. "As an agent," he protested, "I am no skeptic," and so as a pragmatist James wishes him to give up even his theory about the inability of a pluralistic universe to make its several parts interact. It works well to believe in that interaction, and therefore it is pragmatically proved.

We may well give further illustration of the subject by the use made of the disjunctive words "not this, but that." Of course, no one would suppose the exclusion here to be always meant absolutely: often there is but a relative condition declared, or one of preference, one of priority in importance, and so forth. Thus stands the matter repeatedly in Holy Scripture, as when Christ says, "I am not sent but to the tribe of Israel," "I do not My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me," "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting," "Moses gave you not bread from heaven, but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." Similarly when a father of the Church, urging virtue for the highest supernatural motives, says, "*nequequam ob hujus mundi honestatem*," he is not wholly exclusive. Again in the prayer of pure love for God, "*O Deus ego amo te*," the repudiation of the lower but good motives is not a simple rejection. A man going to Rome on a pious pilgrimage and also with a business purpose, each of these motives being enough to take him there, could in a certain sense exclaim: "I go not for the worldly interest." Extremists who make much of the "altogetherness of all things" are apt to maintain that never can we find such a complete application of the German disjunction, "*Entweder dies oder das*," that the settlement is definitely not the one, but the other. To justify the usages just instanced we need not go so far as that.

Next we may illustrate by a few clear examples how easily

an error may be committed in taking for a sharp, decisive cut of the razor the disjunctive proposition which ought to effect no complete severance. To start with Ethics: it may be said to be not an art, but a science: not to give rules for conduct, but to explain the nature of good and evil: to insist not on the thing done, but on its spirit or intention: not on the reasons, but on the emotions; not on the act, but on the personal agent: to aim at final beatitude, not as happiness, but as excellence: not as a subjective state of personal salvation, but as honor done to God, the Supreme Object, to be possessed in knowledge and love and glorification. Next as regards religion, we must carefully interpret the saying that the Absolute Being is not a substance, but a Subject: that God is known not from outer evidence, but from inner voices and from inner vision, not as a conclusion of the understanding, but as a revelation of the heart; religious worship is not sacrifice, but mercy and good deeds. Take again philosophy and its positive propositions that objects are in the mind and not outside: that consciousness of being concerns a subjective state, not an objective fact, and that we know things as they appear, not as they are. In certain contexts orthodox writers might use such forms of expression for which readers need to be cautious in their outlook. The above example will be enough to convince us that in vain shall we try to abolish all disjunctions except such as are absolutely exclusive in their severance of side from side: and that therefore our only safety is to keep alert that we may examine how far what verbally is a dichotomy is also so in point of meaning and fact. Human language is an imperfect instrument, and while its fluidity or compenetration of ideas is on one side a defect, on another side it is a gain by keeping our thoughts from an unreal and mischievous atomism which is fatal to organism. It is very noticeable that Holy Scripture has been given to us with a very fluid style of language, quite in contrast to that of rigorous definitions. When St. Paul argues that virginity turns interests upon God and married life turns them upon pleasing husbands, he never wanted to say that virgins have naturally no attention for the world and wives no care except for their husbands. Even if he had said, what he does not say, that wives seek to please husbands, but not God—both sides of which statement are largely unverified in practice—still we should have read his words just for the qualifiable truth they convey in the Apostle's fluid language.

It frightens some people who love the interrelatedness of all thoughts and their quasi-communistic life in the unity of the one apperceptive centre, even to imagine rigid boundaries suddenly established, so that each idea is a thing in itself and for itself,

with a castle for its home, barred against all alien invaders. Unlimited indulgence in the abhorrence of hospitality between competing ideas would indeed be terrible. Terrible on the other side would be the rejection of rigid definitions so as to get rid, for instance, even of that most critical of all dualisms, the difference of good and evil. Various devices have been used to get rid of this dualism in its seeming eternity of opposition. As to the actual fact of moral evil being eternally perpetuated in lost souls or spirits standing over against the saved, we can have certainty of it only from revelation. But apart from this mystery we have infinite temporal experience, proof that good and evil do meet in opposition, and that even if there were an ultimate extinction of the latter, it would leave the actuality of its passing existence at least undeniable.

What has been suggested as to uses and abuses of Ockham's razor touches questions not in themselves important. We have to divide in order to rule. We may make out divisions well or ill with important results upon our characters in a region where it is of vital moment to us that we should come out masters of our situations.

A peculiar difficulty in the use of Ockham's razor is noticeable as regards certain ultimate ideas about reality where it is hard to say what the philosophical convention is, or what it can possibly be. It is easier in mathematics definitely to disregard very small quantities, or to neglect the breadth of a surface while only the length is considered. But when we come to deal with abstract Being it is disputable how far we can leave out reference to existence on the one side and on the other side reference to the something which has to be conceived in order to furnish that which may exist or is an existible. On this point authors easily disagree, because they have not come to a mutual understanding of each other's position. One case will illustrate their cross purposes. It is useless to ask which is the first idea historically in the mind of a growing child. As regards the idea of Being, the philosopher who abstracts it does so in mature life with difficulty and often with an abiding perplexity as to what exactly he has done. A controversy in the *Revue Néo-Scholastique* of February, 1913, illustrates the confusion in a controversy. One author speaks from the view of the concrete setting of this abstract idea Being and dwells on its suggestions. Consequently he is not limited, as it were, to a single speck in his mental field, and into it he introduces volitional elements. He says, for example: "En cette distention intérieure de notre idée, en cette expérience intrinsèque, en ce besoin que la travaille de quelque chose qui n'est pas elle, je vois la note caractéristique de la catégorie de chose (res). On peut dans la dualité palpitant qui caractérise la première appréhension,

retrouver la trace distincte des deux amours qui entraînent l'âme." Here we see a writer who chooses not to make so exclusive an abstraction as to confine all his discourse to its single point, which is Being, and what in it is explicit, with the refusal to consider what is implicit, even though it clamors for explicitness. The critic of the first writer takes an opposite policy; he will make his abstraction and keep to it rigidly in its intellectual aspect, with sturdy refusal to allow any notice of the volitional aspect, though it is constantly in his consciousness. *Stat pro ratione voluntas*. This determination is patent in his words: "Il me semble que Monsieur R. transfirm indûment les conditions de notre être et de notre action en conditions connues nécessaires à notre pensée. De même, il exprime en termes moraux et volontaires les tendances de notre esprit. Or il nous semble qu'elles doivent se traduire en termes tout intellectuels car elles revèlent simplement la nature de l'esprit, fait pour connaître l'être ou la tendance d'une faculté au bien." Thus the second writer takes up a more thoroughgoing attitude of abstraction than does his opponent: and therein he represents a school of the more stringent type, which will grant no relaxation will not serve. Certain scotists, however, even here stand to their analogical concept. For that purpose the narrowest abstraction fwill not serve. Certain sectists, however, even here stand to their position, and refusing to relax their strain, deny the need of this single exception to the simplicity of the concept Being, when they will use Ockham's razor to the utmost of its acuteness in severing the finest points.

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## CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE.

### MAN'S NEED OF GOD.

**I**F there is an impression on my mind which I may regard as stronger than any other, it is a deep and immovable conviction that the Catholic Religion is the one great power in this world which has stability and permanence and which can make life worth living.

And in saying this I am not merely speaking from the standpoint of the convinced Catholic who believes in the divine origin of the Church, but from that of the student of human nature and character and of non-Catholic institutions and systems in many lands. It is a conviction, in fact, which would, I think, have been forced upon me by reflection and observation even if the happiness of embracing the Catholic Faith had never been mine. I find it

difficult to understand how any man who has thought matters out, and who will not allow his judgment to be affected by side-issues, can escape a similar conviction. I have a suspicion sometimes that the better minds everywhere are beginning vaguely to realize the fact, and that this may in some measure account for the commanding position which the Catholic Church is increasingly occupying in human thought.

I will briefly state upon what facts and principles I believe my own deep conviction to have been formed.

I am, in the first place, wholly convinced that every man of rightly-adjusted mind knows that God exists and that he has need of Him. Philosophy and speculation and science are one thing; moral conviction is quite another. The first may and do sometimes become intellectual playthings. The latter is a stern reality and cannot safely be played with. It cannot be ignored or escaped without throwing the entire mental and moral constitution out of gear. The man who is trying to play tricks with this fundamental conviction created by the most simple processes of thought is a restless and dissatisfied man wherever you may meet him. He takes a crooked and perverted view of life, and that view has a pessimistic coloring. Occasionally, it is true, one meets the man who affects a jaunty kind of optimism, a half-hearted sort of admiration for things as they are, and who loudly denounces the folly of inquiring into the whence and the whither at all; but he is generally very conscious that it is but the clinging of a drowning man to a straw—that his philosophy is bound to fail him sooner or later. There is one characteristic, however, which always and everywhere distinguishes these types of men, whether you meet them in ordinary social life, on a long sea voyage or on a railway journey. They will take the first opportunity of introducing the subject of religion. And if they find you responsive and giving evidence that you, too, are interested and have thought about the matter, they will talk about it exhaustively and incessantly. But the eagerness displayed is suspicious, for it is mostly wholly out of proportion to what one would suppose to be the needs of the case. I have so often, in the course of my extensive travels, both by sea and land, observed this strange phenomenon and have reflected deeply upon it. I have asked myself: why this keen interest in religion when so many and such urgent mundane matters are engaging the attention? Why discussion of a subject so emphatically declared to be settled and on which all rational men are supposed to be agreed? There is, I am convinced, but one true answer to this question. The mind, disloyal to its deepest conviction, is really miserable and ill at ease. It is not quite sure of the

tenableness of its philosophy. Somehow life, in the light of that philosophy, bears a depressing and gloomy aspect. Daily recurring convictions have to be faced and repressed. And, as a consequence, the oppressed mind seeks to communicate itself. It craves for fellowship. It looks for confirmation of its adopted philosophy; for assurance that it is really sound and tenable and—safe.

The mind has somehow become vaguely and partially convinced; but there is the conscience to be reckoned with. And somehow it refuses to be comforted. It will not leave the mind alone. It will incessantly clamor for new arguments that may go to assure it and that may bring peace and satisfaction. It is irritated when it finds that the arguments advanced do not impress another's mind—that there is another and very different aspect of the matter.

I have spoken to many priests and clergymen on this subject and in many lands, and those of them who have seen the world and who know life have invariably confirmed the correctness of my impressions. In America especially, where men are so much less reserved than they are in our European countries, a man, wearing a clerical collar, is almost always a marked man. He may go out of his way to seek retirement—sometimes in the remotest and most hidden part of a smoking room; fellow-travelers will spy him out; they will take a seat near him; they will draw him into conversation and after a very little while that conversation will turn on religion—on the subject of God, the human soul and the aim and purpose of human life.

It is, to my mind, from these simple facts and occurrences in life that we learn better and truer lessons than we are ever likely to learn from books. They show us what man really is—not what he is supposed or assumed to be by some scientists and philosophers, who study him in theory or who are bent upon fitting him into some preconceived system.

Man knows, through the simplest and most ordinary processes of thought, that God exists and that he cannot escape Him. He knows that he stands in some kind of personal relation to Him and that no human agency could have created in his mind convictions and impressions which no single hostile influence in life is sufficient to extinguish and to efface.

And he further knows that he needs God. He has the vaguely-realized conviction that this consciousness is capable of the most far-reaching development, of the most extraordinary possibilities and that it is really in this development that the true end and purpose of life are to be found. He knows that its repression means a stunted and mutilated life, an existence without aim and meaning and a constant sense of soul-weariness and disappointment.

I am profoundly convinced that this is a correct view of the matter and that no scientific assertion or philosophic assumption can touch this deep consciousness of the soul that God, the personal Creator and life-giver, exists and that man, in every condition of life and degree of culture and development, has need of Him. Where would religion be to-day if this were not so, if the fleshly cravings of men, if worldly achievements and distinctions could wholly efface and destroy it?

"A conception of God," says Professor Max Müller,<sup>1</sup> "a feeling of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a divine government of the world, the distinction between good and evil and the hope of a better life—these are some of the fundamental elements of all religions. Even though submerged for a time, they again and again rise to the surface. Even though frequently distorted, they again and again strive after a more perfect development. Had they not been original attributes of the human soul, religion would have remained an impossibility and the tongues of angels would have been for human ears but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Now, it is certain that the Catholic Church alone teaches the existence of a personal God, and of man's personal relation to Him, with uncompromising and unerring distinctness and certainty.

I do not mean by this that other systems of Christian or even non-Christian thought do not profess the same belief. But experience is constantly proving that in these systems modifications of this teaching are both possible and permissible. There is with them no fixity or finality—no clear and universal recognition that the truth is an elementary and fundamental one, respecting which there can be no possible doubt. Pantheistic, monistic and even spiritistic conceptions and speculations are avowedly or tentatively entertained and admitted and are allowed to veil or overshadow the fundamental truth. We have, in this sphere, the development of new theologies, new modes of conceiving of the nature of God and of His relation to the world, and these theologies and conceptions are often claimed to be higher standpoints, departures from what is boldly pronounced to represent primitive and anthropomorphic notions of things.

And since there is, in these systems, no dogmatic authority, no living voice distinguishing truth from error and binding the conscience, the most grotesque conceptions and theories are possible and conceivable, and it is difficult to say what form the teaching respecting God and His relation to the world may not assume in the future.

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<sup>1</sup> "Religion and Life."

But the effect of this upon the human mind is not what is so often claimed for it, i. e., a higher kind of mental and moral development, but it is doubt, uncertainty and moral instability. It is reserve and paralyzes in the sphere of the distinctly spiritual life. The doubting soul waits for further light and disclosures, and meanwhile stifles its fundamental convictions and its needs. But a definitely spiritual development is incompatible with fundamental doubt. A sensible man does not surrender the joys of life, its successes and achievements to some deity, respecting which he cannot form a clear and intelligent conception, which may know and care little about him, and which may in the end turn out to be some possibly unconscious world-force. I ask my readers to look at the reviews of some of our modern theological and philosophical works for a confirmation of what I am saying. It is clear that in this sphere anything and everything is possible outside the Catholic Church.

But since, as I maintain, the conviction of the existence of a personal God and of a personal need of Him is natural and fundamental with man, and since man cannot successfully and profitably and for any great length of time escape and efface this conviction, that institution is ultimately bound to secure his allegiance which most clearly and emphatically teaches and proclaims this truth and which allows respecting it no kind of hesitation or compromise or modification.

It is to the Catholic Church and to her fixed and unhesitating teaching that both the normal man and the man who after many excursions into the fields of error has become true to himself must ultimately turn.

#### THE NECESSITY OF REVELATION.

When a thoughtful man has arrived at a clear and immovable conviction that a personal God exists and that there is purpose and direction behind the visible universe and the affairs of men, and when he has mentally and morally embraced and assented to this truth, he immediately experiences the need of further light and of a further disclosure. This sense of need would seem to be produced by an almost automatic action of the mind and the heart. There is, strictly speaking, no escape from it. The various systems of religion, seeking in a variety of ways to explain God and His relation to the world, are manifestly the outcome of this sense. And if the religious history of the past teaches us anything at all, it surely teaches us that such systems will continue to arise wherever a true and authoritative and credible disclosure is not clearly recognized and accepted. It is here, too, where experience and a look into the actual life of the world and into the minds of men teach



us so many true and valuable lessons. There is something in which tells us that, since we are as we are, it is simply inconceivable that the God who called us into being should have left matters where we find them and should have been content to let us stumble through the darkness into the darkness without giving us a definite clue as to the purpose and meaning of it all. The very thought of the existence and governance of God implies the thought of revelation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that by the very laws which govern our moral life we have a kind of right to such a revelation. We cannot possibly get on without it. We must know, in some degree at least, whence we come, why we are here, why we are made to suffer and endure, and, after a time, to pass away, and what becomes of our conscious selves when we have passed away.

These things have, I know, been said a thousand times in a thousand books on religion and theology, and their truth is admitted by the great multitude in the sense that it is not denied. But few seem to realize that they are really life-truths, which we cannot escape whatever our attitude may be towards theology and whatever direction the educational influences of our life may have led us. It is a self-evident and undeniable truth that man, who is fully conscious of his moral necessities, is also conscious that he needs light—authoritative and therefore satisfying information on matters of the deepest import; information which the fullest exercise of his reason and intellect will not yield.

Now, it seems to me that when we turn our backs on all controversies and complications and come down to simple and palpable facts, there are two elements which a divine disclosure must necessarily possess. They are authority and certainty. Without either of them it could not be a revelation in any intelligible or tangible sense. We must be quite sure that God is the Revealer and we must be equally sure what that is which He has revealed. I fail to see how a revelation could establish its claims, how it could maintain itself, how it could demand our allegiance unless these two elements be present. Without the first there would be constant doubt and hesitation and the admixture of human and erroneous notions; without the second there would be moral inactivity and soul-paralysis—ultimate denial and rejection. In both cases the declared revelation would, in its practical issues, cease to be a revelation.

We would be as wise, or rather as ignorant, as we were before, and we would but be driven to commence our speculations and investigations afresh.

Such an authoritative and certain revelation would, of course, bring

the intellect and the conscience in a certain sense. Their speculative activities would cease. They would be brought into obedience. This indeed would be the very aim and purpose of such a revelation.

But it would bring peace and stability of life. It would give tone to the moral nature. It would explain and satisfy its longings and aspirations. It would provide a fixed basis, upon which a true spiritual life could be constructed and on the grounds of which life's true purpose could be fulfilled. It would afford some sort of rational explanation of the perplexing mysteries of our being.

It is difficult to see how any form of religion, in any sense claiming to be a revelation, but lacking the elements of authority and certainty, could accomplish these things or could be expected to accomplish them—how it could permanently command the allegiance of rational men. Disclosure from without of a truth not ascertainable by the mind from within naturally binds the mind and limits its operations and limits it in the direction in which it is constantly clamoring to be limited. Such limitation clearly cannot be regarded as a bondage of the mind. It is really its freedom and illumination, since it sets it free from its own vagaries and imaginations and enables it to exercise itself in the right direction. In this sense freedom of thought and acceptance of revelation cannot surely go together. They must always of necessity exclude one another. What foolish things have not and are not being said on this subject by non-Catholics! What confusion of ideas has not been introduced into the world by those concerned with the defense of the error of ages! How many earnest and suffering souls are not to-day, by reason of this error, wandering in the maze of doubt and speculation and controversy—seeking rest and finding none. And yet this truth is so simple, so self-evident that the merest child should be able to apprehend it and does apprehend it so long as the mind is left to its normal and natural operations. I have met and am constantly meeting intelligent men and women of exalted mind and character, capable of high spiritual effort and of noble endeavor and whose whole nature seems to be craving for the full light of Christian and Catholic truth. Their moral energies are stunted and wasted and their hearts remain desolate simply because they fail to recognize this most simple and fundamental principle. A misdirected religious education has given their minds a false bias. They are daily, perhaps, bringing those minds into bondage to some scientific truth, but, by some extraordinary and wholly illogical process of reasoning, they fly from the very thought of bringing them into bondage to great spiritual truths. They cannot or will not see that that bondage is in reality the very highest form of freedom. Great

souls, in every country, are laboring under this fatal error and misconception, and are sad and peaceless, and, as a consequence missing all the real and true and abiding joys of life. Would that we could help them, that we could speak the magic word that could set the paralyzed soul free and that we could lead them into the captivity for which the whole of our complex nature clamors and outside of which human life must evermore remain an unendurable bondage. In any case, some of the purest and noblest men that have ever trodden this sinful earth seem to have rejoiced and gloried in their condition of captivity. They have traced to it their soul's purest joys and achievements. They have thanked God on their knees daily and to the very end of their lives, that His grace prevailed with them and that they were led to make that one great and splendid act of mental and moral surrender.

And there is evidence, thank God! on every hand that the error of the ages which has kept the human soul in bondage for so many centuries is passing away. The plausible arguments of the enemies of the Catholic faith are beginning to fall upon deaf ears. Men and women everywhere are increasingly distrusting teachers and systems which exhibit such dire confusion and contradictions, and whose revelations are so plainly seen to be the result of their own vague and undisciplined imaginings. Sensible men are tired to death of religious controversy and of the cry of peace from quarters where there never was and never can be any peace. They are beginning to think for themselves, to pray more and to become increasingly conscious of the prayers of others which are everywhere in the world being offered for them. As a consequence, the Church is steadily gaining, if not always acknowledged and admitted adherents, yet gaining the sympathy and interest of single-minded men and women, who have sought in vain to satisfy and still the cravings of their souls, and who are slowly and in spite of a thousand difficulties growing in conviction that there is only one institution and one creed which can effectually and permanently satisfy them.

Of one thing we Catholics, who watch the movement of human thought and who are psychologists enough to rightly understand and interpret human needs, may be absolutely sure. It is to the Catholic Church that all souls, prepared to be true to themselves, are bound ultimately to turn. It is in her alone that the real end of controversy is reached. It is in her bosom that the storm-tossed human heart can find security and refuge from the tempest of life. It is but necessary that one simple truth should be better known and understood, that one great but fatal error should be corrected. It is but necessary that by one movement of grace the demon of human

pride should be banished and the heart be led to make the one simple but uncompromising and all-including act of surrender.

It is not so much, then, because I am able to adduce what I believe to be the best and most convincing arguments in favor of the truth of the doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church, but because I think that I know something of human life and of the needs of the human soul that I am an optimist respecting the Church and that I am persuaded that all true hearts are bound ultimately to come back to her.

A personal incident illustrating how simple the methods of the Catholic Church are and by what means submission of the mind is often secured may not be out of place here.

It is now a good many years since I was passing through those conflicts of mind to which I have briefly alluded here. I had long entertained doubts respecting the tenableness of the Anglican position. I could not get away from the thought that when all was said and done a revelation could not possibly leave everything in doubt and dispute and that the Holy Ghost could not teach different men different and mutually contradictory things. I had read ceaselessly on both sides of the great controversy and had, in the end, hopelessly fogged and perplexed my mind. Yet there were, according to the opinion of Catholic friends, unmistakable movements of grace, and it seemed desirable that some decision should be made. I was advised to see the late Cardinal Vaughan, and I had written to ask the favor of an interview. I shall not easily forget what passed at that interview. The day and its incidents are clearly and permanently impressed on my memory. I can to-day see the Cardinal at the old house, sitting in a large, chilly room, with a big cloak thrown over his shoulders.

He invited me briefly to explain my difficulty and my then state of mind. I explained as best I could, indicating the lines along which my mind had traveled. I had primed myself for this interview, had got my arguments pro and con at my fingers' ends, and was expecting what I might call a controversial battle royal. It never occurred to me that the whole difficulty really lay on the moral and not on the intellectual side. I was seeking to invade the sanctuary of spiritual truth by the conclusions of the intellect. Pride of life and of mind were barring the way. The only thing that could really be said in my favor and that practically saved the situation was the circumstance that I was desperately in earnest.

The Cardinal's tactics were admirable, and, I am thoroughly persuaded, were inspired of God. He did the very best thing he possibly could do for me, as I see very clearly to-day. And in what he said there spoke his strong and true and yet simple faith and

the equally simple and sweet disposition of his nature. He said to me: "The matter is far simpler than you suppose. You are very much in earnest; but it is your method which is at fault. Let me ask you these simple questions: 'Are you entirely and intelligently convinced that God has revealed Himself to men and that the incarnation of Jesus Christ is that revelation, demanding man's uncompromising acceptance and submission?'" I replied: "I am entirely convinced of it."

"Are you fully and intelligently convinced that this divine revelation is embodied in the Catholic Church and that she and she alone is the authorized expounder and guardian of the truth?"

A moment's reflection led me to reply unhesitatingly: "I find it impossible, in spite of a hundred difficulties, to evade this conclusion."

I shall never forget the kindly smile which lighted up the Cardinal's face at these words. He said quickly and gently, but nevertheless very firmly: "Then, my dear friend, there is but one thing for you to do. You must unhesitatingly submit to that Church; you must receive baptism and make your confession and turn your back upon what, on your own admission, is not the truth." It was a very simple, but nevertheless a remarkably logical statement. I could not honestly controvert it, and a fortnight later the old Cardinal heard my general confession and received me into the Church. The first was not a pleasant experience, for he did not let me off easily. The process through which he put me was a very thorough one. But I enjoyed his friendship for the remaining years of his life, and since his death I have prayed much for him. I see now and have seen for sixteen years that he rendered me the best and kindest service any person in this world has ever rendered me. May eternal rest be his!

I am persuaded that had I become a priest it is this simple argument that I should present to inquirers. The rest would seem to follow as a matter of course.

#### THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

The root sin of our human nature clearly is pride. It is the father and generator of all other sins and vices. All that is wrong in our moral and social life can ultimately be traced back to this source. The entire history of our race is a living record of what this one all-dominating passion can accomplish in the world and in human nature. It has retarded and even paralyzed the true and legitimate development of nations. It has sent fire and sword upon the earth and trampled under foot the best and holiest affections and inspirations. It has forged the most cunning weapons

and devices of desolation and destruction. It has sapped the holiest bonds which bind the human family together and with which all true individual and collective advancement is most intimately bound up. It separates father from child and brother from sister. It keeps to-day civilized nations, who have no other quarrel than that they happen to be born on different sides of a river, armed to the teeth. It keeps millions of toiling and struggling and helpless men and women, yea, and children, in a state of unspeakable bondage and misery. It has nailed and is daily nailing Christ to the Cross and is creating a gulf between man and his Creator which would seem to deepen and widen as the ages pass.

The pride of life! How well the Apostle sums up the various manifestations of our human infirmity in this one striking expression! We find it difficult, perhaps, to explain and define this expression in its fuller sense. But we all know what the Apostle means. We all recognize the spectre to which he points.

When we come to look more closely at this demon possessing man and destroying his happiness, we are faced by one great and fundamental difficulty. How did he ever get there? What is there in man when all is said and done that he has valid cause to be proud of?

In his physical aspect he is the most helpless and utterly dependent of all the animals created. His development is slow and proceeds under difficulties. Longer than any other living being he stands in need of others—of their constant watchful care and protection. For long years he is utterly incapable of securing for himself food and clothes and shelter. His peculiar bodily organization exposes him daily and hourly to a thousand dangers, any one of which may at any moment destroy him and terminate his life. He lies a helpless being in the lap of that nature of whose laws he remains largely ignorant and whose workings he cannot in any sense control. In the end he sinks into the grave a victim to these very laws. And what is true of his body is surely equally true respecting his mental nature and his soul. There are in that nature, most certainly, splendid endowments and possibilities. But they are all latent and undeveloped and they are strangely limited. He cannot make use of any one of them without his own constant and diligent effort and coöperation. They are, moreover, capable of development in two diametrically opposite directions.

For the most necessary and elementary information respecting life and the world he is dependent upon his fellows. Painfully and laboriously, and after many a grievous and humiliating fall, he has to creep up the steep hill of knowledge. He has again and again to reverse his steps, and frequently his life is spent ere he

reaches the top. And even when he has reached that top he compelled to acknowledge that what he found there was disappointing and was really not worth the effort.

Of the real ultimate meaning of life his natural faculties tell him but little. There are vague impressions and certain necessary inferences, there are soul-experiences and soul-longings, but there is no certainty, no security, nothing at all, in the natural order of things, of which there is the slightest cause to be proud. On the contrary, there is everything within and around him calculated to humiliate him and to create in him a consciousness of utter dependence and helplessness.

And yet man is proud. He lifts up his head and says: "I will not serve." He seeks by every conceivable device and artifice to escape the acknowledgment of his helplessness and dependence and of his need of aid.

My present purpose is not to inquire into the cause of this strange anomaly. Its one true explanation, of course, is the fall, in whatever light we may regard it, and however fierce the intellectual war-dance may be which science is performing round this truth. It will have to come back to it in the end. I am not here concerned with cause but with effect, and whatever serious reflections the cause may awaken in one's mind, the effect is apt to present itself to one sometimes in a comical light—it amuses one.

And has one not really a right to be amused when one looks into this modern world and watches and analyzes its life? It is to my mind, from an observation of that life, in its varied manifestations, that one gets far better and more accurate ideas of what human pride is and what it does than one gets from the classbook of theology.

Who has not watched and been amused at the woman who carries herself proudly, for the sole reason that she has a well-formed face and figure, with the making of which she has had nothing whatever to do, and who carries a fortune in clothes on her back? Her head may be quite empty and her life may be that of a butterfly; she may never have spent one single hour of it in some sensible and useful occupation; but she is proud! Every movement of her form betrays the sentiment which controls her.

Who has not observed the modern philosopher who professes to enlighten the world respecting its origin and destiny and who is bent on demolishing old and long-cherished convictions and beliefs? There is about him the air and atmosphere of an infinite assurance. He smiles the smile of "the one who knows" and who has discovered the hidden secrets of life—who could say much more if he dared and if he did not fear to shock his hearers. He

talks learnedly of molecules and atoms and electrons and attributes to them powers and possibilities which a Christian would not dare to attribute to any created thing. He draws deductions and builds up theories which are sometimes utterly absurd and unreasonable, and which a single application of common sense would destroy. But all is clothed in learned and unintelligible language, and consequently there is no possibility of contending against it. His name and achievements secure him against challenge and attack.<sup>2</sup>

And he is proud! Nature, of which he is a part and which has produced him (he does not in the least know how) lies at his feet. He has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, its hidden secrets. His dependence and helplessness, his utter ignorance of a thousand mysteries, the circumstance that he will ere long himself fall a victim to that same nature, and that he has by his method not got one single step nearer to the solution of the true mystery of life do not impress him. There is no call for humility. Where so much has been solved more is sure to be solved in the future, and there will come a time when the triumphant achievement of the intellect will make all plain and clear and the dark night of belief and superstition will vanish for ever.

I have often, in Continental seats of learning, watched and studied these men—these rebels against God and His kingdom, and I have asked myself: Assuming a God and a spiritual order, how is knowledge of them ever to reach them? How can spiritual forces prevail over such an attitude of mind? Where is the Spirit of God to find an entrance into a nature in which every single door and avenue is firmly double-locked and barred?

And I have come to the conclusion—the sad and painful conclusion—that so far as human judgment goes their case is hopeless. All possibilities have been destroyed by the pride of life and of intellect. It is not from them that we may hope and expect better things; we must look to those who come after them and after their time.

I remember, some years ago, attending the lectures of an eminent English psychologist, who then belonged to the materialistic school of thought. He is still living, and I cannot say to what school of thought he belongs now. His lectures were addressed to a fashionable and intelligent audience.

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<sup>2</sup> Fly those who, under pretext of explaining nature, sow desolating doctrines in the hearts of men. Overturning, destroying, trampling under foot all that men respect, they rob the afflicted of their last consolations in their misery; they take from the powerful and the rich the only curbs of their passions; they wrest from the depths of hearts remorse for crimes and hope of virtue, and yet boast that they are the benefactors of the human race. Truth, they protest, can never be harmful to men. I agree with them. And this, in my opinion, is a great proof that what they teach is not the truth.—J. J. Rousseau.



He explained the intimate connection between mind and matter the dependence of one upon the other. He showed from numerous examples how entirely mental states or men's deepest emotion and noblest sentiments are conditioned by the state and formation of brain cells and how these can be affected and modified by the introduction of physical and purely material agents. He built up a strangely convincing and plausible argument in favor of the non-existence of the soul. In his concluding words, he demolished all religious belief and showed that there was no rational ground whatever for assuming that there was such a thing as a soul and that any part of man survived the destruction of the physical brain. I remember the hush which pervaded the audience at these words and the dead silence with which they were received. I felt that many a poor suffering heart had that day received its deathblow. I have never forgotten those words and the arrogant pride with which they were uttered. I have often wondered how it was that not a single person present asked that man a few simple questions. For, of course, he could not and did not explain how matter had come to think at all, how physical organization can produce spiritual manifestations, how a hundred mysteries of the mental life could be explained on such a theory. Our most recent psychological knowledge and the study of abnormal physical phenomena have, of course, hopelessly demolished this theory, and no psychologist of repute holds it now. An instructed student of Catholic philosophy could have demolished it then. In the light of all this later knowledge one marvels at the arrogance of these men—at that confidence in and pride of intellect which shuts out an entire world of forces and operations from their dull and earth-bound sight.

But perhaps the most comical form of the pride of life may be studied in the person of the modern man of wealth. I have met many of them, and in some instances have had an opportunity of studying them at close quarters. With one I once had a long personal interview. It is astonishing to think what a state of mind possession creates. In contact with these men one seems to be up against some brass wall which will yield to no kind of assault and from which an entire world of teeming human hopes and ideals and aspirations is effectually and permanently shut out. There are exceptions, of course; but they are few. Speaking generally, the solemn words of our Lord are most true and applicable to them to-day: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Those of us who have seen much of very rich men echo sadly and despondingly: "How hardly!"

But what is the use of multiplying these illustrations in order the better to emphasize a great truth? We all know the fact; we

experience it in our daily life; hourly we suffer from it, even at the hands of our dearest friends. We are proud because of our birth, slightly superior perhaps to that of our friend; we are proud because of the man in an exalted position who may happen to take notice of us. We are proud because we are healthy and well-made, can walk well and eat and drink what we like. We are proud because we can pay what we owe, because we have never been in jail, have never been detected in a shady transaction. We are proud because we can put on decent clothes, in which we look well; because we are riding in a motor car, because we can afford our relations a better funeral than the man who lives opposite or next door.

The beast is always there, is always and on every slightest occasion raising its head, and the only difference between ourselves and the other man is that we have acquired the art of managing, or perhaps of concealing, our wild beast so much better than he.

#### HUMILITY AND REVELATION.

My reader will say: All this is quite true. I admit all you say. I am myself conscious of the pride of life. I regret it, but I cannot help it. It seems to me to be a part of my very constitution. But what has all this to do with religion, with the Catholic faith, with the present argument?

It has more to do with it than may appear at first sight and than we are apt to suspect. For the pride of life is the one impenetrable veil which hides from man the spiritual world and which shuts him out from the kingdom of God.

By the rebellious pride of life the first man fell away from God; by that same pride mankind has been falling away from Him ever since.

When a man is very ignorant of a matter on which he desires knowledge, he must first of all recognize and acknowledge his ignorance, and he must then put himself in the position of a learner. He must assume towards his teacher the right attitude of mind. It is not possible for him to learn anything under any other condition. The boy at school who thinks that he knows or who regards with contempt the teacher or his subject will never learn anything. It is not his failing to hear, but his mental attitude towards that which is heard or towards him who declares it, which shuts the knowledge out from his mind. His mental qualities may be excellent, but they avail him little if there be no sense of his ignorance and no desire to learn by the method by which alone information can come.

It is precisely so, and in an infinitely higher and truer degree, in

spiritual matters. And it seems strange that any one should fail to see that it is bound to be so. A revelation, we admit, has been given. It has been given by God to creatures who could not in any other way obtain the information for which they crave. It discloses the things of the spiritual order, of which man could not naturally have any knowledge, and respecting which he could not therefore be the judge or the critic. The only thing that he could do concerning it is to ascertain what its essential contents are and the actual truths which it discloses. But to understand these truths aright, to embrace and assimilate them, calls for an attitude of mind and of heart. It demands the tacit acknowledgment of ignorance and the desire to learn the truth on the condition on which it can be imparted. Any other attitude of mind of necessity excludes the truth from the mind, and if it be sought for in any other way, it is bound to be misconceived, so that the mind must inevitably fall into error. We are here face to face with the respective principles of the Protestant and the Catholic methods of thought. And it seems to me that these principles must be forever more irreconcilable.

The non-Catholic attitude of thought beyond doubt is that of pride; it is the attitude of the judge and the critic. All Protestant theology, it seems to me, bears witness to this. Truths, manifestly declared by Christ and firmly held and proclaimed by generations of men, are subjected to intellectual scrutiny and analysis. They are squared, so far as that is possible, with what are asserted to be the claims of reason. Where this cannot be readily accomplished, they are whittled down and emptied of their original meaning. And when seemingly insurmountable difficulties respecting them present themselves they are denied altogether.

The process of such thought thus becomes increasingly a destructive one, and the mind of necessity falls back into those errors and misconceptions from which the divine disclosure came to set it free.

It seems to me that it is only by a recognition of this fact that all the vagaries and contradictions and the hopeless muddle of non-Catholic theologies become intelligible. Their field of operations resembles the floor of a slaughter house with numerous fragments of an animal body lying about, but without any man knowing precisely what the animal looked like to which they originally belonged. This mental and moral attitude may be an unconscious one, due in many instances to early training and to a misdirection of the mind from the beginning; it may be dictated by a sense of conscientiousness and sincerity; but it is a false and mistaken attitude, nevertheless, and it can never lead the mind to an apprehension of the real truth and to certainty.

Now, what was the attitude of mind which Christ our Lord

demanding of His hearers in order to secure acceptance of the truths which He declared? It was surely the exactly opposite of the attitude described. Indeed, He incessantly and on every occasion warned against it. He insisted upon simplicity of mind and humility. "Unless ye become as little children." "Unless ye repent." "Blessed are the meek." The Apostles, too, emphasized this principle and made it the very essence of their teaching and preaching.

To the philosophers and thinkers of the first Christian age and to the arrogant letter-bound leaders of the Jews it was all folly and foolishness. They utterly failed to see how this contemptible attitude of mind and the extraordinarily humiliating teaching could be believed by reasonable men and be of any use to the world. To those in whom more accurate thinking and self-knowledge or the sufferings and troubles of life had created humility and a readiness to learn spiritual things, it proved "the power of God unto salvation." Accepted on the right and God-given conditions, it has since then proved the power of God to an entire world.

We have here, then, come down to the true root of the whole matter, and all is really quite simple and clear. We can understand and rightly interpret what is going on in the world to-day. And we can see why Rome and Lutheranism must forever more part company. We can see clearly why those men who have grasped these root principles are justified in believing that Rome must ultimately be the haven of refuge to all sincere and distressed souls and must triumph in the end.

For it is on this simple principle that the entire system of the Catholic Church works and by means of which it accomplishes its gigantic work in the world.

The Protestant theologian begins his work of research and inquiry with an open mind. He approaches the examination of revealed truth with proud confidence in the conclusions of his intellect, and he is determined to accept those conclusions whatever they may be. He may thus, at the end of his inquiry, see reason for accepting a primitive truth or for rejecting it; all depends upon the line of research he has pursued and upon individual preferences and inclinations. He may become an orthodox or a liberal believer; he may believe Christ to be divine or not.

The Catholic theologian, on the other hand, starts his inquiry with certain revealed truths firmly fixed in his mind and in his heart. They have come to him, not by reason of intellectual conclusion, but by reason of acceptance of an authoritative, divinely-guided Teacher. He has assented to them by faith—an attitude of soul conditioned by humility and teachableness and a clear recognition that the things of the spiritual order and the mysteries

of God can never depend for their acceptance upon purely intellectual conclusions. For him nothing that he is likely to discover in course of his studies can possibly affect or modify these truths so long as he continues humble and preserves a sense of the proper proportion of things. His researches may give him a deeper insight and understanding of these truths, even further modes and ways of conceiving them—they cannot possibly affect the truths themselves, since they were clearly recognized before the inquiry began and on wholly different grounds. And all the Catholic laity carefully instructed thus to regard the divine truth and the method of conceiving it. They are taught to practice the virtue of humility without which divine truth can neither be received nor persevered in. They are warned, and rightly so, of course, against the pride of the Protestant principle. And no exception is made in regard to social status, of learning and intellectual achievement, of distinctions gained in other spheres of human thought and learning.

The Cabinet Minister, the Indian Viceroy and the distinguished university professor, the practical lawyer and medical man, without exception have to walk along the same road and approach the Catholic truth by the same path. It is identical with that of the poor clerk, the unlettered domestic servant, the man who brushes our clothes and cleans our boots. It is by virtue of humility, of teachableness and by the grace and faith given in consequence of this attitude of heart and mind that they all come to know and understand divine things.

Here, then, is the essence and summary of my argument.

It is because I am profoundly convinced that the non-Catholic method of religious thought is a false one and is the attitude of pride and that the Catholic method or principle is the true one and the one which Christ our Lord most certainly disclosed and never ceased to insist upon, that I believe in the ultimate triumph of the Catholic Church and in her power of finally drawing the disillusioned souls of men to herself. They will have nowhere else to go when other attempts to find the truth have proved blind alleys.

There is an incident in my life which goes to illustrate what I have said here, and I feel that I must tell it to my readers.

A few years after my submission to the Church I found myself in Rome. I was anxious to confer with one of her learned men respecting a subject in which we were both equally and intensely interested. And, of course, I wanted to see the Pope—pay respects to him. I entertained a profound admiration for the great Leo. But the Pope was still an invalid after his operation, and audiences were being given. He had merely conversed with a few intimates on pressing matters. Friends, anxious to see the fulfillment

of my wishes, advised me to abandon my quest. But I wanted to see Leo, and he was very old and very feeble. And so I lingered in Rome, had my return ticket prolonged week after week and persevered with the Memorare.

Twenty-four hours before my intended departure Cardinal Vaughan arrived in Rome, and letters, one from the Vatican, another from myself, were handed to him on the same night. He was extremely fatigued and had not intended seeing the Holy Father so soon. But with that exquisite courtesy and kindness of heart which so strikingly distinguished him, he had at once communicated with the Vatican, and an audience had been arranged for the following morning. When I arrived at the English College early the next day I saw his carriage in the courtyard, and soon afterwards His Eminence hurriedly appeared, pale and tired-looking, but kindly and simple as ever. He invited me to take a seat in his carriage, and we drove to the Vatican. The Cardinal's heart was weak, and at the Vatican he made use of a lift recently constructed. There stepped into that lift a gentleman in Windsor uniform and a lady. I found them to be the late Lord Brampton (then just received into the Church) and his wife. He, too, had been communicated with, and, with his wife, was to see the Pope.

We traversed the many stately and well-known apartments of the Papal Palace, the soldiers saluting the Cardinal as we passed. In a room adjoining the Pope's cabinet we were told to wait while the Cardinal went in to pay his respects. It proved to be a somewhat lengthy interview, and Lord Brampton, in the most simple and unreserved manner, spoke to me of his recent conversion and of his present joy and happiness. I was naturally anxious to know by what processes the great lawyer and judge had reached his conclusions. I put a few cautious and tactful questions to him, to which he replied fully and readily, and what he told me was, briefly, this:

"I had long," he said, "been dissatisfied with myself and my religious position. I always felt that I would have to face the matter some day. But my arduous duties on the bench caused me to shelve it year after year. In the end I thought I would wait until my retirement, which was close at hand. I had, however, here and there read a good deal on both sides of the controversy.

"When I was free at last I went to see Cardinal Vaughan, whom I had often met at certain gatherings, and for whom I entertained profound respect. I talked matters over with him, and at the close of my interview I asked him to recommend to me some books which I might read with profit and which might help me. He thought for a little while, and then he said: 'Well, Lord Brampton, you

know what our Divine Lord said, "Unless you become as little children," etc.—you know the rest. I cannot, I think, do better than give you the penny catechism. It contains in essence all that we teach. Read it carefully and pray much.' I considered that answer a very good one," said Lord Brampton, "and I took the little volume home and studied it with care. I thought it an excellent and logical exposition of dogmatic teaching, admirably summarizing and explaining all that the Scriptures contain. Prayer and the grace of God accomplished the rest. And for that which was accomplished I thank God every day of my life."<sup>2</sup>

A moment later the Cardinal beckoned to us, and we went in to see the Pope. When Lord and Lady Brampton left the cabine they left it with streaming eyes.

I have been wondering how the superintendent of one of the Protestant State churches would have dealt with a man of similar standing and under similar conditions. It was clearly by the true Catholic path, the path of simplicity and humility, that this great and learned English judge entered the Church of Jesus Christ.

During my stay in Rome I found myself on Good Friday morning at the foot of the Santa Scala—the staircase down which the Redeemer is believed to have come on the way to His death.

Numerous pilgrims were devoutly ascending it on their knees, some of them very old and infirm. My good angel urged me to imitate this example and to perform this act of humiliation. Another voice was urging the contrary, speaking of folly and superstition, reminding me that there could not possibly be any certainty that it was the genuine staircase. Besides this, what good could there be in such a silly and humiliating act? What would my scientific friends say to it?

A young priest, standing near, whom I had never seen before in my life, seemed by some sort of intuition to discern the conflict going on within me. He came over to me and said very quietly "You had better go up. It will do you good on a day like this. I will humble your pride. And what matters it whether the staircas

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<sup>2</sup> There is another interesting story told me by Lord Brampton which may, I think, tell my readers. Lord Brampton, it may be remembered was over eighty years of age when he retired from the Bench and joined the Catholic Church. He saw very clearly what would happen if he did not announce these events in their proper order. His retirement therefore was made known first of all. The newspapers, especially *The Times* eulogized him, spoke of his brilliant achievements and his great intellectual powers—preserved clear and intact right into extreme old age. When all this had been emphatically stated there came the announcement of his conversion to Rome. It caused great astonishment, and a number of causes were assigned. "But they could not very well," slyly remarked Lord Brampton, "attribute it to falling intellectual power and senility."

be the genuine one or not? God sees your heart and your intentions, and the merit of the act remains the same."

I do not know to this day what made that young priest so suddenly clairvoyant. But I ascended that staircase on my knees. I came down it a humbler and, I think, a better man, and I have been sincerely glad of it ever since.

#### THE DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM.

There is another and very solid reason why I believe that the Catholic Church will ultimately draw the souls of men to herself.

The Protestant systems of thought are steadily decaying and disintegrating.

In saying this I do not by any means assert that there are not certain and perhaps even considerable numbers of persons in all the Protestant countries who attend church and who "hang on" to some semblance of dogmatic belief. There are such persons beyond doubt, and they are most largely found in the villages and country districts.

But from the mind of the educated Protestant world generally belief in anything approaching authoritative religion, demanding the obedience of head and of heart, has completely disappeared.

In cultivated circles in Germany the very thought or suggestion would provoke a smile. The State churches are looked upon as the fossil remains of a dead past, useful for the preservation of the appearance of things and, in a measure, necessary instruments to be employed for political and social purposes, but in all other respects as effete institutions which have long ceased to serve any useful end and which but tend to cumber the ground. I have lived long in Protestant Germany, and have come in touch with many different spheres of German social life; but I have never met a single German who does not grumble at the few shillings of Church tax which he has to pay in the year and who does not consider it wasted money.

A scarcely concealed contempt is the attitude of the German man of culture towards the Protestant pastor, who is only expected to enter his house when a baptism or a marriage ceremony has to be performed or when a member of the family dies.

In the latter case, I may say incidentally, he is expected to deliver a funeral oration, and in order to equip himself for the task, he appears the day before the ceremony to gather information which may enable him to sing the dead person's praises. It will be readily understood what grotesque performances these funeral orations sometimes are and what extraordinary things are asserted. In nine cases out of ten the speaker has never met or seen the



deceased person! I am persuaded that no educated German man or woman would to-day assert that the pastors of the German Protestant State churches are in any sense a spiritual force. They are scarcely a moral force, and they are certainly rapidly ceasing to be a social one. In the North German towns in which I have lived from time to time the people go to church on Good Friday and on New Year's Eve—some perhaps also on the day appointed by the State for public prayer and humiliation. And their demeanor on these days is really a very comical thing. They generally dress in black on these occasions, make diligent search for or borrow from a neighbor the long-discarded prayer book and observe on their way to church a melancholy silence and stateliness. Since the theatres and places of amusement are closed, at least on Good Friday and on the State-appointed day for humiliation, no relief can be sought in a little innocent subsequent gayety, and the rest of the day has to be spent in some other equally uncongenial fashion. Everybody is heartily glad when the unwelcome and distasteful business is over.

I have often, in order to gather true and accurate impressions, looked into some of the Protestant churches on Sundays, and I have marveled how men of education and self-respect can have the courage to enter a pulpit and address these microscopical congregations, and how he can for such services accept a substantial yearly income and a pension for himself and for his family after him.

With good reasons may the struggling and toiling masses look upon him as a cumberer of the ground, who has no part or lot with them, and who stands wholly outside their life-ideals and their life-interests. And it is, of course, a known thing in Germany that the clergy themselves are becoming increasingly conscious of the incongruity and moral untenableness of their position. They are as a body retiring and reserved and scarcely ever frequent any other social circles but their own. They make little or no attempt to influence and attract or impress the masses. Their activities are for the most part limited to the simple official duties prescribed for them by the State.

The universities are loudly lamenting the steadily decreasing number of students applying for admission to the Protestant faculties, and quite recently serious questions were asked on this subject in the public papers.

It is surely a striking and significant circumstance that the cause of this diminution was freely and universally ascribed to the confusion existing in religious thought by reason of the pronouncements of science and of critical Biblical research, and to the consequent loosening of any remaining hold which Protestant belief still had

over an age increasingly devoted to the pursuit of pleasure and gratification and to exclusively mundane pursuits. And all this in the very heart of Protestantism, in the very cities where Luther lived and labored and whence he propagated ideas which were to bring to the world a purer faith and a truer religion—where his religion has all the support and prestige which the State can impart and where the sharpest weapons for its defense are regarded as lawful and legitimate! Can a more complete and a more hopeless bankruptcy of a religious system be conceived?

The one remaining life-element in German Protestantism is, of course, the Catholic Church. It stands an ever-threatening spectre before the imagination of the Protestant mind. Fear of it and the need of energetic opposition to it constitute the one war-cry of the Protestant party and are the one note which calls the various parties and schools of thought together and causes them to present a really united front. The dread of Rome, the urgent necessity of preventing her encroachments, of keeping the people from becoming better acquainted with her teaching and her ideals form the substance of all Protestant controversial talk and literature. It is the one appeal which brings in the sinews of war and which can always count on a liberal response.

For in spite of ceaseless opposition and of numerous educational and social disqualifications, in spite of repression and poverty and abuse, Rome is steadily holding her own, is here and there securing desirable converts, is gaining the respect of honorable and unprejudiced men, and is presenting a spectacle to the world for which it is found increasingly difficult to discover an adequate explanation.

Her churches are filled, her pastors are loved and respected and obeyed, and adequately supported. Her people remain unmoved by the seething thoughts of the age. She continues to draw to herself and to command the love and devotion of the toiling and the poor. She is seen to be the only really living force which can stay the destructive and revolutionary forces which threaten modern society.

So great is the belief of the Catholic people in her supernatural power and in the life-giving forces of which she is the spender that in some districts old and young will traverse mountains and wade through feet of snow in order to hear Mass and to receive her sacraments. It is a standing miracle to the German Protestant that these things can be. He has tried all kinds of explanations, but they have all failed him one after another. He is constrained to admit that none of them quite accounts for the strange phenomenon.

One must realize what all this means in a country where abuse may be generously heaped upon the Catholic Church and religion,

but where not a word may be said in public against the Established Church; where any teacher in a public school may set forth the most grotesque caricatures of Catholic doctrine, but not a sound may be uttered calculated to discredit Protestant belief; where there exists no such thing as lectures and sermons and explanations for non-Catholics, and where a priest has to weigh every word he utters in public and even in private if he is not to expose himself to a reprimand or even suspense.

But a few months ago I met two ladies of aristocratic birth who had quite recently joined the Church, one after having for eight years vainly asked permission for this step of her husband. Both of them had to undergo the trying ordeal of first of all submitting their case to the local Protestant pastor and of listening to his exhortations and counsel. A priest could not receive them until this had been done. People in England talk sometimes of religious disabilities as regards Catholics, of difficulties standing in the way of the full and free exercise of religious belief. Such people have little idea of what the state of things is in other countries and what inestimable privileges they enjoy. There is no country in the wide world—and I have seen many of them—in which Catholics are so free and unhampered to-day as they are in England.

I have often been asked, in the course of my wanderings: what about the German Emperor; what is really his position in the matter? He is the head of the Protestant Church, yet he shows such signal and repeated favors to Catholics. Some of my friends have gone so far as to assert that they believe him to be a Catholic at heart. But, as a matter of fact, nothing can be further from the truth.

The Emperor, as all accurately informed Germans know, is a Protestant to the backbone. There is nothing mystical in his nature. Both he and his family are whole-heartedly devoted to and believe in the Lutheran tradition. Luther is their hero and their spiritual ideal. The one relative of the Emperor who has embraced the Catholic religion has been rigidly excluded from Court.

At the same time, the Emperor is vaguely conscious that, with all the building of churches and the devising of repressive measures, Protestantism is not a success. The religious anarchy prevailing in the German States, the steady growth of Socialism in his very capital of Berlin, where all his military glory is so constantly displayed; the alarming increase of crime and vice and of the craving for sensual indulgence and luxury of every kind, even in the army, are facts too obvious and palpable to be denied and ignored.

He is really a clever and far-seeing man and he recognizes the social danger. He discerns the gravity of the perils of the times. And he feels, of course, that religion, supernatural religion, is the one force which can control these turbulent elements and by which they can be effectually combated. And he can scarcely fail to perceive and to appreciate the solid phalanx presented by the Catholic Church, with its oneness of aim and ideals and its splendidly constructed constitution. It has manifestly successfully battled with and survived destructive forces and movements similar to those now at work in the world. As a statesman the Emperor sees clearly that it is really in this direction that he must look for aid and succor if religion is to be preserved in the land.

And can we doubt, strict soldier and disciplinarian that he is, that he secretly admires the splendid organization and discipline of the Church which compares with no other system in the whole world? What excellent purposes could it not be made to serve were he but its head and had he but the control and manipulation of it! As it is, he is wise enough to make it serve his ends as far as this is possible.

I am persuaded that I have thus presented the true facts of the case. My ideas are not based upon personal and possibly erroneous inferences and conclusions, but upon impressions which I have gathered from conversations with persons in various positions of official German life who may be supposed to be accurately informed and who were by no means themselves in sympathy with the conclusions to which they had been forced.

For however favorable the Emperor's personal attitude may be, it is certainly strongly resented and disapproved of by the people, whose attitude towards Rome is always and everywhere pronouncedly hostile.

I had a striking illustration of this quite recently in the course of a visit which I paid to a professor of history at one of the Protestant German universities, who had but a very short time before joined the Catholic Church.

It is difficult to convey to an English mind the amount of abuse which has been heaped upon this man. There is not a book shop in the town in which he lives in which inflammatory pamphlets, attributing to the professor every conceivable motive but the right one, were exposed for sale. It seemed as though all Protestant Germany had risen to its feet and had rushed to arms. The event itself and the publication of the mental processes which had produced it had clearly moved the Protestant conscience to its very foundation. The professor told me that pamphlets attempting to explain the extraordinary thing were daily being sent to him in

shoals, some of them strangely lacking in dignity and ordinary courtesy.

Fortunately he is a man who can look at the matter from a humorous point of view and who knows how all this is to be interpreted. He is financially and socially so situated that he can afford to shrug his shoulders at the absurd commotion which his conversion and the publication of his book have provoked. But one dreads to think what might have been the fate of a man in similar circumstances, not perhaps so favorably placed and for whom it might have meant the loss of bread and shelter for himself as well as for wife and child. Would he have had the courage of his convictions? Would he have stood firm? The professor himself does not altogether regret the religious disturbance. It is one means, he said—perhaps the only one here of making people think of greater matters and of directing their thoughts to the supernatural.

But behind all this bitterness and aggressiveness, of course, lies the consciousness of collapse and bankruptcy and failure. It would not be thinkable without it. So far as Germany is concerned, I am inclined to think that things must become much worse before they can be better. The existing Protestant institutions must be still further discredited and entirely go to pieces. It is not possible to patch up the old and tattered garment. It is too utterly useless and rotten.

And the people, educated and uneducated alike, must increasingly recognize the misery and degradation of a life without God and without religious and transcendental hopes and ideals. They must, in a still more hearty and friendly manner, shake hands with the devil. It is then and only then that the awakening will come. And when it does come, and they begin once more to ask for truth and certainty and for God, whither will they or can they go but to the Catholic Church?

#### MODERNISM.

The preceding considerations naturally lead one on to the subject of Modernism—that thought-movement of our day respecting which so much misconception is entertained and about which so many foolish things have been said and written. The most foolish things by far have been said and written in Protestant Germany. I was there when the Borromeo Encyclical appeared, during the Prince Max episode, and also quite recently when the storm raged over the modernist oath. The productions of the secular press on these respective occasions were past belief, and there was really far more cause for laughter than for weeping. One simply turned

from some of the leading articles on these subjects in amazement and asked oneself how these things could be. Could the minds of the writers be sound? Were they really writing in jest or were they in earnest? The most utter and hopeless confusion of ideas and forgetfulness of necessary principles—a bold and unblushing attempt to throw dust into the eyes of thinking men who have to-day all the historic facts of the Reformation and of the events which have occurred since that time and of the steadily increasing dogmatic chaos in the world before them! The question really is: Can human folly and perverseness go further?

Here are the rulers in State and Church in the various Protestant countries crying out that all the foundations are out of course, since religious anarchy, doubt and indifference are reigning in every land and are threatening the destruction of the existing order and the subversion of those Christian principles which have created them and upon which the well-being of both family and State are declared to rest. Every thinking person in every land is convinced that unless some saving event or catastrophe occurs nothing can rescue some nations from that social revolution which will sweep everything before it and which may sweep those nations themselves away. Some have quite made up their minds that a great European war is the only thing that can avert the inevitable clash of ideas and of forces. The disappearance of all true authority in the religious and moral life is universally and instinctively felt to be the true cause of all the trouble. Nobody exactly knows how some such authority is to be created and to be reintroduced into human life. And here is the one organization in the world which possesses that authority, which has all the machinery necessary for practically employing and enforcing it and which has the experience of centuries at her command, resisted and ridiculed and assaulted because it steadily refuses to become an additional element in this chaos and to disown and abrogate that authority!

It is no mere employment of a conventional phrase of speech when I say that the devil, blinding the eyes of men and leading the world to its destruction, can alone be held responsible for this attitude of mind; nothing else can adequately explain it.

What one has a right to expect, at least of rational men who are clear-sighted enough to recognize the strength of the turbulent forces which are at work, is that they should follow the German Emperor and, like him, do all in their power to sustain and uphold that organization which has withstood the tempests of ages and which can alone command the moral waves and the social storm. Have those men, I wonder, ever asked themselves: what would happen if this great organization, too, disappeared; if the Catholic

Church yielded her principles and made a compromise with modern society or modern thought; if she trampled her spiritual possessions under foot and threw her holy things to the dogs? Would not these very men, who are now so assiduously working at her overthrow, be the very first to accuse her of moral cowardice and of inconsistency and unfaithfulness?

There can be no doubt that it is nothing but bitter jealousy of the simple, consistent and majestic grandeur of the Church, in the midst of decaying human institutions, that dictates the diabolic hatred which is being entertained against her.

The world to-day cares far too little about dogma and dogmatic differences and has reached far too pronounced a state of religious indifference to hate her by reason of her dogmatic rigidity. In every Protestant State the laws against any possible increase of Roman ascendancy and influence are of far too strict a character to justify a serious fear on this account. What else, therefore, could be the cause of this exceeding and utterly disproportionate bitterness?

It is, it seems to me, because of her unwavering enunciation and defense of great spiritual truths and laws, because of her stern and steady refusal to yield one tittle of her divine rights and privileges and to compromise with her enemy because of her persistent and unflinching declaration that human science is often at fault and that there rests upon the human soul, in its passage through this life, an eternal and never-ceasing responsibility, seriously affecting its condition and state in the other life—it is for these and these things alone that she is so bitterly hated. For these things clearly clash with human cravings and passions and ambitions, imposing as they do restraints upon man's unlawful desires and reminding him of things which in his heart of hearts he knows to be true, but of which, in his pride of life and of intellect, he does not care to be reminded.

It is, to sum it all up in a single phrase, because the Church preaches the possibility of eternal punishment and the need of seeking escape from it by a right attitude towards God and a holy life that the world hates and persecutes her.

And surely there is nothing so admirable in the present flabby age and so deserving of supreme admiration as the splendid courage of the Pope and his Council—nothing so magnificently demonstrating the divine character and origin of the Church—standing as she does calm and unmoved while the turbulent forces of the world are surging around her and while every weapon that human passion and human blindness and folly can forge is being hurled against her.

The time will surely come when a more sober-minded and

chastened generation of men will look back upon this momentous age with hearts full of gratitude and of love, and when they will simply marvel at the heaven-inspired courage of the present Pope with which he has defended the noblest human possessions and the integrity and permanence of those truths with which man's truest happiness is bound up and upon which all true progress and civilization must inevitably rest.

For "if it were not for the Catholic Church, for Rome and for the Roman Pontiffs, the intellects of all men would be constantly running amuck. The world would be one big bedlam. In fact, outside of the Catholic Church it is a bedlam that meets our gaze whether we contemplate the metaphysical, the ethical or the religious order. From the universal skeptic who teaches that two and two do not make four, that there is no reality outside of the human mind; to the skeptic who denies that there is such a thing as a mind, or spiritual substance, from Pyrrho to Berkeley and from Spinoza to Nietzsche and Mrs. Eddy, what a jargon of crazy tongues and crazy opinions. In religion it is worse. Consider from Luther to Dowie, from John of Leyden to the modern Russian fanatics. All are the product of unbridled intelligence, of free thought and 'private judgment.' "

Modernism, of course, is but the Protestant principle in disguise. It is the Protestant attitude of thought, claiming for itself the right to criticize and modify and whittle down and adapt to transitory phases of human thought what is by its very nature eternally true and unchangeable and cannot be so whittled down. The men who entertain and profess it are, for the most part, the mentally and morally restless men, who chafe under spiritual authority and under the restraints which unchangeable truth of necessity imposes—in whom the natural man too frequently and too obtrusively raises his head. Behind the pretended superior intellectual attitude really lies a moral attitude or state, and it is this attitude which is the active factor in the matter. An increase of humility and a little more prayer often terminate an attack of Modernism far more speedily and effectually than any amount of intellectual effort and reading will do. They restore the moral balance of the soul and with it the judgment and the sense of the true proportion of things. I know of several cases in which this simple treatment has effectually and permanently cured the disease.

In my study of the conflict of ideas, which the publication of the *Borromeo Encyclical* and other recent pronouncements have provoked, I have been struck by the exhibition of that weakness which seems to be such a very widely diffused human characteristic. The man who is himself most sensitive and who most keenly smarts



under and resents the slightest infliction of abuse is generally wholly forgetful of the natural sensitiveness of others and is lavish to a degree in the employment of abuse. All Protestant Europe rose up against what it found expedient to regard as the abuse of their traditional hero and leader and demanded retractions and modifications from the Holy Father. But all Protestant Europe looks on calmly and unabashed while the same Holy Father and his doings are incessantly and openly and everywhere caricatured and abused. The most shameless and scurrilous prints, expressive of current ideas, are published and exhibited in the shop windows of Protestant cities and are laughingly handed from hand to hand in places of recreation and amusement where honorable Catholic citizens cannot possibly fail to see them and to have their feelings lacerated and outraged. And yet no voice is raised against the meanness and unworthiness of such proceedings! Similar public insults inflicted upon Protestant authority would, I need hardly say, lead to serious police intervention and to condign punishment. Such is the fairness and liberal-mindedness of the Protestant world!

When Prince Max of Saxony was first called upon to rectify his error and to acknowledge his mistake, every effort was made by the Protestant press to prevent this act of obedience and submission. His manliness, his intellect, his high social position were appealed to; he was reminded of the humiliation to which "the arrogant Pope" had just subjected his royal brother by the publication of the *Borromeo Encyclical*. It was pointed out to him that a splendid opportunity was being given him of showing to the world that Catholics were really chafing under the increasing domination of Rome.

I was told again and again by friends and relatives that only one course was possible and would without doubt be adopted by the Prince. I had known the Prince personally in London, and, of course, had not a moment's doubt as to what that course would be. I was confident that it would not be the one to which he was being urged. When he finally went to Rome, in the attitude alone becoming the loyal Catholic priest, he was denounced as a weakling and imbecile and as a living illustration of the disastrous influence which the Roman system exercises over the minds and the judgments of men.

The recent declaration by the German Catholic professors, not called upon by reason of the circumstances of their position to subscribe the oath against Modernism, has, I think, somewhat cleared the atmosphere and silenced some of the louder voices. These professors have expressed clearly, at their own initiative and in calm and dignified form, what every rightly-instructed Catholic

has known all along—that by this oath no new law is enacted and no new and hitherto unknown obligation is imposed upon the conscience; but that it is but a more emphatic declaration and insistence, in view of the errors of the times, upon the truths which the Church has always held and proclaimed and which nothing that true modern knowledge has disclosed can, in even the slightest degree, affect or modify.

I do not think that in any of the English-speaking countries Modernism, as the Papal Encyclical defines it, has in any serious degree invaded the Catholic mind and that it can in any sense be regarded as a thought-movement. Where it is entertained, it is entertained by individuals, in whom it can generally be traced back to simple and well-known causes—causes which are apt to disappear when a better knowledge of human life and character and a better self-knowledge have gone to steady the judgment and to increase and fortify faith.

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## CATHOLIC AND MODERNIST THEORIES OF DEVELOPMENT.

IT is a fact, plain upon the face of the New Testament Scriptures and of Catholic tradition, that the Deposit of Faith delivered by Jesus Christ and His Apostles to the Church constitutes God's final revelation to men; that no new public disclosure of divine truth, no further economy of salvation is to be expected; that the original Deposit is to be carefully guarded, truthfully expounded and handed down in its integrity; that it never may be added to nor altered, and that, consequently, innovation and novelty are simply synonymous with error. This principle, from which the Church never has receded and never can recede, is summed up in the well-known words of Pope St. Stephen on the question of the rebaptism of heretics: "*Nihil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est. . . . Quod accepimus ab Apostolic, hoc sequimur.*"<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, there is evident all through the Church's history a continuous, progressive process, affecting Christian doctrine as well as the worship, discipline, devotion and polity of the Church Catholic—a process exhibiting in its outward manifestations all the appearances of prolific and luxurious growth. Thus, speaking of doctrinal matters only, to the consideration of which these papers will mainly be confined, we see that the dogmas of faith have

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<sup>1</sup> Denzinger, "*Enchiridion*," 14, 15.

increased in number, the later creeds are much longer and fuller than those which belong to primitive times, the phraseology of the Church's formulas has been for many centuries scientific and technical compared with the inspired utterances of Holy Scripture and the sayings of the earlier Fathers.

Apart, then, from questions of theological opinion and the scientific exposition of dogmas, there is to be seen visibly working throughout the history of the mind and thought of the Church a process of advance in doctrine, a process affecting matters of faith as distinct from matters merely of theological speculation, and upon which, for English-speaking peoples, Cardinal Newman has forever fixed the name of "Development."

I suppose that few, if any, would venture now to deny that any such process is to be seen in the history of Catholic dogmas; would say, in other words, that dogmas *have* no history. Nor would any Catholic theologian uphold that "static" view of revealed truth in the Church with which scholastic theology has most unjustly been credited by Modernists—at least no theologian would defend the crude presentment attributed to Catholics by Modernist writers, according to which dogma and revelation itself are a sort of dead weight imposed in a purely extrinsic way by authority upon reluctant, or, at best, unreflecting believers. Such writers conveniently forget that side of Catholic theology which shows us the doctrines of faith as living, energizing and prolific principles and truths, accepted by the intellect indeed, but embraced under the influence of free will, the will being aided by divine grace and the mind illumined with divine light, so that belief is no blind acceptance of a burden, but is a vital, personal and reasonable act.

Dogmas, therefore, have their history, and it is the history not of dead formulas, but of living, energizing truths, intimately affecting every department of human life and thought. Hence there arises the question of reconciling the immutability of Christian, Catholic truth, the inviolability of the Deposit, with the undeniably evident and continuous development of doctrine. Does development involve real alteration, essential and substantial change? Or at least has it not added to the sum of truth at the disposal of the Church? The Catholic answer to these questions has been always the same. Not essential change, no substantial or real alteration or addition, no substitution of one dogma for another; progress, indeed, but always, to use the words of the Vatican Council, taken from Vincent of Lerins, and lately repeated by Pius X., "*in suo . . . genere, in eodem scilicet dogmate, eodem sensu, eademque sententia.*"<sup>2</sup> Modernist theories of Development have been claimed

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<sup>2</sup> See Densinger, No. 1,467, and the Encyclical "Pascendi."

by their authors to rest largely on principles laid down by Cardinal Newman. But it should be remembered that both the *University Sermon* (No. 15) in which the theory of Developments was sketched out and also the "Essay" of 1845 were written before Dr. Newman was a Catholic; that the "Essay" definitely gives a Catholic direction to the theory, and, above all, that it was in writing the latter that the future Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church came to his final decision to submit to the true representative of that authority in religion of which he had been for long a strenuous upholder.

It has been pointed out, moreover, that in the "Essay on Development" Newman was not so much concerned to insist on the progress or growth in Catholic dogma as upon the fact of its oneness and sameness from the beginning. "In his use of the term (Development) the context and trend of the argument determined that it did not so much intend, did not at all intend, any process of doctrinal accretion, of the building up through successive generations of the fabric of Christian belief. He is engaged in drawing out the positive and direct argument in proof of the intimate connection, or rather oneness with primitive Apostolic teaching, of the body of doctrine known at this day by the name of Catholic. The meaning of Development was not that the Church had grown so much as that it was the same Church."<sup>3</sup> And again, "the argument was not that the existing doctrines and institutions have only their germs in antiquity, but that they belong to it. The stress lies on their being developments and not novelties; the stress does not lie on their being developments and therefore novel in form or degree." [ib.]

I take it that the writer here means that Dr. Newman was *primarily* engaged in showing the oneness of modern Catholic belief with that of Apostolic times, not that he left aside or made little of any growth or progress that is evident in regard to Catholic doctrine. In fact, one great argument of the "Essay" is that this very development is a necessity in order that Catholic truth may remain the same, whereas absence of development, refusal to accept legitimate development (e. g., the refusal to add the "Filioque" or "Consubstantial" to the Creed) would mean corruption, dissolution and, consequently, essential alteration. This principle of Newman's, expressed in the famous saying: "It (an idea) changes—in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often,"<sup>4</sup> is one that has been unjustifiably pressed by Modernists to further their scheme of dogmatic evolution.

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<sup>3</sup> *Dublin Review*, April, 1901; art. "Development," by Herbert Williams.

<sup>4</sup> "Essay on Development," ch. I, sec. 2.

Newman, as the writer just quoted points out, is not always consistent in his view of development as he works out the "Essay." Nor are the Essay and the Sermon consistent one with another. But it must be remembered that Newman was an explorer, making an inquiry, formulating a theory, feeling his way, and doing this largely for private and personal reasons. He thinks in print, and naturally under the circumstances, his thoughts are not always in their first formulation consistent with one another. He raises more questions than he solves and starts inquiries which he had not time to follow up, and he has given us strictly speaking an "Essay," not a treatise. Had the opportunity or the call occurred to him to follow up the question further, to apply his theories more in detail to the history of particular dogmas, to distinguish more clearly between "dogmatic" and merely theological development, to put his finger on the point where development actually begins in the history of revealed truth and to mark out its limits, it might have been found that his inconsistencies are merely on the surface; it would have been seen, without a doubt, that Newman, at least as a Catholic, was not, nor ever could have been, the father of the modern heresy of the "intrinsic evolution of dogma" condemned in the Encyclical "Pascendi" of our Holy Father Pius X. This, assuredly, the Essay on Development, taken as a whole, is sufficient to show, particularly that section which treats of the need of a "developing authority;" while the whole life of the illustrious author, with his supreme horror of liberalism in religion, is enough to make us sure where he would stand if he were living now.

Nor are we without a valuable *obiter dictum* of the great Cardinal himself which shows us his mind as a Catholic upon the general question which to-day divides Catholics from Modernists in this matter of doctrinal development. In his essay on the "Prospects of the Anglican Church," of which the topic, though not the treatment, was supplied to Newman by a friend, a view of development was put forward which the author formally repudiates in a note added by him to the edition published some years after he had joined the Church. The note itself sufficiently indicates the nature of the evolutionary view which Newman rejects, and certainly cuts the ground from under the feet of those Modernists who claim him as a predecessor. "Of course," he writes, "it is true that the past never returns, and that reactions are always in one sense innovations. But what is said above goes further than this, further than I habitually went myself as an Anglican and in my deliberate judgment. The hypothesis about the *depositum fidei* in which I gradually acquiesced was that of doctrinal development, or the evolution of doctrines out of certain original and fixed *dogmatic*

truths, which were held inviolate from first to last, and the more firmly established and illustrated by the very process of enlargement; whereas here I have given utterance to a theory, not mine, of a certain *metamorphosis* and recasting of doctrines into new shapes—"in nova mutatas corpora formas"—these old and new shapes being foreign to each other, and connected only as symbolizing or realizing certain immutable, but nebulous principles." (Italics are Newman's.) It would scarcely have been possible for the general position of Modernists on the question of development to be better expressed than in these words of Cardinal Newman.

Take, for instance, the following passage from one of the principal teachers of Modernism: "Ce qui fut, a un moment donné, le commencement de la révélation, a été la perception, si rudimentaire qu'on la suppose, du rapport qui doit exister entre l'homme, conscient de lui-même, et Dieu présent derrière le monde phenomenal. Le développement de la religion révélée s'est effectué par la perception de nouveaux rapports, on plutôt par une détermination plus précise et plus distincte du rapport essentiel, entrevu dès l'origine, l'homme apprenant ainsi à connaître de mieux en mieux et la grandeur de Dieu et le caractère de son propre devoir."<sup>6</sup>

Again, "La révélation n'est pas immuable en ce sens que les symboles, une fois donnés, échapperaient à toute transformation, mais parce qu'elle demeure toujours, pour la foi, substantiellement identique à elle-même, et parceque les changements qui se produisent dans sa détermination extérieure et dans ses formules sont quelque chose de secondaire par rapport à l'unité de son esprit et à la continuité de son développement. Dans cet ordre aussi l'on peut parler de directions permanentes dont la vérité n'est pas moins incontestable que leur efficacité morale, et dont la forme n'est pas plus immuable que la condition de l'humanité."<sup>7</sup> Once more: "Le christianisme primitif n'avait pas de symbole dogmatique, si l'on entend par là une série d'articles de foi, définis comme thème d'enseignement et expression réglementaire de la croyance."<sup>8</sup>

The view of development not merely as a growth and progress in the understanding of doctrine, but as a continuous and necessary process of real change in the dogmas of faith<sup>9</sup> has become all-

<sup>6</sup> "Essays Critical and Historical," Vol. II., ed. 1873, p. 287, note.

<sup>7</sup> "Autour d'un Petit Livre." A. Loisy, Paris, 1908, pp. 196-197.

<sup>8</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 198-199.

<sup>9</sup> P. 200.

<sup>9</sup> Some writers restrict the term "dogma" to those truths that have been solemnly defined by the Church. For the purpose of this essay, without contesting the propriety of this restricted use of the term, I mean by "dogma" not only a defined truth, but any doctrine universally held and taught by the *ordinary* magisterium of the Church—what, in fact, is usually called "Catholic doctrine" as distinguished from defined dogmas. My reason is that "Catholic doctrine" is subject to legitimate development as much as, if not more than, dogmas technically defined.

important in the eyes of modern theorists. The elements of identity which distinguish true development from corruption and dissolution have become attenuated to the last degree. There must be, of course, at least a show of proving identity with its origins in any account of the Christian religion that would trace it in any sense to Christ Himself. This is accomplished by describing the Christianity, including the Catholicism, of the twentieth century as an evolution from germs of exceedingly small dimensions and content. The stress is not now so much, as with Newman, on the dogmas of faith being the same as they were at the beginning, as upon their being the result of an evolution of great complexity, due to the workings of the human spirit. We are no longer permitted to postulate, with Newman, a body of "original and fixed dogmatic truths," held "inviolable from first to last." The argument now is, not that the existing doctrines and institutions belong to antiquity, but that they are so little visible there as to require an elaborate explanation of their being in flourishing existence to-day. The stress is not upon their being developments, and therefore not novel in form or degree, but rather upon the paramount necessity of novelty in both dogmas and institutions as a condition of their continued usefulness and truth.

In these papers it is proposed to examine, by way of contrast, the Catholic and Modernist conceptions respectively of doctrinal or dogmatic development. No one can pretend to give a complete and settled theory on the Catholic side; the question is still in process of being threshed out. Theologians have rather laid down the limits of development than given us a complete account of the process. Yet they have said more on the positive side than is supposed, perhaps, by many. The teaching of the Encyclical "Pascendi" has undoubtedly done much to lay down the limits of development more firmly, and will be not only on account of its authoritative character, but also on account of the masterly way in which the Modernist position is exposed and refuted, an invaluable and indispensable guide in all future inquiry.

The difference between the Catholic and Modernist conceptions of doctrinal progress are multiple and radical. They involve first principles concerning the very nature of truth itself, of its knowableness by the human mind, of revelation, faith, tradition, of the nature and origin of the Church's dogmas. It would be going beyond the scope of this inquiry to expound fully the Modernist position in regard to all these points; moreover, to those who have followed the theological controversies of the last ten or twelve years that position will be familiar, particularly since the detailed exposition of Modernist error given in the Encyclical "Pascendi." Yet a brief

outline of the general teaching of this latest heresy is necessary if we are to grasp the difference between Catholics and Modernists on the subject of doctrinal development.

The Modernist holds to the Kantian subjective theory of knowledge. We *know* only phenomena. Religious "truth," such as it is, can be got only from the internal subjective phenomena of religious experience. Since we may not argue from the phenomenon to the real nature of the *noumenon*, the "thing as it is in itself," no absolute, but only relative and symbolical truth can be attained concerning the objects which give rise to phenomena. The impressions made upon our senses and intellect by objects other than ourselves must be regarded only as symbolizing the realities which gave rise to them; not as conveying to us any real knowledge of the essences or natures of things. Hence, especially in the case of the mysterious object of religious faith, the phenomena of religious experience—our only valid source of information, if such it may be called, of things divine—can give us only relative and symbolical truth concerning Him who must ever remain to us simply the Unknown. Herein is the essentially agnostic foundation of Modernism.

The internal phenomena of religious experience arise from an impulse or movement of man's spirit received from the divine immanent in all creation, immanent, therefore, in man himself. This impulse or movement from the divine within is received in a special sense postulated for the purpose and denominated the "religious sense," and such impulses and movements of the religious sense constitute revelation—all the revelation that is possible in the very nature of things. "Faith," in the Modernist system, is simply the response of man's spirit to the action of the unknown and unknowable divinity. So far, it will be noticed, there is no place given to the intellect in the scheme of revelation and faith. Yet, despite his fixed hatred of "intellectualism" in religion, the Modernist, particularly strong upon the "whole man" being involved in religious perceptions, cannot entirely exclude the intellectual faculty. What is its function? A very secondary one. The root of all personal religion, the origin of all religion considered on its objective side, is in the "religious sense" alone. "It is thus that the religious sense, which by vital immanence emerges from the depths of subconsciousness, is the (subjective) germ of all religion, and the explanation of everything that has been or ever will be in any religion."<sup>10</sup> The office, or rather the inevitable necessity of the intellect, is to formulate to itself in terms of human thought and by means of human concepts some account of the experience received in the religious sense.

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<sup>10</sup> Encyc. "Pascendi," p. 7.



"The operation of the mind," the Holy Father points out, "is a double one: first, by a natural and spontaneous act it expresses its concept in a simple, popular statement; then, on reflection and deeper consideration, or, as they say, by *elaborating its thought*, it expresses the idea in *secondary* propositions, which are derived from the first, but are more precise and distinct. These *secondary* propositions, if they finally receive the approval of the supreme magisterium of the Church, constitute dogma."<sup>11</sup> Here we have the Modernist's view of the origin of dogmas. He makes a distinction between the "prophetical" utterances of those who, like the seers of old, inspired Apostles and Evangelists and Our Blessed Lord Himself, were the recipients of religious impulses and experiences of special vivacity and intensity—men in whom the religious sense was specially developed and extraordinarily acute—and, on the other hand, the more technical pronouncements of Church formularies and definitions. The primitive formulæ have a special normative value in religious thought, since they are nearer the origin of religion, fresh from special influences of the divine impulse. They are entitled to special respect, and are more effectual than any others in awakening or recalling the religious impressions which first gave rise to them. Dogmas themselves, being only an attempt to elaborate the primitive formulæ in terms of current thought and philosophy, are on a lower level. They have "no other purpose than to furnish the believer with a means of giving to himself an account of his faith. . . . It is quite impossible to maintain that they absolutely contain the truth."<sup>12</sup>

It should be noted that, despite the superiority given to the primitive formulæ—*e. g.*, the sayings of Our Blessed Lord—over the secondary formulæ to which alone the Modernist appears to give the name of "dogmas" strictly so called, yet the two kinds of formulæ are alike in this, that their value is merely that of *symbols*. Undoubtedly they possess some kind of correspondence and signifying relationship with the hidden reality which they seek to express; but it is of a vague and indeterminate kind, not conveying any real information as to the true nature of the Unknown which they represent. Their formation, the shape they take, is conditioned by the mental and moral environment of those who utter them. The secondary formulæ, in particular, are entirely dependent upon the "mentality" of the times in which they are put forth, and regulated by the progress and vicissitudes of human thought and culture. Superior as are the primitive formulæ in their power of awakening and suggesting religious emotions; superior, too, in their greater

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<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> *Encyc.*, p. 8.

simplicity and greater freedom from the technicalities of philosophical systems, yet they, as well as the secondary formulæ, are but the result of an inevitable, but necessarily unsuccessful endeavor of the human mind to express what not merely—on account of the infinite nature of the object of faith—may not be conceived or expressed fully, comprehensively and exhaustively, but never can be expressed with any but a relative approximation to truth. We do not see in a glass in a dark manner—*per speculum in ænigmate*—for, truly speaking, we do not see at all.

We can begin now to understand what is the nature of that *intrinsic evolution of dogmas* which is condemned by name in the Encyclical "Pascendi." Thus far it appears as a subjective process. But, as we have said, in any account of Christianity that would connect it with its Divine Founder, there must be *something* objective, something, that is to say, which preserves its identity under the changing forms of subjective thought and expression. The Catholic, of course, believes in an objective body of revealed truths, the "Depositum Fidei," which is the starting point of development and which remains unchanged and inviolate all through. For the Modernist, that which remains identical and justifies him in speaking of the Catholicism (as *he* conceives it) of the twentieth century as the true religion of Jesus Christ, is the persistence, under the envelope of mutable formulæ, of an original "germ," the "genius" or "spirit" of Christianity, in which he considers the whole essence of Christ's religion to consist. This "germ," not any fixed body of dogmatic truths, is the point of departure, the living subject, and indeed the vital origin of a purely naturalistic evolution analagous to that by which living beings are supposed to have acquired or lost organs by reason of the necessity or non-necessity of such organs in the environment in which their possessors lived. "It is necessary to prove that the Catholic religion, as it exists to-day, is that which was founded by Jesus Christ; that is to say, it is nothing else but the progressive development (*explicationem*) of the germ which He brought into the world. Hence it is imperative, first of all, to establish what this germ was, and this the Modernist claims to be able to do by the following formula: Christ announced the coming of the kingdom of God which was to be realized within a brief lapse of time, and of which He was to become the Messiah, the divinely-given founder and ruler. Then it must be shown that this germ, always *immanent* and *permanent*<sup>18</sup> in the Catholic religion, has gone on slowly developing in the course of history, adapting itself successively to the different circumstances through which it has passed,

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<sup>18</sup> Except where I have stated otherwise, the italics in quotations from the Encyclical are in the original.

borrowing from them by *vital* assimilation all the doctrinal, cultural, ecclesiastical forms that served its purpose; whilst, on the other hand, it surmounted all obstacles, vanquished all enemies and survived all assaults and all combats. . . . Thus do they argue, not perceiving that the primitive germ is only an *a priori* assumption of agnostic and evolutionist philosophy, and that this germ itself has been gratuitously defined so that it may fit in with their philosophy."<sup>14</sup>

Here is exposed the root and basis of that evolutionary process to which is to be attributed the complete system of Catholicism as we have it now—a process which makes our holy religion a thing of human manufacture. Dogma, cult, discipline, institutions, sacraments are no longer of divine origin; they are merely instruments borrowed from the world to carry on the germ-idea in which the essence of religion consists. The very Founder of Christianity Himself was not free from the evolutionary law, so that His own presentment of the truth was forced to take the form it did by “vital assimilation” of current ideas—an assimilation implying not merely the use of what was true and good in those ideas for the exposition of His new revelation, but implying a positive subjection to and dependence upon them which determined the form that Christianity should take in the mind and upon the lips of its Originator. Subsequent evolution of the germ-form of Christ’s doctrine—a form which wrapped up the vital principle that modern investigators like Harnack and Loisy have been at such pains to discover and unwrap from the dogmatic formulas now enfolding it—has equally been produced and governed by environment and the need of “vital” adaptation thereto.

Thus, if there are now seven sacraments, it is not because Our Divine Lord actually and personally instituted them, but because the Christian community, as “living,” and on account of its environment, gradually felt the need of pervading the whole life of man, from the cradle to the grave, with the spirit of that religion which works in the Church, the germ introduced by Christ, which being itself “living” or “vital,” was adaptable for the purpose.

If, again, there is a Supreme Pontiff, a graduated hierarchy and an organized rule in the Church, it is not because Jesus Christ directly willed and provided for these things, but because, the end of the world not having come according to expectation, Christians were forced, by the need and instinct of social self-preservation, to organize themselves in view of the unlooked-for continuance of mundane conditions of existence, and, in general, to accommodate

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<sup>14</sup> *Encyc.*, pp. 28-29.

to the continued existence of the world and the Church sayings of the Master which He Himself, we are told, uttered only in prospect of the speedy coming of the Day of Judgment.

Just as there is in the Modernist system of religious evolution this parallel to the production of organs to suit environment, so also is there a parallel to the assimilation of extraneous substances by living organisms for the purposes of nourishment and growth. This is found in the supposed incorporation of ideas from systems of thought extraneous to original Christianity. Thus we are told of the early introduction of Hellenic ideas, of Platonism, later of the philosophy of Aristotle, and so on, into Catholic dogma. We are supposed to be at the present time in a stage of evolution in which immanentism and pragmatism, if not agnosticism and pantheism, are entering by "vital" assimilation into the dogmatic system of the Church.

The "vital" nature of the process of evolution by which the original germ-idea of Christianity has, as it were, attracted to itself, assimilated and grown upon extraneous ideas is a point of primary importance in the Modernist system; for upon this depends the right and indeed the necessity of casting off those ideas when they have served their purpose. To keep them longer would be—not to preserve, but to corrupt the original germ.

This original germ, as we have seen, is *vital*; truth itself, that is to say *religious* truth, is not an affair of logic, but of *life*.

"Now, life (in the Modernist theory) has its own truth and its own logic, quite different from rational truth and rational logic, belonging as they do to a different order, viz., truth of adaptation to and of proportion with both what they call the *medium* in which it lives and the end for which it lives."<sup>18</sup> Thus the test of truth is no longer that it be *adaequatis rei et intellectus*, but adaptability to environment; that is, to practical necessities, to the "mentality" of the times, to current theories of philosophy and science. These are the touchstone of truth; by them truth is to be judged. From this it follows also that it is the heart more than the head that must pass judgment on dogmatic concepts and formulæ, and pronounce whether or no they be true (in the sense just indicated) and whether they are adapted for the preservation and legitimate evolution of the original germ. Thus "it is necessary that the primitive formulæ (first) be accepted and sanctioned by the heart; and similarly the subsequent work by which are brought forth the secondary formulæ must proceed under the guidance of the heart. Hence it comes that these formulas, in order to be living, should be and should remain accommodated to the faith and to him whom

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<sup>18</sup> *Encyc.*, p. 30.

believes.<sup>16</sup> Therefore, if this accommodation should cease to exist, they lose their former signification and accordingly must be changed. . . . In this way (Modernists) criticize the Church as having strayed from the true path by failing to distinguish between the religious and moral significance of formulas and their surface meaning, and by clinging tenaciously to meaningless formulas, while religion itself is allowed to go to ruin."<sup>17</sup> A notable application of these principles, by which the dogmas of faith are thrown into the melting-pot, is found in the following passage from M. Loisy regarding the development of Christological doctrine:

"Au fond la dogme (of the Hypostatic Union) n'a défini qu'une relation métaphysique entre Jésus et Dieu, et il l'a définie surtout d'après l'idée du Dieu transcendant. Le Verbe a été conçu d'abord comme une sorte d'intermédiaire indispensable entre Dieu, absolu et immuable, et le monde, fini et changeant. Dieu était, pour ainsi dire, extérieur au monde, et le Verbe se plaçait entre les deux, comme une émanation de Dieu du côté du monde. . . . Il est vrai que le développement du dogme trinitaire a ramené au dedans le mouvement de vie divine qui allait d'abord de Dieu au monde, et que la Trinité chrétienne a fini (!) par devenir immanente à elle-même. On est arrivé à la concevoir aussi comme intérieur, en quelque façon, au Christ, par l'union personnelle du Verbe à l'humanité de Jésus. Mais les dogmes de la Trinité et de l'Incarnation n'en sont moins fondés primitivement, en tant que doctrine de philosophie religieuse, sur le seul idée de la transcendance divine. *Cependant, l'évolution de la philosophie moderne tend de plus en plus à l'idée du Dieu immanent*, qui n'a pas besoin d'intermédiaire pour agir dans le monde et dans l'homme. La connaissance actuelle de l'univers ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de création? La connaissance de l'histoire ne suggère-t-

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<sup>16</sup> The subjective nature of the Modernist evolution of dogmas must be kept in mind. As we shall see, the Catholic conception of doctrinal development makes it rather a development of our understanding and knowledge of the original Deposit than a development of the Deposit itself; and thus far development may be termed subjective in the sense of taking place in the mind of the Church and of individuals. But, unlike the Modernist evolution, this development is regulated by an objective body of dogmatic truths, infallibly expounded by the magisterium of the Church, which body of truth is the criterion of legitimate development. On the contrary, the Modernist makes the subjective evolution of human thought the rule of his dogmatic formulae. If there be any objective starting-point in the process of evolution at all, it is found in the original germ or root-idea of Christianity. Since, however, various Modernist writers differ considerably in their account of this "germ," each settling what it is by his own subjective notions of what Christ really meant, the whole theory begins and ends in subjectivism, as, indeed, upon Modernist principles of knowledge, it must.

<sup>17</sup> *Encyc.*, p. 9.

<sup>18</sup> "Autour d'un Petit Livre." Paris, 1903, pp. 152, 153, 154. Italics mine.

elle pas une critique de l'idée de révélation? La connaissance de l'homme moral ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de redemption?"<sup>18</sup> It is not surprising, then, to learn that the believer must not "lay too much stress on the formula as formula, but avail himself of it only for the purpose of uniting himself to the absolute truth which the formula at once conceals and reveals; that is to say, endeavors to express, but without ever succeeding in doing so. They would also have the believer make use of the formulas only in so far as they are useful to him, for they are given to be a help and not a hindrance—with proper regard, however, for the social respect due to formulas which the public magisterium has decreed suitable for expressing the common consciousness until such time as the same magisterium shall provide otherwise."<sup>19</sup>

Thus, for the Modernist, the development, or as they prefer to call it, the "evolution" of dogmas, is not a process by which an original deposit or body of fixed doctrines remaining intrinsically identical throughout the ages—unalterable all the time, that is, is their character as doctrinal assertions of absolute truths—is authoritatively and infallibly drawn out in all the richness of its full significance and contents; but it is a process by which intrinsic change takes place in the dogmatic presentment of the faith—the doctrines of religion needing constant restatement to meet the needs of successive periods—while identity is only that of certain "nebulous principles" supposed to constitute the essential germ or spirit permanent under the envelope of dogmatic formulas. Only by constant adaptation to the changing "mentality" of different times is dogma enabled to fulfill its office of carrying on the vital germ of religion throughout the centuries. In the process of this evolution a preponderating influence is given to the needs and necessities of the times, to the discoveries of science, to current opinion among the laity, and to a supposed struggle always going on between the conservative force of tradition and the enlightened views of progressive (and Modernist) persons. Thus, as the Holy Father tells us, "evolution is described as a resultant from the conflict of two forces, one of them tending towards progress, the other towards conservation. The conserving force exists in the Church and is found in tradition; tradition is represented by religious authority, and this both by right and in fact. For by right it is in the very nature of authority to protect tradition, and in fact, since authority, raised as it is above the contingencies of life, feels hardly, or not at all, the spurs of progress. The progressive force, on the contrary, which responds to the inner needs, lies in the individual consciences and works in them—especially in such of them as are

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<sup>18</sup> *Encyc.*, p. 14.

in more close and intimate contact with life. Already we observe, Venerable Brethren, the introduction of that most pernicious doctrine which would make of the laity the factor of progress in the Church. Now, it is by a species of covenant and compromise between these two forces of conservation and progress, that is to say, between authority and individual consciences, that changes and advances take place. The individual consciences, or some of them, act on the collective conscience, which brings pressure to bear on the depositaries of authority to make terms and to keep to them."<sup>20</sup> And again: "The progress of dogma is due (according to Modernists) chiefly to the fact that obstacles to the faith have to be surmounted, enemies have to be vanquished, objections have to be refuted. Add to this a perpetual striving to penetrate ever more profoundly into those things which are contained in the mysteries of faith. Thus, putting aside other examples, it is found to have happened in the case of Christ: in Him that divine something which faith recognized in Him was slowly and gradually expanded in such a way that He was at last held to be God."<sup>21</sup>

In all this we have a travesty of the genuine Catholic teaching concerning the primary cause of development and the proper position of the *sensus fidelium*; while the attacks of heresy, the progress of human science, the investigations of doctors of the Church and theologians, the pious meditations of enlightened saints, the progress of Catholic thought on its human side—all these are treated not as merely secondary agencies by which progress in doctrinal development is either occasioned or prepared, and which the Holy Spirit makes use of for the furtherance of progress in the fuller understanding of the Deposit, but as prime factors and self-sufficient causes—together with the "vital" character of the germ-principle which subdues all these things to itself—in a naturalistic process of evolution from which the supernatural and divine element is practically eliminated.

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<sup>20</sup> Encyc., pp. 21-22.

<sup>21</sup> Encyc., p. 21. The example given in the Encyclical reminds us that this "endeavor to penetrate" the contents of the mysteries of faith is an altogether peculiar process—peculiar, that is, to Modernists, and dependant in its character upon their whole system regarding faith and revelation. It is not the kind of endeavor legitimately and successfully made by Catholic saints and doctors to understand better the contents of the "depositum fidei"—"*fides quaerens intellectum*"—but rather the opposite—"*intellectus faciens fidem*"—according to its own subjective notions.

## A DOG AND A BAD NAME—SOME NOTES ON THE NOVEL AND ITS PRESENT FUNCTION.

**I**T is only recently that the position of the novel in England has even in part been understood in Latin countries, and that is why, in Latin countries, it is only gradually becoming known that Catholics who are in earnest perceive in the novel an instrument it would be folly to neglect and indolent to abandon to the meanest uses of those who are hostile to religion or indifferent to it (whose indifference rarely leads to friendship's side) and likely to be specially hostile to the Catholic Church.

It has been a question of the dog with a bad name. The modern novel has a long ancestry, and the family whence it derives its name has inscribed upon its pedigree the names of many scapegraces—some of little consequence and less merit from any point of view, but many more with considerable consequence of one sort or another. For some have high literary importance, some have great archaeological value and many have a singular interest to the historian of ideas, manners and social evolution.

The earnest genealogist of the novel casts his scrutiny back, like other genealogists, into what he likes to call "the mists of ages" and finds ancestors for the novel of to-day in classic times, before the Christian era. It is not necessary for us to accompany him, and it would be as superfluous as Mr. Pecksniff to observe, as he observed of the siren, that those classic novels were "pagan, I regret to say." The earlier novels of Christian times bore some traces of their kindred with the pagan tales on which they were modeled; that and the stress of graver and more vital matters would naturally cause the fabulist to be eyed with some suspicion and with some tendency to contempt.

With the dawn of feudalism and chivalry there arose—if it had not begun already to rise—the romance, more or less chivalrous in inspiration and complexion, more and more chivalrous in "make-up" as time went on. The new romance was not pagan, but it was fantastic and legendary. It dealt sometimes with Scriptural themes, and was fond, if not fonder, of the various apochryphal gospels as of the time. It dealt sometimes with saintly lives and was at least as fond of unauthentic saints and of unauthentic legends of real saints as of real saints and their genuine acts and history. It loved miracle, but loved wholly unauthentic miraculous tales as well or better than miracles of sober authority. And it was as much addicted to fabulous creatures as to real. It had a Christian and believing spirit, but it confounded, often quite ingenuously,



Christian truths with wild fancies and Christian beliefs with pretty or grotesque tales and superstitions.

All this was likely to cause ecclesiastical authorities to regard it with a conditional tolerance rather than with contented approval, as a puerility that might be winked at in well-meaning children, but could scarcely be heartily admired.

After a very long youth the boisterous Middle Ages lapsed into the second-childhood of the Renaissance, which was not, in fact, so much a new birth as a somewhat wistful flicker of expiring juvenility. The jocund spirit of the Middle Age burst into its last flame in the Renaissance. It was a passionate effort to relight the dying cheerfulness that the new world was already threatening and would ultimately extinguish. It was thus that the Renaissance affected imaginative literature; above all things, it was obstinate in asserting the *joie de vivre*, and in doing so it lost, as all do who will protest too much, perfect sincerity. It was too self-conscious for complete sincerity and was beginning to use the habit of looking at itself in a glass, which the simpler boyishness of the Middle Age had never cared to do. And the glass of the Renaissance was the broken one of classicism. Seeking to behold itself in that mirror and seeing there figures that were all pagan, it set its own face to pagan fashions and fell into some pagan grimace and affectation, for what was original and unstudied in the old vanished heathen features could only be assumed in the copy and lacked sincerity, as wilful assumptions must.

In the classic novels there had been much that was amiss; in the mediæval romances there had often been grossness; in the Renaissance novels there was frequently an indecency that was worse than indecent, that was loathsomely immoral. And the Renaissance was by no means finished when austere and saintly Popes, founders of new religious orders and congregations and a whole generation of new saints were strenuously toiling for that reformation of Christian society which culminated in the Council of Trent and its results.

For a long time the novel had been satirizing the faults of ecclesiastics and religious, and it does not appear that the clergy or the monks and friars were particularly thin-skinned about it; some of them, like Rabelais, joined in the assault with singularly unfettered pen. But if the originals of the caricatures did not betray, as a rule, much resentment, "still," as George Eliot says, "among the various excesses to which human nature is subject, moralists have never numbered that of being too fond of the people who openly revile us." And we may pretty safely announce that the portion of the clergy that deserved satire was not inclined to

regard with much friendship the profession of those who did the satire; we may conclude that they looked upon novels as the lawless mischief of fellows who neither feared God nor regarded man.

On the other hand, the much larger portion of the clergy that was innocent, while deploring the foundation of truth in grossly exaggerated caricatures, would feel the injustice of attacks which wounded the honor of their holy office and could only regard with horror writings which tended to bring into contempt their whole body. Among the great men in the Church a similar attitude would be held. Popes strenuously set on reform, like Paul III., such austere vigorous Popes as Paul IV. and St. Pius V., while they might point to the licentious sarcasms of the novels with indignant finger and bid it be noted that even the Godless and the profane, the lawless and the worldly, themselves proved the instant need for reform by the pictures of corruption they drew so light-heartedly; such Popes, we must feel sure, would hate the scandal of those pictures, and, appreciating their scurrile motive, would never excuse their authors as allies, but would rightly condemn them as libelers, whatever wretched basis of fact there might be in the libels themselves. Nor *could* they approve the works in which this ugly witness was borne, even had it been free from malice and kept within the bounds of plain fact and justice, for the works were themselves unclean.

Nor could it escape clear eyes and cool judgments that these assaults which, had they been accurate sarcasms and not loose caricatures, might in earlier ages, when Christendom was at one in belief, and even worldly men had faith, have had more use and less danger, must in that new age be liable to a new and peculiar mischief. All that revolt which finally took ship in the piratical vessel called Protestantism was already at work; and to mutineers nothing comes more fat than personal accusation of their officers. The grosser libels of the novels would be taken by them as proved truths, the merest extravaganza of caricature as sober portraiture. So that the scoffing laughter of the novelist, at best licentious and indecent, fell into another condemnation and seemed a mean playing into the hands of bitter and alert enemies, an act of disloyalty and desertion.

Such was the natural, inevitable attitude towards the novel of those who cared for vital interests and were not disposed to view with complaisance those who would risk them for the sake of amusing the idle and the careless.

In England the novel fell, in post-Reformation days, into an intolerable vapidness and tediousness. It had done so elsewhere; Don Quixote was the vast and immortal protest of Cervantes against

the insufferable vacuity of the defunct romance of chivalry in Spain. It was as dead as Rolando, but it walked, and the ghost was huge, of incalculable specific density and of a tedium almost incredible. Cervantes laid the ghost, not cruelly, but with a pathos whose tender poignance is commonly unperceived. He could not be flippant; it is by the dull that his immense wistfulness is taken for flippancy.

But Don Quixote had no predecessor and left no heir.

There was no Cervantes in England. A full century after the birth of Cervantes Le Sage was born in France, but only those who think Gil Blas nearly as good as Don Quixote would be likely to call Le Sage the French Cervantes; and they who are capable of bracketing Gil Blas and Don Quixote would be capable of bracketing Smollett with Sir Walter Scott.

Le Sage had a greater contemporary in England, and Defoe roused the novel from its long and inglorious sleep. And he did it with a book that stands alone, and is, like Don Quixote, to which it bears no resemblance whatever, in its own class. For the birth of imitations does not affect the isolation of the original. "Robinson Crusoe" was sincerely flattered by many imitations, but the flatterers, as is their family fashion, did not know what to say. None of the imitations was a legal descendant of "Robinson Crusoe;" the only relation between them was that of original and copy. Swift was also a novelist and a great one, but his novels were social and political allegories, and immortal as they are, had to submit in part to the fate of all writing that reflects chiefly what is temporary and becomes obsolete. "Gulliver" will never be obsolete till letters are obsolete, but, like old tapestry, the charm of it depends more and more on the sheer fineness of the work, the quaintness of the figures and group, the very archaism that prevents its being still portraiture. And Swift, with all his fierce and malign genius, was outrageous. He did not wish to portray, nor was he content to caricature; libel was his object, and the subject of his libel was not an obnoxious group of individuals, but the hateful race of men. He is immortal, like death itself, but with an immortality at which most men must shudder and which few can consider without fear and a natural repulsion. Till mankind is willing to admit itself as horrible as Swift thought it, it can never insult him by love, nor can the monuments of his splendid power and infinite venom be popular. He will always be read till books are read no longer and people learn their alphabet only to be able to read newspapers; but he will be read out of sheer love of letters, admired for his superior mastery of his bitter craft, or by such as *cannot* find genius tiresome and have no fears of evoking his sombre and

savage ghost. He stands upon a lofty and lonely pedestal among novelists, but fewer and fewer among those who seek for some rest and refreshment in novels will seek for either in his.

Of the modern English novel Sir Walter Scott called Henry Fielding the father; but his first novel did not appear till 1742, when Richardson's was two years old, and had there been no "Pamela" there would probably have been no "Joseph Andrews." Mr. Richardson meant to be extremely moral, and Mr. Fielding did not care so much about being moral himself as for laughing at the morality of "Pamela." In "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" Fielding was the reverse of squeamish; published nowadays, all three books would be called indecent, though in none of them is there the cold, subterraneous dirtiness that is provided now *virginibus puerisque*. The prudery of Richardson is apt to be prurient, though it would seem to have passed muster with the sincerely moral Dr. Johnson.

Smollett had begun before either Richardson or Fielding had finished; he could be gross, and his grossness was rough and brutal. His morality was, perhaps, superior to that of Richardson, and equal to that of Fielding. He did not resemble the former at all, and his resemblance to the latter was accidental, occasional and slight. Before Smollett published "Humphrey Clinker," in the year in which he died, Horace Walpole had made the world a present of his "Castle of Otranto," by which, perhaps, the world was not permanently placed very deeply in his debt. I find it hard to read, and a good many people find it impossible. But the "Castle of Otranto" had the merit of novelty, and had power enough to start a vogue. It was probably overrated in its day, but not so greatly overrated as "Vathek," which Beckford published in 1787, twenty-three years later.

Seven years after "Vathek" William Godwin published "Caleb Williams," a book that was intended to be very remarkable, and was then and has since been considered remarkable by many great judges. Its morose and morbid power may be conceded; Godwin probably meant it to be unique, and it is not to be deplored that it remains unique. It is great in what Cardinal Newman would have called its own unpleasant way, and none who have read it would be silly enough to say that it was not worth the trouble, but I believe it would be a trouble to many who really love fine books and can read books of every sort. "Caleb Williams" had a purpose and a dismal one—to give "a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man;" the treatment is as sombre and repulsive as the theme, and if it illustrates the peculiar and individual genius

of the author, it hardly proves that he had the peculiar genius of the novelist.

Out of its due chronological place in this meagre and very hasty review we must now mention "*Tristram Shandy*," a book about which a great deal has been said for and against, and about which there is a great deal to be said in very high praise and in very grave condemnation. It has appealed to generations of book-lovers, for it has a singular and elusive charm, it is full of genius and it has wit and wisdom, pathos and humor, and it enshrines some characters that are among the oddest and most natural, and at least one that is among the most lovable, in prose fiction. But it is sniggeringly indecent, and the indecency is the author's own and not simply that of his characters; it was not written in a squeamish age, and people who were not squeamish were even in that age amazed and disconcerted by the flagrant dirtiness of a book that need not have been dirty. The indecorum of gratuitous, repeated and delighted indelicacy in a novel written by a clergyman would strike any one; but no matter by whom it had been written, it would have been regarded as indefensible. No one can read "*Tristram Shandy*" and doubt that the author liked and enjoyed lubricious ideas and pictures.

Hitherto only novels by male writers have been mentioned; but before "*Waverley*" was published in 1814 three very great women novelists had appeared. Fanny Burney had electrified the world, thirty-six years earlier, with the comedy and character of "*Evelina*," an inimitable work of genius that she herself failed disastrously in the attempt to imitate. If anything could have dimmed its lustre, "*Camilla*" and "*Cecilia*" might well have dimmed it; but their flatness and vapidty only throw into higher relief the vigor and individuality of their elder sister.

Maria Edgeworth had published "*Castle Rackrent*" fourteen years before "*Waverley*" and the "*Absentee*" two years before; they were as original as "*Evelina*," nearly if not quite as amusing and much more humorous, and they had streaks and stabs of pathos that "*Evelina*" was entirely without. Except in "*Tristram Shandy*," anything like those passages of simple-seeming, most artistic and most skillful pathos are not to be found in any English novel before their time. Miss Edgeworth knew, as few have known, as Dickens scarcely knew, how to hit the mark of humor and pathos with one unerring shaft of single aim. In that one quality, at all events, she surpassed her English sister, whom all who love must adore. Jane Austen had published "*Sense and Sensibility*" and "*Pride and Prejudice*" before "*Waverley*" appeared, and both had been written many years before "*Castle Rackrent*" was published in

1800. A literature has grown up around the name of Miss Austen, and it is all, as it must be, a note of admiration. In her own realm she reigns alone, without competitors or even ladies-in-waiting. She is the supreme embodiment in fiction of pleasantness, cheerfulness, good-nature and good temper; she is incomparably humorous; what she saw out of intensely clear, shrewd and enjoying eyes she enables us all to see. Her laughter is scarcely sarcastic, it is so healthy and sincere, so innocent of caricature, so just and temperate, so spontaneous and so friendly; she laughs without the least scoff, for she has neither pride nor prejudice. Words were her playthings, and the ideas she chose to convey were expressed with such perfection that the alteration of a phrase or the omission of a comma might spoil it all. But the idea of pathos she did not wish to convey; she abstains from ever handling it. Throughout her books there is not one passage remotely approaching the pathetic; what Miss Edgeworth could do miraculously Miss Austen never made the least feint of doing at all, and it can only be taken as an additional illustration of her singular power that she never tried to enhance the effect of her humor by the subtle contrast of pathos, and that no one has ever regretted it.

And now we come at last to the point we have been longing for, the Renaissance of the novel in the hands of Sir Walter Scott. It was a genuine Renaissance, a new birth. An old thing was re-born new, young, vigorous, individual; so fresh, so sanguine and so handsome, so manly withal, and so stately that it hardly occurred to society to demand any account of ancestors or pedigree. The present writer when he began reading the "Waverleys" at twelve years old was told that Sir Walter Scott had invented novels. Perhaps other readers have been told the same thing. It is, of course, not an accurate statement; but one can understand how it seemed true, for Scott refounded the novel on a new base and on a broader plan. He gave the world something so fresh and youthful that it seemed a new creation.

Any novelist who is also a man of letters owes something to the whole body of his predecessors. What Scott owed to any of his predecessors in particular need not be discussed here. It would not be very rash to surmise that Miss Edgeworth helped him to the resolution of doing for Scotland, in a wider field and on a larger scale, what she had done for Ireland. By birth Scott belonged to the eighteenth century, and he hardly deals with any later period; with the subsequent history of the world in the nineteenth century we do not propose to deal here.

What the brief review we have given was intended to show was this—that there was not lacking in the history of the novel some-

thing that might give it a bad name among those Catholics in Latin countries who were much in earnest, who would be little likely to overlook obvious faults and suspicious qualities for the sake of mere amusement, and would be much disposed to regard the novel as a light toy lightly used for purposes not always decorous and often mischievous.

As to the English works at which we have glanced with such a hurried eye, how would they strike the serious Catholic abroad, and especially ecclesiastical authorities? In the first place, they were all written by non-Catholics. Where they dealt with religion at all it was from anything rather than a Catholic point of view; the worst of them would seem irreligious, the best of them non-religious. In the second place, many of them were of queer morality, some of them indecent; and a book of dubious morality or decency would hardly be excused as being the work of a Protestant divine or of latitudinarian laymen. Not one of the eighteenth century predecessors of Scott whom we have mentioned, with the exception of Sterne, if he were an exception, had even an artistic sympathy for the Catholic Church; most of them held towards it an attitude of entire disrespect. Smollett strongly disliked Catholicity and shows it; Horace Walpole regarded it with a supercilious stupidity like Gibbon's. Godwin's religion was that of the French Revolution.

Scott's attitude towards the ancient Church was altogether different; he had a deference for it because it *was* ancient, as he had for a ruined stronghold, for a suit of chain-armor or for a dis-crowned royal race. All these things warmed his imagination and appealed to his taste for what was archaic and picturesque. Romance was his hobby, and the stage of romance is usually the past: chivalry, feudalism and the Catholic Church he regarded as part of the past. So he was fond of looking back on them. To his trade of romanticist they were invaluable, and every good workman loves his tools. That he believed the Catholic Church to be as obsolete as feudalism seems to me as clear as that he was aware of the spectacular values of both. At both he looked from an outside and distant point of sight; at feudalism from the remoteness of the eighteenth century; at Catholicity from the well-contained windows of a good-natured, man-of-the-world Protestantism. It never occurred to him that even Catholics could be so perversely solemn as to be hurt by his countless stabs at the morality of abbots and priors, confessors and nuns. They were dealt with a chuckle and a nudge; decorous Protestant papas and mamas did not mind their daughters reading them—Scott is the most moral of novelists; he merely takes it for granted that the naughtiness of monks is to be taken for granted and is fair ground for easy joking. He was such an amiable creature

that it might have quite distressed him had he understood that millions of readers belonging to the Church he regarded as gone with the Middle Ages would, after his own departure, be wounded by his pleasant assumption of the hypocrisy of men and women whom they respect and revere.

Catholics are currently accused of bigotry; I do not perceive that they are even thin-skinned. Dickens is adored by Catholic readers, and he said all manner of stale, dull and stupid things about their religion. Borrow is as much appreciated by us as by Protestants (Borrowism is a special taste, and every one has not got it), and he was as silly about the Catholic Church as he could be wise about other things; his fury against her was the bee in his bonnet, but it was a bumblebee and could not sting, though it was big and made a huge noise, and might startle timid persons who took it for a shaggy hornet. I have always found that the "Bible in Spain" is the favorite Borrow-book among Catholics who are Borrowians, and of course Borrow's idea was that the Bible had nothing to do with Spain, so he would take it there. If he and Father Vaughan have met since, it would be fine to hear their notes compared.

So English Catholics who love Sir Walter have never been much disposed to lean on his failures in dealing with their Church; they were only his little way and did not mean much. Fate has avenged them; Scott's granddaughter and heiress at Abbotsford had a notable Catholic husband; his great-granddaughter and heiress at Abbotsford is a notable Catholic.

But Scott was translated into every Latin language; his finest work is untranslatable from Scotch into French, or Italian, or Spanish. His genius is, like all genius, elusive of translation. There are a hundred foreign versions of the "Divine Comedy," and no Dante in anything but Italian. But Sir Walter's lighthearted gibes against monks and nuns were not untranslatable. How would they strike the Latin reader who was in deep earnest about everything sacred to the Catholic mind and but indifferently interested in the charm of a magician who could bewitch people out of their sober senses and their foregone conclusions?

What was true even about Scott was much more true about his great successes; his best genius was racy of the Scots soil and the Scots people; theirs was so in a more exclusive manner. Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot were essentially English, and the realities they reflected were insular, and to the southern reader, erotic. Their endless galleries of portraits, their inspired appreciation of British life and character would have for the reader of Latin race only an ethnological interest. And Dickens, at all events, is



untranslatable. In Italian he is more grotesque than humorous. The *language* of Thackeray or George Eliot can be translated into Italian or Spanish; but I doubt if their pictures can be. The snob is not indigenous to Italy, and the sober, self-respecting, debt-paying paganism George Eliot immortalized conveys nothing to the Spanish mind. Then Thackeray's religion was that of the clubs and George Eliot's fame arrived in Catholic countries weighted with the announcement that she was a serious agnostic with a purpose. Her fame as an agnostic I venture to think overrated; nor would I admit without more proof than I have seen adduced that she wrote all the agnosticism into her books that has been read into them. Most of her sincerest admirers would wish she had written nothing after "Middlemarch," and in the great works that ended with it, "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Felix Holt," it seems to me that the internal evidences of her agnosticism are singularly meagre, recondite and laboriously to be nosed out.

Still, her fame was that of a highly gifted and therefore specially dangerous unbeliever, and that character was likely to have more weight with earnest Catholics abroad, with ecclesiastical authorities, than the fact that she had portrayed inimitably peculiar types and phases of English life and manners.

The novel with a purpose is not quite a new idea. "Don Quixote" was one, "Caleb Williams" was one, "Gulliver" was one, to say nothing of "Tristram Shandy;" but the purpose was not in England precisely that of furthering the interests of the Catholic Church.

"Manzoni's" great romance, though less obviously a novel with a purpose than many so called, did and does further those interests; but it stands in a majestic isolation among Italian novels. In England Cardinal Wiseman wrote one novel and Cardinal Newman wrote two which might of itself convey a forcible hint of the applicability of this arm to Catholic strategies. Among Catholics the three novels just alluded to are widely read; at all events, "Fabiola" and "Callista" are, though the greater of the two works has much the smaller vogue; "Loss and Gain," in spite of its pensive charm and humor, is read much less than it should be. I doubt if any of the three receives anything like the recognition, among non-Catholic readers, to which its literary value entitles it. I judge by the fact that I constantly meet even bookish Protestants who never heard of "Fabiola!"

Fashion unfortunately affects Catholics also, and I suspect there are many Catholic readers who could not tell you who wrote "A Simple Story," and could tell you no more of "Grantley Manor" than that it was written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. The writing

of English novels by Catholics with a Catholic aim is to all intents and purposes almost a new idea, and the legitimacy of the idea is only beginning to be acknowledged. And by novels I may at once confess I do not mean pretty schoolroom tales. Of those latter there has been a regular succession and an almost adequate supply. But readers emerge from the schoolroom and go on reading; that is the point, and of that point the new Catholic novelist is laying hold.

It is a pioneer's business to cut down trees, and the pioneers in this work had timber to get down of some height and girth. Some of them cut their fingers and sustained bruises in the process. I am thinking of one of singular courage and capacity who, I have heard, suffered plentifully in this wise. Are they not the Weaker Brethren, alert to find fault, open-mouthed if not open-minded, pert and timorous, cathartic of criticism and of a most constipated, critical or productive family? He has survived the attacks and has received solid marks of ecclesiastical approval. And, like other pioneers, he has had followers whose paths have been less laborious for his work. But if several of the new Catholic novelists are priests, there is no reason why they all should be. For any Catholic writer who has anything to say there is a wide and fruitful field open to his labors in the novel. If a Latin Catholic should ask why the novel should be specially selected as his medium by a Catholic writer with a serious purpose, we would answer, "Because the novel happens to have a wider audience at present than anything except the newspaper."

I protest urgently against the theory that the newspaper is to take the place of the sermon; the pulpit can never be made obsolete by the press. But it is true that numbers of outsiders can be reached by the press who would not bring themselves within range of the Catholic pulpit. And there are also numbers of readers who would not handle tracts or treatises, but may, "accidentally" sometimes, be hit by the Catholic novel. The Catholic novel may have as definite and strenuous a purpose as "*Caleb Williams*," albeit a very different and not a dismal one; but though there is plenty of room for the downright *theological* novel, all Catholic novels need not be that. Novels are published and find their way to the libraries, and I suppose to some of the subscribers of those libraries, which are theological in the negative sense or in some other un-Catholic sense. Atheists, Agnostics, Deists, Christian "Scientists," Buddhists, Non-conformists of the passionately anti-Papal sort, every sort of queer believer and unbeliever commits his cargo of fads and fancies to the good ship "*Novel*," and launches it on the unknown ocean where novels ply, with a shrewd expectation that it may thus reach many

a distant and unlikely port. Why may not we do the same—with the regular, unmitigated novel of Catholic theology? It may be said that Catholic theologians have something else to do, and that may well be true. But though it would be folly to desert the doing of what is best for what is not so good, when the second best happens to be of high ability, it should be worth doing, too. A fine novel may demand gifts of imagination and fancy that all fine theologians neither have nor desire; but there may be many who know Catholic theology well in whom there are also the powers necessary for the production of a good novel. I do not think they would be wasting their time, and they would be welcomed by great numbers of readers who ignore the "smooth tale chiefly of love."

In the meanwhile there is the other and bigger public that must be reading novels of a less august sort and are quite ready to read thoroughly Catholic, though not what may be called theological novels. They are all the more ready because the Catholic novel has a certain novelty in English-speaking countries. They are, many of them, rather curious to see the Catholic point of view from the inside, so to speak, and the Catholic novel is the only way they know. A Catholic writer of any capacity who gives true and living pictures of Catholic life and thought worked into the homely and easy form of a novel will find as many readers outside his own body as in it. Is it not religious instruction?

And it must be remembered that unaccustomed stomachs are not at once able to assimilate very strong and concentrated food; the Catholic novel which only seems, to the fully instructed Catholic, to contain a very small and partial hint of Catholic truth, may contain as much as the non-Catholic reader can swallow and digest at one meal. We do not expect our own bodies to take in at one dinner time beef enough for life; why should we confine other people's minds or souls to one meal of complete and final nutrition? Perhaps Catholic novelists themselves might remember this, and not, with generous, but over-hospitable hand, overload their readers' plates? Nobody can say everything at once, however clever he may be; ninety-and-nine truths must be left in the wilderness (outside our own writings) while we carry one home.

I honestly believe there is room for the Catholic novel which is really a large and roomy tract, but I do not believe there is space enough in the most compendious novel for the whole Catholic faith to be administered in one mouthful—people *have* large mouths, but for talking rather than swallowing, as a rule. And I believe much more strongly that there is room for the Catholic novel which is not a tract at all, but which, in a sincere and reasonable fashion,

gives merely incidental or partial glimpses of Catholic life and feeling, Catholic ideals and Catholic standards, by the genuine description of Catholic conduct and Catholic surroundings and training. It is the panoramist rather than the artist who tries to cram a whole range of Alps onto his canvas. The true artist attempts no more than a corner, a group, a single trivial-seeming, character-teaching episode. We know better what Holland was like, in his day, from a tiny panel of Teniers' than we could learn from a contemporary map of the Low Countries as big as a dining table. You can no more squeeze the whole of Catholic faith and morals into a single romance than you can weave the history of the Church into one tapestry. You must make extracts, and they cannot all be of equal significance. The Master Himself was content to illustrate one truth in one parable; that is why the parable of the unjust steward disconcerts those who expect everything at once and are too impatient for the single lesson that the children of light should be as wise in *their* generation as the children of this world are shrewd and instinctive in theirs. It will be seen that I am making a plea for patience on the part of Catholic novelists themselves and also on the part of their Catholic readers; the former would be wise not to attempt too much at once and the latter would be reasonable if they would not expect too much at once.

Then as to quality. Of course, the finer it can be, the better, but there is no necessity to wait for a Catholic Thackeray or a Catholic Dickens. Giants are rarities in all religious denominations, and in no school of religious or irreligious thought do we see at present any gigantic infant apparently destined to become a new Dickens or a new Thackeray. That is no reason why moderate talents should not be used well, as very moderate talents are being used, in this field of fiction, very ill indeed. It would not be at all a wild assumption that in the Catholic body at large there must be to-day an average of talent equal at least to that which goes to produce the current fiction of the circulating library; that fiction is produced and does circulate, and a very large proportion of it needs an antidote. Assuming, as I have assumed, that we have the material for the antidote, we had better dispense it. Novels of quite a moderate literary value may help to do good, as other novels (many of which have no literary value whatever) are daily helping to do harm. A novel, for instance, by a sincere and dutiful Catholic need not be a thesis on marriage to remind the ordinary library subscriber that marriage is not really obsolete nor intolerable. The old-fashioned novel not always faultless, was wont to end in a marriage; the new-fashioned novel is apt to proceed to a divorce or two, not at all apt to assume that the marriage of hero and

heroine had any finality or permanence about it. Of "love" as the sole subject of fiction I do not wish to speak here, as I would desire to consider it apart. I would also like on another occasion to speak of the "purpose" in the novel of the serious Catholic who has one. There is not space to treat that matter adequately here.

The object of this paper has been (1) to show that the history of the novel itself would reasonably account for any attitude of distrust held towards it by earnest Catholics, and especially for their ecclesiastical superiors and guides; (2) to plead for the recognition of a fact—that the novel in modern life is a medium of promulgation second only in the widening of its scope to the newspaper, and not necessarily second even to the newspaper in effectiveness, for the novel takes a little longer to read and may take a little longer to forget; (3) to urge that the recognition of this fact should be acted upon by a counter supply. No suggestion has been made here that the condition of the novel *nowadays* in non-Catholic hands is such as to disarm any traditional suspicion of it; the plea is only that the novel should not be indolently left in non-Catholic hands; (4) to suggest the usefulness of various types of Catholic novels—admitting, more than admitting, that there is place for the Catholic novel of theology, as there obviously is for the non-Catholic novel of *un*-theology; pleading indeed that it would find a special class of hearers, just as there is one for the philosophical, the psychological and the political novel; admitting and pleading all that, it is also urged that there would be great and worthy use for the Catholic novel of less special and technical aim, the more simple novel of Catholic life and manners, which *illustrates* the Church's influence on her children without any fierce effort at doing so *thetically*, and illustrates, too, Catholic *beliefs*, here a little and there a little, without attempting to screw down the whole of Catholic *belief* into one narrow box not greatly too large to carry one tale of ordinary dimensions.

A great number of non-Catholic works of fiction now appearing, that do abundant harm, are probably not written with that express motive; the motive is merely to write a novel and be paid for it, and the writer, having nothing else to express, only expresses himself, and being what he is, without religious or moral convictions, it is just that expression and diffusion of his objectionable self that does the mischief. He does not, very likely, realize that there is anything the matter with himself. He sends himself abroad as complacently as a man who has small-pox will walk abroad, if he supposes everybody else has them; society, however, dislikes small-pox, and the sight of his spots will lead to strong representation that he had better remain at home. Society at present, being largely

free from religious or moral convictions of its own, is not scandalized by the spottiness of the novelist, and his public appearance is not resented. The Catholic novelist who is loyal to his faith and the moral teaching of his Church, even if what he has to say falls short of a special revelation, will express *himself* also, and in so doing he will give expression, more or less incomplete, but genuine and wholesome, to the presence of faith and the obligation of morals. In doing this he will be diffusing an antidote. If in every instance the antidote could be more powerfully conveyed than the poison, it would be splendid; but splendor need not be awaited, else we should have only great specialists and our useful general practitioners would starve, which might increase mortality among that large public that never has recourse to the specialists.

I am quite aware that literary Catholics may cry out aghast, "Are you not hinting at a procedure that would lay us open to a huge crop of mediocre Catholic novels?" Perhaps. But is there not a huge mass of mediocre readers of fiction, Catholic and non-Catholic, who are, *faute-de-mieux*, being supplied with an immense bulk of highly un-Catholic fiction much less than mediocre in quality? Why not leaven the lump, and leaven it as plentifully as possible—with first-rate stuff (where we have it) for first-rate readers, but with some condescendence to the fact that all readers are not first-rate and that they also *will* get hold of something and may as well have something not poisonous to get hold of? The thing is to provide it.

You who are superior need not read the books for the man in the street; he will not read yours, but he will read something. Need it be mischievous?

JOHN AYSOUGH.

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## THE CHARMS OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

THE opinion is general among a large percentage of the American people that the first settlement made on our shores was inaugurated in 1607 by Captain John Smith at Jamestown, Virginia; the English Pilgrim Fathers also claim much attention for the erection of their habitation at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. But years before these pioneers began their work of founding an occidental empire Spanish friars had established innumerable churches, chapels and missions throughout that vast stretch of territory now known as the Southwestern States. In 1539 a Spanish priest, Marcos de Niza, advanced northward from

old Mexico and after many very weary weeks planted the Cross at the pueblo of Zuni, naming the territory (now New Mexico) "The New Kingdom of St. Francis." There are two ways to reach the Southwestern country—rail and water; but by far the pleasantest route is via New York and that widespreading, undulating abyss called the Spanish Main. The six-day trip to Galveston is usually agreeable, excepting, of course, when occasional hurricanes lash the billows mountain high as the genial Neptune cavorts in and around the Straits of Florida. The principal port of Texas derives its name from Galvez, a famous young Spanish Governor who led the American colonist forces along the shores of the Gulf in 1779, to repeated and uninterrupted victories in the struggle for freedom from British sovereignty. Commerce grows year by year, and the city presents a metropolitan appearance, business structures of importance and regal mansions of the rich being numerous. The Catholics possess several fine-looking churches and institutions, and the leading hotel, fronting the Gulf, has few superiors anywhere. An impregnable buttress known as the sea-wall claims the attention of every traveler, for it is one of the greatest engineering feats of the age. "Northers" frequently goad the waves to frenzy as they leap high across the shoals leading to the town, and in days gone by frequently inundated the city; in the year 1900 the port was badly dismantled by a tidal wave that flooded the entire section, and it was officially reported that nine thousand human beings were drowned and an enormous amount of property utterly ruined. The Federal Government came to the aid of the stricken people and erected the sea-wall, which is eighteen feet above the shore, twenty feet thick at the base, tapering to five feet at the top, built of solid concrete and costing the large sum of eight million dollars, but the money was well expended, for the newer and improved Galveston now boasts a population of forty thousand souls.

Texas is merely a cog in the great flywheel called the United States, yet its 265,000 square miles of land make it as large as England and the German Empire combined, and inasmuch as this vast area enjoys many kinds of climates, the soil brings forth almost every product known to agriculture. It is a part of the "Grand Prairie" of the early Spaniards and is so expansive that when Coronado crossed it three and one-half centuries ago he employed native guides, who kept their course only by shooting arrows ahead. In the morning, taking their bearings from the rising sun, they shot an arrow in the direction of their journey's end; then they took up the line of march. Before reaching the first arrow, they shot another beyond it, then a third in line with the other two; "and in this way they go all day," writes Castenada, who kept the

journal of the famous march, "toward the water where they are to end the day." The State is 740 miles long and 825 wide; it has a coast line of 400 miles, and on one side of it the Rio Grande flows for nearly 800 miles. The Commonwealth is very massive in many ways; for instance, the live stock (valued at \$400,000,000) graze on 175,000,000 acres of land, which are worth close to \$2,000,000,000. Cotton and corn, taking up 20,000,000 acres, were valued at \$400,000,000 in 1912. In brief, the total products in a single year represent about \$650,000,000! To these figures should be added \$250,000,000 for minerals and manufactures, and 17,000 miles of railroad track, the equal of Italy and Japan combined. All of which shows much progress on the part of the 4,000,000 citizens of the Lone Star State. Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth are cities of considerable importance, while San Antonio is a lively, well-built metropolis. Of course, the Catholic has had something to do with the social, political, industrial and religious work of the country, for the well-known La Salle was zealously spreading the sacred truths as far back as 1685, many ruins of old missions still being found far removed from the beaten path of the average traveler. It is a mistake to assume that the bulk of Texas Catholics are of Mexican blood, as we find a considerable number of European colonists professing the faith of the ancestral fathers. The 400,000 Baptists slightly outrank us numerically, but it is but justice to state that the handsome and substantial churches and institutions of education and charity in the four dioceses have few superiors.

As our itinerary embraces the northern belt of the Southwestern States, we leave "San Antone" with the thriving new State of Oklahoma as our destination. Twenty-five years ago "Deadshot Dick" and "Alkali Ike" were the ruling monarchs of those pristine wilds, but these romantic buccaneers were translated to climes celestial when the screeching locomotive flashed its searchlight upon the verdant plains so long the hunting grounds of the Apache and his tribe. Prosperous farms are found to the right and left, and almost every train brings in new recruits. Several German Catholic colonies are thriving in this fortunate region, and it is regrettable that men of other nations are not displaying greater assiduity along the same intelligent lines. Unimproved farm lands in the Gulf Coast country range between \$25 and \$75 per acre. Climatic conditions are agreeable—never excessively hot and severe cold is unknown to this region of Texas. Great variety adds spice to the lives of the people, as the diversified products so eloquently testify, and perhaps they cannot be excelled in any one country on the globe. Here we find wheat, oranges, figs, grapes, sugar cane, sugar beet, cotton, rice, corn, milo maize, sorghum, oats,



apricots, prunes, nectarines, peaches, persimmons, plums, pecans, cauliflower, onions, tomatoes, beans, peanuts, peas, cucumbers, squash, beets, watermelons, cantaloupes, strawberries, blackberries, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, honey, alfalfa, native hay, fruits of almost every variety and live stock in great numbers.

The development of Oklahoma reminds one of some pantomimic phantasy akin to "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," for the new Commonwealth has undergone a marvelous transformation during the last twenty-five years. Twice the area of Portugal, what was formerly the rendezvous of the Indian now contains nearly two million souls, cities and towns springing up like magic at the bidding of the fairy's wand. Last year the farmers of Oklahoma took from the earth over 100,000,000 bushels of corn and 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, and the wealth of the State is officially computed to be about \$2,000,000,000, a very respectable showing for a section of country that is even now regarded by many as being beyond the pale of civilization. Nor is the Catholic priest unknown to this thriving province, for the Diocese of Oklahoma keeps pace with the growth of population, the various ecclesiastical, educational and charitable institutions being of superior rank. The great neck of land lying between Oklahoma and New Mexico is called the "Texas Panhandle." Here we find thousands of farmers tilling their quarter-sections (160 acres) with excellent results. Good lands range from \$25 to \$60 an acre, and as the climate is moderate all the year, there is no reason why an energetic man with \$1,500 cash should not possess a comfortable home and ranch within a period of ten years. Many have already accomplished more on less capital. The principal city of this region is cosmopolitan El Paso, which has sprung from a mere hamlet to an enterprising centre of 40,000 people. Statistics are enervating, it is true, but it is pleasant to read that Oklahoma yearly produces 85,000,000 barrels of petroleum, worth \$60,000,000. Natural gas in one county emits 6,000,000 feet every twenty-four hours; Pawnee possesses an oil well that fills 50,000 barrels a week. If bank deposits are an index to the wealth of the people, the \$200,000,000 in many institutions gives evidence of much prosperity.

Kansas and Nebraska are generally looked upon as a section comparatively new to white men. Nevertheless, eighty years prior to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock the fauna and flora of Nebraska had been described by a European scientist; eighty-seven years ere Hendrik Hudson sailed up the Hudson River a party of Caucasians floated down the Platte; sixty-six years before the English located in Jamestown and Captain John Smith found undying fame with the dusky Pocahontas white men and red men were on felicitous terms on the midland prairies; and it has been

stated that Western archaeologists, headed by Dr. Robert F. Gilder, of Omaha, have at last succeeded in locating the exact site of the alleged city of Quivera, for which Coronado and the old Spanish conquerors searched so diligently and fought so valiantly, and a party of scientists anticipate making excavations and explorations which are expected to throw considerable light on the people of a kingdom whose location has been in doubt for four hundred years and more. Ruins of the ancient city are said to skirt the Loup River in Nebraska for several miles, the population of which at one time must have been enormous. While it has been known for a number of years that Quivera was located somewhere in Nebraska, the exact spot had not been definitely settled.

These early adventurers went to Nebraska to seek the alleged city of Quivera, where gold was supposed to be so plentiful that the highways and byways were paved with it. The Argonauts, who had traversed some fifteen hundred miles of virgin forests and pristine wilds, were somewhat chagrined to find that Quivera contained much yellow corn, but little of the yellow gold; so they once again took up the line of march and returned to the haunts of the buccaneers who were exploring for precious ore far down in the depths of Mexico.

Twenty-five years or so ago, near Riverton, Neb., a farmer dug up an ancient saddle stirrup. It was so strange to him that he sent it to the State Museum. There it was recognized as the exact counterpart, both in shape and material, of those used for centuries by Moorish horsemen and Spanish knights errant. It had been made on a blacksmith's anvil, of iron or steel, and the blows of the hammer were yet visible. Constant use had worn a small hole through the centre. The finding of the ancient Spanish stirrup revived the old story of the early Spanish expeditions to Nebraska and so stirred the souls of archaeologists that Professor James W. Savage made a personal trip to Madrid for the purpose of delving into the records in the Spanish Court archives concerning the expeditions of Coronado, Castenada, Penalosa and others to the kingdom of Quivera. As a result of years of research the Professor has given the following summary of his reasons for locating Quivera just north of the Platte River: "Quivera was situated northeasterly from Santa Fé. It was distant from the latter city 800 or 900 miles. It was north of the fortieth parallel, the southern boundary of Nebraska. It lay north of a wide but fordable stream." All these conditions are said to be fulfilled along the Platte; and now the archaeologists are said to have discovered along this very stream the remains of a city of immense size, which was discovered and described by the historian with the old Penalosa Spanish expedition

in 1662. In tracing the line of march of Penalosa it was found that a second old Spanish stirrup, a perfect match for the one discovered in Nebraska, had been found near Junction City, Kansas. Two pieces of a suit of armor were found in the southwestern part of Texas some years ago. In the armor was the skeleton of a white man. Archaeologists have claimed that the finding of the two stirrups and the suit of mail bears out the words of the historian of the early Spanish expedition.

In describing the city of Quivera the Spaniard wrote: "This was one of the cities of Quivera. It contained thousands of houses, mostly circular in shape, some two, three and even four stories in height, framed in hard wood believed to be black walnut and skilfully thatched. It extended along the river for more than two leagues, at which distance a third stream flowed into the second. Beyond this the city again stretched out for many leagues." The "seven cities of Cibola" and the "Kingdom of Quivera" have long been thought to be myths and inventions of the minds of the early Spaniards themselves. But so far as Quivera is concerned, eminent writers contend the ancient story to be correct. The city itself could not be located, although it was believed to be in central Nebraska, along the Platte River. Recent discoveries, however, now place the site north of the Platte and along the banks of the Loup. A careful search of the banks of this stream, it is stated, has brought to light the fact that at some remote age a huge city had its life and being along the Loup about two miles above its confluence with the Platte, or near the present site of the city of Columbus. On both sides of the stream there are said to be many artificial mounds and dwelling sites, and while the piles of ashes and the general débris are of long standing, they are sufficient in number to set the heart of an archaeologist at work at twice its ordinary speed. From the ruins of old Quivera it is hoped to secure such evidence of the customs, habits and home life of the inhabitants that much light will be thrown upon the earliest people known to have lived in the country between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains.

The area of New Mexico is 122,468 square miles, or 78,380,160 acres. Farm lands include 20,000,000 acres and the native pasture lands, where agriculture at the present time, owing to lack of water, is impracticable, 30,000,000 acres. The rest of the State's area is timber and mineral land. Population has increased 67 per cent. in ten years to 450,000 at the present time. Climatic conditions are ideal, the land being fanned by the warm southern winds a thousand miles south of the Canadian line, while the altitude, ranging from 1,000 to 7,000 feet, offsets the enervating effects

of the torrid heat that otherwise would prevail. Humidity is also unknown, due to the paucity of the rainfall, which in many sections is not above twelve inches annually. Of course, the lack of water has greatly interfered with the promotion of agriculture, but vast irrigation dams have been erected to reclaim millions of unproductive acres. It should also be said in behalf of the railroads that they have spent large sums in assisting farmers to locate along their lines. There are low-rate colonist fares and also minimum freight charges for transporting families and their household goods to many points. Ground is sold at a "popular" price, from \$5 to \$25 per acre. For the benefit of those who regard a copious water supply as imperative for the production of a bumper crop, it should be stated that several thousand farmers are now securing fine results from "dry farming," especially in the highlands, where rain is as scarce as it is plentiful in the tropics. By Federal statute opening the public domain in the West to settlement, the head of a family or any adult person may file on homestead of 160 acres, and by the side of it, if the land be without growth of native hay or timber, take a desert claim of like area. Upon the homestead the claimant must live five years before he may demand a patent; unless he chooses, after fourteen months, to commute by paying \$1.25 per acre. A patent for the desert claim is obtained simply by sinking a well and setting a pump which will develop a supply of water sufficient to irrigate the whole quarter. It has been said that men of Chinese nativity are undesirable citizens, but down at Deming we find a rustic son of the Celestial Empire banking \$8,000 in a single year, all of which comes from nineteen acres of one of the best-regulated truck gardens in the world. Skeptics may doubt the existence of the 100,000,000,000 tons of coal alleged to be beneath the surface of the Commonwealth, but an apple weighing thirty-nine ounces was recently on exhibition in metropolitan Albuquerque (population 15,000), a city handling 14,000,000 pounds of wool and 100,000,000 feet of lumber in the course of twelve months; the town is both a modern and ancient community, for the Jesuits still maintain the little chapel erected for the natives years before the Revolution was fought and won. Latecomers possess a handsome church, academy and high school. The climate is very dry and clear, the thriving city lodging many of those unfortunates whom the profane and vulgar facetiously allude to as "them Eastern lungers." Minerals of various strata have an annual total of \$20,000,000, and it should not be forgotten that the industrial life of the new State is still in embryonic form. Optimists assert that 10,000,000 tons of coal can be elevated yearly for 250 years and many lodes will still remain; and it would seem that the 10,000,000 cattle, sheep and goats that browse on the

uplands and lowlands should supply the wants of all men for all time to come.

Tourists bound for ancient Santa Fé leave the main line at Lamy, named in honor of the celebrated Archbishop who had so much to do with the upbuilding of religion and the development of that section, and proceed eighteen miles by rail to the capital city. Santa Fé was founded by the Spaniards in 1605 and named their little habitation La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco (the True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis), but in the lapse of time the rapid-fire American reduced it to Santa Fé. Nestling 7,000 feet above the level, this city amidst the stars is hemmed in by a lofty range that throws its undulating peaks 10,000 to 13,000 feet beyond the clouds. While the town is by no means as archaic as it was in the days when that Castilian soldier of fortune, the dauntless Coronado, led his band through the tangled wilderness of the Southwest in 1540, there are still extant innumerable monuments of antiquity that have withstood the ravages of the centuries. Up to a few years ago the Territorial Governor entertained the honored guest in the apartment that served the same purpose for nineteen American and seventy-six Mexican and Spanish Viceroys who ruled the province; and it will be recalled that General Lew Wallace, while Governor, here penned his famous play, "Ben Hur." Treasures ensconced herein embrace pictures of the saints painted upon puma skins, rude stone gods of the prehistoric races and the most peculiar utensils and implements then in vogue with the thrifty housewife and old-time warrior. Our modern mapmaker also finds a crude drawing on which California appears as an island of the Pacific Ocean. One-story adobe huts in the mediæval section of the town are very patriarchal; in fact, they probably antedate by several years the leathern-faced old men and women who sit in vacuous idleness as they discuss the topics familiar to the early days of the venerable Santa Fé. As the mind became retrospective we could see the plumed knight seated upon his prancing charger, his clanking armor terrifying the evil ones and fascinating the young and fair. Of course, the modern city is very American, with a good hotel, a daily newspaper and 14,000 people. The atmosphere is rarefied, due to the altitude, warm during the day and quite cool after the setting of the sun. The diocese was erected in 1850, the archbishopric in 1875, and inasmuch as the bulk of the faithful are of Spanish heritage, the priests find it convenient to possess a thorough knowledge of English and the tongue of old Castile. The Bishops of Denver, Col., and Tucson, Arizona, are Suffragans of Archbishop Pitaval, of Santa Fé. It is stated that fully one-half the population of New Mexico are adherents of the ancient faith. Churches,

schools and charitable institutions rank with the best, and scarcely a month passes that does not witness an addition to those already existing. Sightseers should never depart from Santa Fé without taking the tour "around the Colorado circle," a thousand-mile trip up and about lofty peaks that raise their frosty domes far into the blue firmament on high. They call this section of Colorado the "Switzerland of America," and as the belching, throbbing mogul engine drills the creaking, groaning train around a precipitous crag, thunders across a skyline bridge, rushes down an incline at lightning speed, or skirts a bottomless canyon that reaches far down into the very bowels of the earth, the tourist needs no assurance that such enchanting vistas are unsurpassed on this terrestrial sphere. On this branch line leading north a wagon road winds along to the ancient pueblo of Taos, which is said to be the oldest habitation of the white man in North America, by which we mean north of the Rio Grande. Many generations ago this walled-in little city, at the farthest corner penetrated by the Spaniard, was the bartering place for the exchange of Caucasian cloths and beads, "firewater" and tobacco for the furs and hides, turquoises and pottery of the red man; but the rise of Santa Fé eventually dimmed the prestige of the patriarch so dear to the heart of Kit Carson and his clique, and now we find decaying adobe walls and tottering adobe huts to relate the gruesome story of the rise and fall of a cosmopolis that thrived a century ere the Mayflower's lookout descried the outlines of the English Pilgrims' mecca.

The early friars had their own troubles in consummating their laudable task, for the various chiefs of the aborigines looked askance upon the influence wielded by the white stranger over their subordinates, and as a result priest after priest was cruelly put to death. The intrepid Spaniards, however, tenaciously clung to the work of Christianizing and civilizing the native population, and the "earliest inhabitants" are now, with but few exceptions, children of that "peerless institution whose history reaches to the age of fable."

The Indian of the Southwest is in many respects a complex. His habits and characteristics are the same as those that have imbued his forbears throughout the ages. Quiet, industrious and independent, he is satisfied with but little of the goods of this material world. He dwells quietly in his pueblo, a communal aggregation of adobe "houses" built side by side, one upon the other, and invariably reached by means of a primitive ladder hammered together in slipshod fashion. There are scores of these communal homes scattered around New Mexico and Arizona. While it is true that one hundred per cent. of the natives of New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Colorado cannot claim to have attained the

highest development of civilized society, it cannot be said with any degree of accuracy that, as a class, they will always remain semi-civilized, a statement recently made by a "liberal-spirited" gentleman of the cloth whose missionary efforts, after the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, were not conducive of great results. For reasons best known to himself, the stoical native prefers the ancient creed to all others that may be submitted for his consideration. Many of our brown-faced brothers display superiority in various ways. They own prosperous farms, are intelligent mechanics, show enterprise in business affairs, are efficient lawyers and capable physicians; the women are loyal wives and devoted mothers. As is well known to transcontinental tourists along the southern route, the squaws gather at many stations and offer for sale all kinds of trinkets to the passengers, such as beads, shawls, baskets and pottery, all of their own handiwork, giving evidence of innate artistic ability that would do justice to the factory expert, and perhaps the following incident will serve to show the profound faith of the Catholic Indian woman. The train was sidetracked in order to allow the eastbound express to pass, and grouped around the observation car were the usual purveyors of home-made wares. An *au fait* Eastern lady priced everything one of them had for sale, and at last offered twenty-five cents for the rosary beads clustered around the woman's neck; the latter simply shook her head. The lady flippantly held up half a dollar, and this was also answered in the negative. Once again the lady of culture, between bites of the gum she was emulating, increased the bid to two dollars and finally offered a five-dollar note for the sacred chain; the only answer vouchsafed by the silent daughter of the hills was a shake of the head. In other words, the humble one was there to sell her wares, but not her faith.

Rev. Dr. Charles Warren Currier is generally recognized as an unbiased authority on the Indian races, and the following tribute from his pen is well worthy of consideration by those unthinking men who regard the red man as a logical object of "civilized" rapacity:

"The white man has failed to grasp his opportunity. He was sent to build up and to civilize; he has brought the race to which he was sent to the verge of extinction. What a splendid mission he might have accomplished had he been faithful to it! The two races might have been developed side by side, one borrowing from the other. In exchange for the civilization we would have given him we might have received from the Indians those sterling qualities that are naturally theirs, which it takes us years to acquire.

"We might have learned from them to develop that strength of character that characterizes them among all the races of the

earth. The American Indian, undaunted in battle, fearless in danger, is impervious to pain, a natural stoic. He endures the intensest suffering without a groan or a sigh. The Indian is a diplomatist, a statesman by nature, and we may learn from him that prudence so necessary to the statesman. He is a born orator. One of the finest pieces of oratorical action I have witnessed was that of an Indian of the Sioux Nation.

"And the Indian name! It is everywhere. Stamped upon the face and engraved upon the granite ribs of the American continent, it is destined to remain until the waters of the Atlantic shall meet those of the Pacific and the American continent sink beneath the waves. Its echoes come to us from all sides, from the summits of the loftiest mountains, from the depths of the valleys, from the bosom of the lakes, from the great American streams. Not a State in the Union but recalls these memories of vanished tribes. The white man could rob the Indian, bleed him to death and bring him to the verge of extinction, but he could not efface, he never shall efface the Indian's name. Stronger than marble, more enduring than brass his monument shall be to remind us forever of a people that was and to recall to us our own shame.

"Long after the Indian shall be extinct, his poetry, his traditions and his name will survive. Indian poetry and Indian traditions have inspired some of the best productions of the American muse. The 'Araucana' of Ercilla y Zuniga, the 'Attala' of Chateaubriand and the 'Hiawatha' of Longfellow are only a few flowers culled from the garden of American literature, fragrant with the aroma of the forest and redolent with the perfume of Indian poetry."

In the days of yore travelers generally made their last will and testament ere proceeding on a business trip along the Santa Fé Trail, for the Apaches and others who did not care to toil for a livelihood engaged in the profession of rifling the mail bags, strong boxes and pockets of those occupying seats in the rambling stage coaches; and it is common knowledge that many a good man was consigned to a premature tomb by his lack of agility to escape the death-dealing bullet leveled at him by some malevolent marauder of those Western wilds. But conditions of that nature now prevail only in the chimerical minds of literati who pen those blood-curdling yellow-backs that strike terror to the hearts of fond fathers and mothers of the rising generation. It is now possible for the *sang froid* tourist to take his matutinal bath, be manicured, shaved, shampooed and have his trousers creased in the latest Pall Mall style while lolling in a palatial drawing room that rolls over hill and vale at fifty miles per hour. Magnificent hotels, all constructed on the Mission style of architecture and generally bearing names of the early Spanish priests and explorers, have been



erected at many points by a great railroad company, the rates being reasonable for the first-class service rendered the visitor.

The energetic work of the Santa Fé Railway in creating new divisions almost every few weeks and the prodigious efforts it is making in the way of advertising the territory contiguous with its lines are excellent arguments against the Socialistic acquisition of the railroad systems of America. This vast corporation now controls 11,000 miles of track, or about one-half of the total mileage of the English and Scotch transportation companies. The Southern Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, and Western Pacific, all of which pass through the territory under discussion, also display much activity in reclaiming millions of acres and making the desert bloom with fragrant fields of wheat, corn, sugar beet, potatoes, vegetables of every kind and trees of every fruit. Thousands of families are now comfortably situated on farms of twenty-five to fifty acres—a sharp contrast, indeed, to the emaciated toilers of our factory towns who eke out a wretched existence tending a throbbing machine from sunrise to sunset, while their puny offspring are fed on the embalmed products of twentieth-century civilization.

As the train rolls along the arid plains and extensive plateaus lying to the west there are presented to the traveler a cyclorama of grass-carpeted plazas, bleak mountain peaks, ranches whereon graze thousands of sheep, lava beds that were old ere Abraham wed with Sarai, tall and sombre volcanic cones that seem to recede as the car speeds onward, the cerulean dome screened here and there by translucent vapors suffused with the glowing tints of the empyreal bow, and, lastly, that unexplainable fascination that enchants and holds enthralled the charmed sightseer from fields afar—the call of Nature's universal throne. Pure atmosphere brought the famous Lowell Observatory to Flagstaff, or at least to the hills on the outskirts of the bustling little city, a central point for the shipment of vast trainloads of lumber. Several miles inland, at Black Falls, are found a group of ruins denoting their builders to have been of highly superior mentality. Wherever our mediæval friends of the Aztec Nation cast their lot they left their highways strewn with débris of gorgeous temples, chambers and sarcophagi, and as if to display no prejudice in favor of any one chosen land, we find a few miles from Adamana the foundations of what were evidently buildings of great importance in those dim and distant centuries whose archives have long been consigned to the pits of perdition. And of course those peculiar nomads who scaled the towering pinnacles to fashion the uncouth granite boulder into the semblance of a manse, those altitudinous pagans whom we style the cliff-dwellers, have transmitted to us in excellent form their lofty habitations.

Arizona is about the size of Italy (113,000 square miles), and is also forging to the front as a progressive State. Gold, silver, coal and copper mines are being worked on an extensive scale. Fruit raising and general agriculture assist in making the inhabitants prosperous, of whom there are now 210,000 in the Commonwealth. The climate in the north is similar to that of New Mexico, but down at Phoenix the mercury ascends, and Yuma, located at sea level, has the reputation of being one of the hottest towns in the United States; the air, however, is very dry, and the 120 degrees sometimes recorded bears the same relevancy to 90 degrees in the Eastern States. Those who recall the devastating fire of 1900, when the city was leveled to the ground, will be gratified to learn that Prescott (a mile high), with a population of 15,000, is now one of the handsomest towns in the country, and enjoys a climate unsurpassed in the world, the community being a health resort of note; the ubiquitous Catholic possesses several fine institutions of religion, education and charity. Tucson, the seat of the bishopric, is in the southern district, where the mercury rarely ascends above 90 degrees. Fruit farming is the principal occupation of the people in the southern section.

Phoenix, the capital, is a busy little metropolis of 15,000 people, many of whom thrive on the benevolence of the "idle born" who throng the community during the winter solstice, for sanitariums are numerous, and it is quite a fad to camp out in the open desert during the days Old Sol is south of the equatorial line. It would be superfluous to state that the Sisters of Mercy maintain a well-equipped hospital, St. Joseph's, and the laity, of whom there are 50,000 in the State, have handsome new churches and schools. Smelters of considerable size give evidence of an abundance of various ores, and coal is also produced in large quantities. On the way down to Phoenix we pass the Hassayampa River, not quite as lengthy as the Missouri, but one overflowing with potent charms, for it is affirmed on what is said to be reliable authority that the person who drinks of its waters will never afterwards tell the truth, never have a dollar, nor leave the hallowed precincts of ancient Arizona. This Munchausen anecdote may be tinged with a spirit of romanticism, but it is an indubitable fact that one great mine has placed \$20,000,000 in the coffers of its fortunate owners.

Arizona may never become the greatest State of the American Union, but there are to be found within its boundaries two of the greatest works of nature—the Petrified Forests and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Geologists assert that in the ages long extinct, eons before the erection of civilization as now obtains, an archean ocean engulfed the sands whereon are found countless petrified remnants of forest kings that proudly raised their broad-

spreading crowns 200 feet above the base. Whither receded the waters of this ancient sea no student of geology attempts to define; but the modern traveler finds incontestable evidence that in the long ago myriads of mighty mammoths dotted a productive land that now lies buried beneath an army of fabulous giants time has transmuted into stone. The cold, indestructible form of a one-time monarch now spans a canyon some fifty or sixty feet across. The First Forest is six miles from Adamana, the journey being made by stage coach; the Second Forest is three miles to the south of the first, while the Third Forest, the most important, is thirteen miles from the railroad. Here are found tree trunks of enormous size, and many are well preserved. As the awed visitor views the silent, ghostlike statues, there steals upon him in all its weirdness a realization of the dread stillness that lies beyond the tomb. World-touring has become a penchant of the American people. We roam over the metropolitan centres of Europe and repose in the 'riksha of old Japan; we invest the cataracts of Khartoum and take a superficial glance at the Panama; we patronize the mosques of sun-scorched Ind'a and view the glaciers of the polar zone; but what an infinitesimal few have walked the aisles of this dead and buried treasure-house of the past; this basin of sparkling emeralds and imperial diadems; this mundane, heaven-airod mausoleum that knows no lines of circumscription; this sunlit arena of petrescent gladiators felled by ogres of infernal mould!

Williams is only a rustic spot of 1,500 people, but it is well and favorably known to countless thousands of tourists, for sixty miles to the north lies the "greatest sight beneath the sun"—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Upon arriving at the station, we see what is perhaps the most unique hotel in all the world, the El Tovar, named in honor of Coronado's lieutenant who traversed this section as far back as 1540. The inn is constructed of native boulders and pine logs, and bears a striking resemblance to a log cabin of great dimensions. As water is not to be had at any price, tank cars bring it to the Canyon from a spring ninety miles distant. Interiorally, the equipment of this isolated caravansary is the equal of the best, and it has the distinction of being the only hotel in the universe that stands a mile or more above the waters under the earth.

The honor of the first exploration of the Canyon belongs primarily to the Spaniards, who in 1540 reported it to the civilized world, and it is a matter of record that a padre of old Castile was the first white man to enter the tremendous gulch. Since then many expeditions have attempted to explore the chaotic labyrinth, which, as we are told, is the result of erosion, caused by the swiftly flowing torrents of the Colorado River in seeking an outlet

to the sea. Before the building of the Sante Fé Railway, the adventurers generally ascended, or attempted to ascend, the stream from Yuma, but, owing to the rapid current, the trip is fraught with many dangers, and scores of lives have been consigned to watery graves. Able geologists assert that the river (which flows at fifteen miles an hour) has consumed ages in carving its way through this vast field of granite.

The Grand Canyon is indeed the earth's greatest gash, for it is 217 miles long, 13 miles wide and falls to a depth of 6,000 feet below the rim. An eminent scholar has spoken of it "as a grave dug by a god for the interment of the world," and the longer the visitor scans the mighty chasm the more enthralling becomes the prospect. Let us occupy a point of vantage down at Grand View and sweep the abysmal reaches of this baffling, this transcendental, this indescribable amphitheatre with a powerful glass. We now behold a thousand pyramids rising a mile above the base, but one and all fail to reach the level of the rim. Another swing of the lens upon the panorama to the right brings to view a hundred gray-clad steeples of some great basilica of the ancient gods; immediately to the rear soar skyward a series of stupendous shafts supporting the dome of a titanic hall of legislation. To the left a labyrinthine passage borders on either side huge sarcophagi of renowned mortals once ruling this subterrestrial empire; again the binocular brings home a prospect of colonnades, mausoleums, platforms, cathedrals and colossal statues well calculated to hold in stupefaction the soul of Michael Angelo himself. But a human pen hesitates to depict the awe-engendering escarpments that stretch before the enchanted, spellbound visitor. Down, down, thousands of feet in the recesses of those illimitable deeps, the acute vision discerns the variegated mosque of an Oriental prince; above and across a gentle brook (the boiling, devastating Colorado) the fascinated eye scans a cyclopean tabernacle borne aloft by obelisks conceived and executed by fabulous craftsmen centuries ere King Solomon planned his temple.

Now a cloud of darkness obscures and dims the effulgent orb of day, and within the twinkling of an eye those ermine columns, those glittering spires, those sculptured vaults are garbed in funereal shrouds; once again the beaming monarch of the cerulescent bay bursts forth his lustrous rays, and lo! the sepulchral form, the sombre arch, the basaltic bier transmute to embellished and gaudy halls of state and ducal mansions of the noble. We rest the eye in a lingering view of multitudinous gorges, declivities that know no base, mammoths of terrific mould, pantheons and forums that dwarf the ancient coliseums to nothingness, the gorgeous ensemble suffused with all the glowing shades of the fleeting chameleon.

At midnight we brave the fury of a merciless tempest to view the most sublime cyclorama of the subastral world—a torrential storm sweeping the pinnacles and steepes of this grim and ghastly bedlam of volcanic cones. We seem to stand on an eminence between supernal heights and lowest reaches of the infernal bourne. A black and ominous aerial sea engulfs the universe as the oceans above cast their deluge upon the Plutonian furnace beneath. The alabaster tower, the convent esplanade, the chalcedonic walk of early morn now transform to great and hideous imps, flaming parapets and smoking caldrons. Blinding flashes sever the sombre pall and crash against the bastions of empurpled ogres now up-raising cavalcades of monstrous and blood-curdling mould. Once again the luminous beacon in its shattering flight lays bare the breastworks of Satanic cells, and again the artillerist of unerring aim flings low his terrific broadsides into the Stygian pits that groan with maledictions and lamentations of ghouls that haunt the chambers of perdition. Again and again the thunderous roars of bursting mortars and celestial searchlights rake the gruesome arsenals of the flame-swept inferno; across the reaches of the rumbling brocken an empyreal strategist trains his belching cannon, until all beneath the firmament is seized within the grip of a conflagration that casts its diabolical hue far above and beyond the shrouds encompassing the world. The demonian batteries have been silenced and all is tranquil as the deathlike sea gives way to Luna's sheet of dazzling silver. We swing the glass on the imperial Temple of Osiris, disdainfully scowling on the lofty Pyramid of Cheops, which in turn flings out its castellated battlements high above the Dragon Head emerging from the profound catacombs of the gorge. Far beyond the plateaus and buttes, waterfalls and towers seemingly beneath our feet, but in reality many miles in the distant Aztec Amphitheatre toward the west, there repose a group of edenic gardens coursed by streams of gently shimmering waters. Again the camera is leveled across the troughlike gulch to the east, and we behold the crumbling walls of an impregnable fortress that repelled the ablest general of his time. Now a giant boulder crashes madly down the precipitous steepes and leaps with thunderous clap from crag to crag as it hurls along to the vortex thousands of feet below. It is the signal for the midnight revel, and as a plume of jet flits beneath the nocturnal lamp, there stalk forth an army of incorporeal phantoms and grotesque spectres that thrill and hold transfixed the very soul and heart of mortal man. We stand entranced, appalled and stupefied. All is dead; all is silent; all is ghastly.

Descent to the Colorado River is made on the sure-footed little donkey called the burro, the trail being so steep and treacherous

that it becomes necessary at times to dismount in order to be roped together, for a false step would consign the unfortunate one to the depths of an escarpment from whence there is no recall. The seven miles along the Bright Angel Trail is consummated in about three hours, and now we view a vortex of maddened cataracts that sweep over boulder and mound at a death-dealing pace. It is here we begin to understand how nature has contrived to find an outlet for the waters draining Colorado, Utah and Arizona. Geologists assert that the erosion represents the work of ages, and perhaps their computations are correct; but right or wrong, the torrential floods of the Colorado River, in their onward roll to the Gulf of California, have given to man a prospect of cavernous voids, empyreal temples and fearful depths the mind of mediocrity utterly fails to comprehend.

WILLIAM S. LONG.

Garden, N. J.

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## A BISHOP OF THE OLD REGIME.

**I**N spite of certain abuses that existed among the clergy of the "old régime," it is an undoubted fact that, taking them as a whole, the French Bishops and priests came out honorably of the ordeal that they had to face during the Revolution of 1789.

The Revolutionary Government exhibited from the outset an irreligious spirit that found expression in the scheme called "*la Constitution civile du clergé*," the object of which was the establishment of a national Church independent of the Holy See. The Bishops and priests who declined to take the oath demanded of them were deprived of their posts and condemned to imprisonment and exile. After the overthrow of the ancient monarchy, the mere fact of being a priest was made a crime deserving a violent death, and the ecclesiastics who still remained in France were mercilessly hunted down, imprisoned and executed.

The French clergy at this momentous epoch may be roughly divided into three classes: there were the unfaithful priests, who, rather than face persecution, chose to take the oath; some of these became among the most violent leaders of the Revolution and exhibited the intense hatred that often characterizes apostates towards the beliefs and practices that they had forsaken; then among the priests who refused to take the oath come the "*émigrés*," those who sought beyond the French frontier for the religious liberty that was denied to them in their own country. Their lives in Ger-

many, Spain, Italy and England were full of difficulties and hardships, although they were generally received with kindness. In England especially they were treated with generosity and sympathy, both by the Government and the people. Their dignity, resignation and piety won general esteem and contributed in Protestant countries to dispel many prejudices, born of ignorance, that existed against the Catholic Church and her ministers. But although the attitude of the "émigré" priests commands our esteem and sympathy, our admiration goes out more warmly still to the third class of ecclesiastics, those who faced terrific risks in order to minister to their flock during the dark days of the Reign of Terror. Many of these perished on the scaffold; others, in the west of France especially, were shot or drowned, hundreds died a lingering death on the prison ships of Rochefort, a few survived, and to their dying day were looked upon by their countrymen with peculiar feelings of veneration. If the martyr's crown did not descend on their brows, it was through no fault of theirs, for the life of every faithful priest who remained in France during the Reign of Terror hung on a thread, and the perilous ministry and hairbreadth escape of these brave confessors read like the story of the missionary priests in England under the penal laws.

Among the Bishops of France one only, Mgr. de Maillé la Tour Landry, exercised his ministry during the worst days of the Revolution. His personality is an interesting one; he combined an apostolic love of souls with unflinching courage and a resourceful mind. His desire to meet the spiritual necessities of the persecuted and terror-stricken people who surrounded him led him to accept, from a sense of higher duty, the vexatious formalities of the Government of the day in all the points that did not touch his conscience. After the Revolution he played a considerable part in the reorganization of the French hierarchy, an undertaking fraught with difficulties and which was only made possible by the patience and conciliating spirit of Pope Pius VII.

Jean Baptiste de Maillé la Tour Landry was born on December 6, 1743, at his parents' Castle of Entrammes, on the borders of Anjou. He came from an ancient and illustrious stock. Among his ancestors we find Crusaders and saints; both our hero and his four brothers, when still very young, entered the army. At the age of twenty-seven Jean Baptiste relinquished his military career to enter the Church. Much has been said and written on the subject of the forced vocations of the eighteenth century; in certain families, it is true, it was a tradition that at least one of the younger sons should become a churchman, irrespective sometimes of his personal tastes. Jean Baptiste de Maillé's vocation declared itself

when he was already a man of formed habits and was, we may believe, absolutely spontaneous and voluntary.

He pursued his ecclesiastical studies at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where the general laxity of the eighteenth century had introduced certain abuses, but which, on the whole, still deserved its long standing reputation as a home of learning and regularity. When in 1782 the famous Abbé Emery, who in after years was to be one of M. de Maillé's best friends, became superior of St. Sulpice, he found it necessary to wage war against the effeminate habits of some young abbés who spent undue time in curling their wigs; on the other hand, with few exceptions, among which the best known is Talleyrand, the professors and pupils of St. Sulpice faced the perils and temptations of the Revolution with dignity and courage.

On leaving St. Sulpice, M. de Maillé was appointed vicar general to Mgr. Grimaldi, Bishop of Le Mans, and here again we find ourselves in presence of some customs of the time that are utterly at variance with our modern conception of what a Bishop's household should be.

The Bishops of the old "régime" in France were invariably of noble birth, and this, says the "Chanoine Pisani," an authority on such matters, was by no means considered as a grievance by the nation at large. It was a custom, the advantages and evils of which are beyond the scope of this paper to discuss, but which was generally accepted by the people, who would have had scant regard for a Bishop belonging to the lower orders.

It would be unfair to class *all* these well-born Bishops as worldly prelates who had nothing ecclesiastical about them but their name. Many of them were holy and mortified men; Mgr. du Lau, Archbishop of Arles, led an ascetic life before dying a martyr's death; M. de Hercé, Bishop of Dol, was the most zealous of apostolic men; and there were others of the same stamp, too numerous to mention. Those whose habits were less austere possessed many noble qualities, among which was a lavish generosity towards the poor.

Sometimes, however, it must be confessed, the outward appearance of certain prelates was curiously unclerical; thus Mgr. Grimaldi was a mighty hunter, and when he was transferred from Le Mans to Noyon he made his entrance into his episcopal city on horseback, booted and spurred, with a riding whip in his hand instead of a crozier. His household was a numerous one, for, according to the custom of the day, a group of young priests, recently ordained, lived under his roof and there learned the duties that they were expected to fulfill in the future. As may be supposed, the general



tone of the episcopal household at Le Mans was worldly rather than ascetic, and it was perhaps well for the Abbé de Maillé that on leaving it he moved into a completely different atmosphere. At the end of a few months he went to Dol, where the Bishop, Mgr. de Hercé, was a model pastor, whose example doubtless contributed to develop M. de Maillé's sense of the duties and responsibilities of the episcopal office.

On December 25, 1777, these responsibilities were laid on his own shoulders; at the age of thirty-four he was appointed Bishop of Gap; on May 3, 1778, he was consecrated, and ten days later he took the usual oath of fidelity to the King. After which he set out for his diocese, which was one of the poorest and most remote in the kingdom. M. de Maillé was tall and dignified in appearance, courteous in manner, of a kindly and generous temper. His personal charm served him in good stead during the vicissitudes of his checkered career and it speedily won the hearts of the people of Gap.

He arrived on the 26th of July at the little city, situated in a mountainous region, which in winter was then extremely difficult of access, the roads being few and rough. There were only five thousand inhabitants in the town and no college, a deficiency that drove its youthful element to the colleges and schools of the neighboring provinces. The people were simple in their habits, frugal and somewhat uncivilized in their ways. A local historian tells us that even in the eighteenth century they used oiled paper instead of glass for their windows, they dressed in rough cloth and the well-to-do "bourgeois" possessed only one garment of finer tissue, that served for a lifetime. The Bishop's palace was a small building and was in bad condition when it was vacated by Mgr. de Jouffroy de Goussans, Mgr. de Maillé's predecessor.

The poverty, remoteness and roughness of his new surroundings must have been somewhat of a surprise to one born and bred in the refined atmosphere of central France, but Mgr. de Maillé, with the adaptability that characterized him, promptly adjusted his habits to his new home. Like his predecessor, he spent the summer months at the episcopal residence of Charance, a fine building that is still standing; it was surrounded by shady trees and large ponds, and seems from all accounts to have been a charming specimen of an eighteenth century château. Here the Bishop, according to the custom of the day, kept open house; besides the ecclesiastical dignitaries who formed his household, the magistrates, country gentlemen and châtelaines of the neighborhood were his habitual guests. His courtesy and brightness made him generally popular, and his charity towards the poor was unbounded, but his revenues being moderate, his personal fortune seems to have somewhat suffered

from his generous almsgiving. At the end of only four years Mgr. de Maillé was transferred from Gap to the Bishopric of St. Papoul, in Languedoc.

As our readers know, the number of episcopal sees in France was far greater before the Revolution than at present. Before 1789 there were 135 Bishops or Archbishops in the kingdom; in 1790 their number was reduced to 83. One of the drawbacks of these numerous episcopal sees was that, in many cases, the care of a diocese was not sufficient to absorb the activity of men in the prime of life, hence the tendency of many prelates to accept functions that led them to spend part of the year in Paris, in spite of the rule that obliged them to live in the dioceses. We hear of Mgr. de Vintimille, Bishop of Carcassonne, who was two years without visiting his episcopal city; the Cardinal de Polignac, Archbishop of Auch, who never in the space of fifteen years set his foot in his. King Louis XVI., who had a high sense of duty, more than once reminded the absent Bishops that their proper place was in the diocese entrusted to their care and not at Paris or at Versailles. St. Papoul, a big village rather than a town, gave its name to one of the smallest dioceses in France, though its Bishop enjoyed revenues far more important than those of the See of Gap. The erection of the bishopric went back to the year 1317, under Pope John XXII.; when Mgr. de Maillé took possession of his post in 1784 the diocese only numbered 121 priests and 72 religious. At St. Papoul, now a quiet Old World little town, in the heart of Languedoc, the quaint cathedral where our hero once officiated is still standing, together with the ruins of an exquisite mediæval cloister, veiled with ivy and creeping plants. Close by is Mgr. de Maillé's residence, a graceful edifice, unfortunately somewhat spoiled by its late occupants, around which extends a neglected garden bounded by a little stream and a broad alley shaded by lime trees. One of Mgr. de Maillé's latest biographers had the curiosity to visit the forlorn little southern city, with its curious remains of the past. In the deserted garden daffodils and violets were growing freely in the warm sunshine, and the broad alley, near the running stream, "seemed to be waiting for the Bishop, who once walked there to and fro, reciting his office."

Mgr. de Maillé seems to have been an excellent pastor; he did his work well, devoted himself to the interests of his diocese, and at St. Papoul, as at Gap, he was generally beloved. A Jansenist periodical, called *Les Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques*, published in 1785 an article where it renders due homage to his regularity, activity and attention to his episcopal duties. The eulogium may be considered as sincere, for the same periodical contains a severe criticism

of the pastoral letter that he issued in 1785, where he alluded in glowing terms to the birth of the Duke of Normandy, the King's second son. The expression of this letter, in which the Bishop applies certain passages of the Gospel to the royal baby, may strike the twentieth century reader with some surprise, but it is well to remember that to men of Mgr. de Maillé's rank and breeding in the last days of the old "régime" the honor of God and of the King were inseparable, and Bishop though he was, our hero could not forget his family traditions and his inherited devotion to the Bourbons. The sentiment may seem exaggerated and old-fashioned to modern minds, but it has a chivalrous flavor that inspires sympathy and respect.

The great upheaval that was to destroy the monarchy and the religion of France was now slowly but surely drawing near. The social abuses of the old "régime" may have hastened its approach, but real causes were the evil teaching of the so-called philosophers, the secret action of the Freemasons and the loose morality that was the logical consequence of the spread of irreligion and atheism. The King, well-intentioned but vacillating, and the upper classes hopelessly blind to the danger ahead, were unable to stem the current that was to sweep away the brilliant, fascinating, but provokingly frivolous society that we have learned to know so well from the numerous memoirs published on the subject.

Mgr. de Maillé was in Paris when in June, 1789, the *Etats Généraux* assembled at Versailles. Their object was nominally to make the necessary social reforms, but the attitude of the Assembly was from the first distinctly rebellious, and at the end of a few months it became openly hostile to religion. In February, 1790, the monasteries were suppressed, and in July the "*Constitution civile du clergé*" was voted; its object was to create a national Church and to withdraw the French Bishops from their allegiance to the Holy See. Among the measures advocated by the new law was the suppression of a large number of episcopal sees; the kingdom was now divided into 83 *départements* and the 135 bishoprics and archbishoprics were reduced to 83, corresponding to the new division.

It would carry us beyond the limits of this paper to enlarge on the absurdity of this arrangement; the division of the ancient provinces was in harmony with the traditions of the past and the temperament, manners, customs and individuality of the inhabitants of each province. The arbitrary division by "*départements*" corresponded to nothing but to certain geographical features.

The "*Constitution civile du clergé*" was condemned by Pope Pius VI. on March 10, 1791, and the prelates, who were members of the

National Assembly, protested against its principles with dignity and firmness; only Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun; Loménie, Archbishop of Sens, and the Bishops of Orleans and Viviers adhered to the schismatical decree. The Bishopric of St. Papoul was among the sees that were suppressed by the new law, but together with the other dispossessed Bishops, Mgr. de Maillé did not consider himself discharged from his functions until the Pope had sanctioned his deprivation. He adhered to the manifesto of his colleagues against the "Constitution civile," and from Paris, where he was then living, he addressed an eloquent pastoral letter to his flock.

The letter is remarkable from the fact that, unlike many members of the old "noblesse," the Bishop had no illusions as to the terrific importance and signification of the revolutionary movement. Certain passages of his pastoral have a prophetic ring. For instance, the words where he predicts that one day the churches will be turned to profane uses foreshadows the glorification of the Goddess of Reason in many churches in France. In eloquent and forcible language Mgr. de Maillé goes on to condemn the "Constitution civile" and its supporters and to vindicate his right to counsel and direct his flock until the Pope, his only legitimate chief, had sanctioned the suppression of his see. The letter ends with a vigorous denunciation of the schismatic priests, generally called "assermentés" or "intrus," and it forbids the faithful to receive the sacraments at their hands. The letter is dated from Paris, May 30, 1791; it is an eloquent and fearless manifesto, written by one who was not only a zealous and right-minded pastor, but a gentleman and a soldier.

With few exceptions, the attitude adopted by Mgr. de Maillé was that of most of the French prelates of the day. There is no doubt that the fact of the French episcopacy recruiting its members only in the ranks of the nobility seems at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, yet it would be unfair not to acknowledge that these well-born prelates, if they kept certain mundane ideas and manners, had, on the other hand, a high sense of honor and that in presence of the tyranny of the Revolution they proved themselves worthy of their sacred calling.

War was now openly declared by the Government against the priests who refused to take the schismatic oath; many of the French Bishops had already left the country; three of those who remained, the Archbishop of Arles and the Bishops of Beauvais and Saintes, were massacred in the prison of Les Carmes on September 2, 1792; the same day the Vicomte de Maillé, our hero's brother, was brutally murdered at La Abbaye.

Mgr. de Maillé determined to remain in Paris. This brilliant, amiable, popular prelate had the soul of an apostle, and alone among

the Bishops of France he decided at the risk of his life to continue to minister to the faithful during the great upheaval.

Although absolutely fearless, he thought it expedient, for the sake of his apostleship, to avoid exciting suspicion, and he consented in the summer of 1792 to take the oath "*liberté, égalité*," which in the opinion of M. Emery, the eminent Sulpician, had merely a political significance, whereas the "*Constitution civile du clergé*" was distinctly schismatical. The Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Juigné; the Bishops of Comminges, Langres, Nîmes, St. Malo, Troyes and others shared his views on the matter, and those who differed from them did so solely on political grounds.

Mgr. de Maillé's next move was to leave the "*Hôtel de Maillé*," where he lived under the same roof as the members of his family, and to choose a less conspicuous dwelling place.

During the tragic months that followed he had more than once to change his lodgings in order to defeat suspicion, but his first abode that time a Breton gentleman, the Comte de Freslon, who had that time a Breton gentleman, the Comte de Freston, who had unaccountably escaped when all the prisoners confined at l'Abbaye were murdered on September 2, 1792. Although his life had been spared, M. de Freslon was not a free man; he was watched by an official, whom he was obliged to lodge, to feed and to pay. Only when the spy was still asleep could he escape to the Bishop's room. Mgr. de Maillé then said Mass and M. de Freslon acted as server.

More than once the Bishop had to seek other lodgings. We know that he lived near St. Germain des Près and near the *Place Vendôme*, and also that at one moment he served in the National Guards. A doctor from Gap, a stranger in Paris, was one day *Nationaux* salute him as he passed; on looking closer he noticed the soldier's amused smile and recognized his former Bishop.

Owing to his resourcefulness, his adaptability and absolute fearlessness, Mgr. de Maillé was able to help many souls during the terrible months of the *Reign of Terror*. The churches were closed, the faithful priests in prison or in hiding, the guillotine was in daily use and, after the King and Queen's execution, the best blood in France was being poured out like water. This phase of our hero's career, the most heroic, is necessarily the most obscure, for the hunted priests of the *Reign of Terror*, like the persecuted English Catholics, spoke little of their adventures and wrote even less; a mere scrap of paper more than once sent whole families to the scaffold. We know, however, that for some time the Bishop lived in the house of a washerwoman, where he said Mass in presence of a handful of faithful; also that on another occasion he ordained several priests in a room above the shop of a butcher. His presence

was known among the clergy in the provinces, and many young students who aspired to receive holy orders came up to Paris to be ordained by the only Bishop in France who continued to exercise his ministry. Several of these devoted ecclesiastics rendered good service to the Church: one of them, M. Besmer, became vicar general of Le Mans; two others, Pierre Triquerie and Jullien Tessier, whose ordination long remained a secret, were able for this very reason to exercise their ministry at Laval without exciting suspicion.

Mgr. de Maillé also assisted the condemned prisoners, and, carefully disguised, followed the carts that led them to execution; thus he was able to give a last absolution to many victims of the Terror, among whom more than once he must have recognized his former friends. The manner in which a regular service was organized to assist the condemned prisoners is one of the most interesting episodes of the Reign of Terror. The Grands Vicaires of the "émigrés" Archbishop of Paris provided for the spiritual necessities of these unfortunates as far as lay in their power. A priest selected for the purpose was on duty every day of the week, and the access of the prison being forbidden to all the ecclesiastics who had not taken the oath, he followed the carts on foot and chose a favorable moment to absolve the victims. The steps of the Church SS. Paul and Louis were, according to tradition, a favorite standpoint of the disguised priests. As far as possible the prisoners were secretly informed of the spiritual assistance provided for them. While Mgr. de Maillé was exercising his ministry abroad, his friend, M. Emery, the former superior of St. Sulpice, was doing the work of an apostle within the gloomy walls of la Conciergerie, the "anteroom of the guillotine," where the prisoners were brought to be judged and condemned. M. Emery was imprisoned on August 3, 1793, and released only after the fall of Robespierre in July, 1794. He was secretly provided by one of his priest friends with consecrated Hosts, which he distributed to the prisoners about to die, and to those whom he was prevented from assisting personally he gave notice of the spot where on their way to the scaffold they might expect to receive absolution. Among the prisoners who during that tragic summer perished at the hands of the tyrants were several members of Mgr. de Maillé's family, and the execution of one of them in particular painfully illustrates the brutal methods of the revolutionary tribunal.

In July, 1794, two of our hero's nephews were brought up to be judged; one was the Abbé de Maillé, aged thirty-seven, vicar general of Le Puy; the other was the Vicomte de Maillé, a boy of sixteen, who had voluntarily followed his mother to prison. The lad was accused of having thrown away a rotten herring that had

been given him for dinner. From a legal point of view, he was under age and could not be executed; but the president of the tribunal brutally observed: "He may be only sixteen, but he is eighty as regards his guilt," and the boy was guillotined that same day with his cousin, the priest. The Duke de Maillé, the Bishop's elder brother, was in prison, and only the death of Robespierre saved him from the guillotine; it also saved the Vicomtesse de Maillé, the unfortunate mother of the young Vicomte. She appeared before the tribunal the morning of the 9 Thermidor, a few hours before the fall of Robespierre, but the sight of the men who had condemned her son brought on a fainting fit; the crowd present at the trial for once protested against her condemnation, although the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, was loath to let her escape; a few hours later Robespierre had perished, and Madame de Maillé was reprieved.

The following year, when in his turn Fouquier Tinville was judged, Madame de Maillé, in deep mourning, was one of the chief witnesses against him. She appeared holding in her hand the legal proof of her son's age and of his judge's iniquity.

While these events were taking place in Paris, Mgr. de Maillé had again changed his quarters. In April, 1794, he came to live at Passy, then a village independent of Paris; a new law had been passed forbidding the ex-nobles to reside within the limits of the capital. However, Passy was anything but a safe refuge; it was governed by a handful of rabid revolutionists, who met every evening at a club. These meetings were the terror of the numerous priests and "aristocrats" who were concealed in the neighborhood. Close to the house where Mgr. de Maillé and one of his vicars general had found an asylum there lived in a wretched garret, with a ladder serving as a staircase, M. de Salamon, who was invested with the attributes of the Pope's representative in France. The memoirs of the "Internonce," as he was styled, have been published, and they give a vivid picture of the perilous existence and hair-breadth escapes of the Passy refugees during the summer of 1794.

The fall of Robespierre and his party did not restore peace and liberty to the country. It, at any rate, stopped the daily executions that for the last eighteen months had deluged France with blood, and Mgr. de Maillé took advantage of his comparative security to extend the apostolic work.

The following year, 1795, he ordained a number of priests on three different occasions. The churches being still closed, he officiated in private houses, and in order to avoid notice, never twice together in the same sanctuaries. Gradually a certain number of sanctuaries were restored to their primitive use; the people seemed

to hunger and thirst for the religious assistance of which it had been deprived, and in 1796 we find Mgr. de Maillé officiating publicly on Christmas Day.

In May, 1797, he again officiated at St. Roch's in presence of a large crowd. The church had been desecrated and pillaged, and on the Friday before Pentecost Mgr. de Maillé solemnly purified it and restored it to public worship. The next day, in the Church of les Blancs Manteaux, he ordained eighteen priests, eight deacons and twenty-five sub-deacons; on the 2d of June he gave confirmation at St. Roch, and again in the Church of Bonne Nouvelle he presided at the ceremony of the First Communion and confirmation. Among the young girls who received their First Communion at his hands was one who made a mark in the social world of the First Empire, Laure de Permon, the future Duchesse d'Abrantès. She describes the delight of the people of Paris at the return of the ceremonies that the Revolution had suppressed; even indifferent Catholics were touched at the sight of the white-robed little girls. The Church of Bonne Nouvelle was so full that the flight of steps outside the portal was covered with kneeling children and women of the people carrying their babies in their arms pressed up to the Bishop to beg his blessing.

However, the evil days of persecution were not yet at an end. The new Government of the Directoire soon developed an anti-religious spirit that found expression in a law issued in September, 1797, whereby the Government had the power to send any priest whose attitude displeased the men in power into exile without a preliminary trial. The comparative liberty that the Church and her ministers had enjoyed since the fall of Robespierre was the result of the spontaneous revival of the old faith in the hearts of the people; but their situation was still unstable, as the irreligious laws of the Reign of Terror had not as yet been formally recalled. The churches and chapels were now again closed, and a number of priests arrested merely because they exercised their ministry.

Mgr. de Maillé was too well known to escape persecution; on December, 1798, he was arrested in the lodging he still occupied at Passy, and although the officials who questioned him and examined his papers owned that no "positive charge" could be brought against him, he was imprisoned at the Temple. A month later, on February 6, he was suddenly informed that he was to be transferred to the little island of Ré, and, without having permission to prepare for his journey or to take leave of his relations, he was thrown into the rough cart, filled with straw, that was to convey him to Rochefort. His hands were chained, and when he suffered too cruelly from the cold, he was allowed as a great favor to walk



for some miles by the side of the cart. His wretched condition often excited the sympathy of the faithful; a woman once threw him a warm blanket from a window; others brought him food and clothes.

At last, on February 28, after a weary journey of twenty-two days, he reached his destination and embarked at Rochefort for the tiny island which was to be his prison.

The island of Ré is about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. On it are built several forts, the largest of which served under the Directoire as a prison. Between 1798 and 1800 over eleven hundred prisoners, among whom were one thousand priests, were confined within its walls.

They were cruelly huddled together; thus fifteen prisoners lived in a room where seven people would have been packed; some of the so-called rooms were mere garrets, where the rain poured through the dilapidated roof; the food was scanty and of the coarsest description, and the prisoners were cruelly robbed by the inhabitants of the island if they attempted to supplement the prison fare by buying provisions outside. The number of beds provided was absolutely insufficient, and many priests had to sleep on the bare ground.

Although a certain number of schismatic priests, who for some reason had incurred the enmity of the Government, were confined with the rest, the majority of the ecclesiastics imprisoned in the fortress of Ré were holy men, who faced their sufferings with exemplary resignation. Not only did they endure their hardships with admirable dignity and avoid useless complaints and murmurs, but they turned the time to account and organized among themselves lectures on religious subjects, discussions on theological points and prayers and meditations in common. The arrival of Mgr. de Maillé marked a new phase in the weary imprisonment of these confessors of the faith. He naturally took his place as their leader, and his kind heart and resourceful spirit soon found the means of helping his companions in the best way possible. "His example is our strength," wrote one of his companions. Owing to his initiative, vestments were made by the prisoners themselves, and slates, that served as altar stones, were consecrated by the Bishop. He also procured chalices and missals from his friends outside, and henceforth Masses were celebrated without interruption from 3 in the morning till 12 o'clock.

At the presbytery of St. Martin de Ré are preserved as valuable relics the roughly made vestments that were used by the captive priests, besides five tin chalices, a glass that was used as a ciborium, a missal, altar cards, a little bell, etc.

Mgr. de Maillé exercised a valuable moral influence over his companions. He encouraged them to say their office in common at stated hours, and he had the happiness of bringing many schismatic priests to a sense of their errors. Some of these afterwards confessed that their imprisonment in the island of Ré had been the turning point of their career, the companionship of so many confessors of the faith being most convincing of arguments in favor of the authority of the Church.

The advent of Napoleon Bonaparte, who became First Consul at the end of 1799, put an end to the arbitrary government of the Directoire. The ecclesiastical prisoners were set free, and on the 31st of December Mgr. de Maillé was released with ten other priests. He returned to Paris and immediately resumed his apostolic work, to the great joy of the faithful. A Catholic periodical of the day tells us that he was welcomed by them with "transports" of delight.

The Church in France was at that moment going through a momentous crisis that was to end by the acceptance of the Concordat, but before the position of the Catholic Church had been officially determined, many difficulties had to be conquered. The faithful priests who had never taken the schismatical oath now numbered about 15,000, and many of them began once more to officiate in the churches. The constitutional or schismatic clergy, whose credit was diminishing daily, waged war against the "insermentés" priests and against Mgr. de Maillé in particular, whose influence over the faithful excited their jealousy; but nothing daunted, he continued to give confirmation, to ordain, to preach and to officiate publicly, always in presence of a sympathetic crowd of Catholics.

As a preliminary measure to the definite acceptance of the Concordat, Pius VII. was obliged, in the interests of religion, to accept the division of the dioceses of France that had been carried out by the Revolutionary Government. Instead of the 134 dioceses that existed in 1789, there were now only 83. After a long resistance, the Pope further yielded to the First Consul's imperious injunctions and consented to demand the demission of the Bishop of the old "régime" in order to create a completely new hierarchy, where Bonaparte intended that a certain number of "constitutional" or schismatic Bishops who had renounced their errors should have a place.

These concessions were made by the Pope unwillingly and with much pain, but the First Consul was unyielding. In a letter dated August 15, 1801, the eve of the day when the Concordat was definitely ratified, Pius VII. appealed to the Bishops of the old

"régime" and required them, in a delay of ten days, to send in their resignation. He did not attempt to deny that the "sacrifice" he demanded was considerable and that their devotion to the general good could alone help them to make it willingly.

Forty-five Archbishops and Bishops submitted to the Pope's desire, among them Mgr. de Maillé, whose letter has a generous ring in keeping with his character. "I am too happy," he says, "at the price of this sacrifice to contribute to the peace of the Church and to the prosperity of my country."

Thirty-six Archbishops and Bishops deemed that the Pope had overstepped his power, and addressed to him respectful "expostulations." Their attitude, though apparently wanting in docility, may be understood, if not excused, when we remember the anti-religious character of the Government that had suppressed the dioceses of the old "régime" and the little confidence that they placed in the First Consul, for he, too, belonged to the Revolution and was associated, in their minds, with a period that they naturally detested.

Many of these prelates were men of exceptionally high character, and there is no denying that the arguments that they used to justify their attitude have a certain value; they were sincere and disinterested in their opposition, for thereby they condemned themselves to perpetual exile. Their manifest, which was dated from London, was signed, among others, by Mgr. de la Marche, Bishop of St. Paul, a holy prelate whose work among the "émigrés" made him famous, and also by Mgr. Grimaldi, in whose household at Le Mans our hero had spent his first months of priesthood. By degrees, however, the number of the opposing prelates, whose association was known as "La Petite Eglise," diminished, as one by one they made their submission until nine years later, in 1810, "La Petite Eglise" only possessed four members. Other difficulties came from the constitutional clergy that Bonaparte openly protected. Fifty constitutional Bishops accepted the Concordat, some publicly retracted their errors, and twelve of these were forced upon the Pope as members of the new hierarchy. This concession was of all others most distasteful to Pius VII.; but in order to secure the reorganization of the Church in France, he reluctantly accepted the First Consul's candidates, who in the end proved worthier of their responsibilities than their antecedents would lead one to suppose. To these twelve doubtful candidates were added to make up the new hierarchy seventeen Bishops of the old "régime," among whom were Mgr. de Maillé and thirty-one priests who had never wavered in their allegiance to the Holy See through the tragic years of the great upheaval.

Mgr. de Maillé's popularity, his brave attitude during the Terror

and the signal services he had rendered to the Church under the Directoire justified his nomination to the Bishopric of Rennes, where he was appointed in 1802. He was unwilling to accept these new responsibilities, and his friend M. Emery's influence strongly weighed on his decision. "He hesitated whether he would accept," wrote the latter, "but I much advised him to do so."

The new Bishop's situation was by no means an easy one. Mgr. de Girac, who was Bishop of Rennes before 1789, had emigrated. He was one of the prelates who had obeyed the Pope's behest and sent in their resignation when the Concordat was signed. During the Revolution his see was occupied by a "constitutional" or schismatic Bishop, Claude le Coz, an able man, who was one of the prominent chiefs of the schismatical party. His private life was above suspicion, but his ambition, his spirit of intrigue and his devotion to the principles of the "Constitution Civile" had a deplorable effect at Rennes, and though he had now made his submission and was appointed to the See of Besançon, the priests once trained by him formed a powerful party that on every occasion opposed Mgr. de Maillé's influence.

The latter from the outset showed the love of peace that had always characterized him. His first pastoral letter, dated July 18, 1801, begins with the words "Pax vobis," and it breathes throughout a spirit of benevolence, good will, moderation and dignity. It is at once the letter of a gentleman and of a zealous and charitable pastor, and it tactfully combines respect for the traditions of the past with a clear view of the necessities of the present.

The people of Rennes received their new pastor with delight, and his noble presence and fatherly kindness excited their enthusiasm. "Do not crush me to death, my children," he said smilingly when the delighted Bretons crowded round him on the day of his solemn entrance into Rennes. The schismatic priests either kept aloof or to the new Bishop's advances they responded by venomous attacks and vexations that made Mgr. de Maillé's task a difficult one. They were encouraged by the prefect of Rennes, Mounier, and by Fouché, the Minister of Police, himself an apostate, who never failed to support the schismatics against their lawful pastors. Mgr. de Maillé, whose conciliating spirit was well known, was nevertheless represented by him as a violent, fanatical prelate, whose attitude towards the "constitutional" clergy was marked by hardness and injustice. These reports came to the ears of the First Consul, and he sent for Mgr. de Maillé. The latter went to Paris and had an interview with Bonaparte, who, after violently reproaching him with his unfair dealings towards the "constitutionals," added: "As for me, I only recognize two ways of leading the Church—either

by policy or by miracles." "And I know of a third," retorted the Bishop, "which is to lead her according to her own rules."

This dignified reply struck the First Consul; his manner suddenly changed. "What is your salary?" he asked. "Ten thousand francs? That is nothing." Going to his writing table, he gave Mgr. de Maillé a check for ten thousand francs more. In the midst of his arduous life the Bishop of Rennes occasionally found time to visit an old friend with whom he could recall his tragic experiences of the Reign of Terror. M. de Freslon, a Breton gentleman, who in 1793 served the Bishop's Mass in Paris while his jailer slept, lived at the Château de la Freslonniere, near Rennes. His daughter, Mlle. Pauline de Frelon, in her unpublished memoirs tells us of Mgr. de Maillé's visits to her parents. She was at that time a mere child, but she vividly remembered his benevolent countenance, his dignified and imposing appearance and unvarying kindness to his old friend's family. But although the Bishop of Rennes was only sixty years of age, his arduous work at Rennes, where he had to rebuild the institutions that the Revolution had swept away; the difficulties that he met with on the part of the schismatic priests; perhaps, too, the labors and hardships of an unusually checkered life, had exhausted his strength. In 1804 he had occasion to go to Paris, where he fell dangerously ill. His lifelong friend, M. Emery, hurried to his bedside, heard his general confession and gave him the last sacraments. "He died on November 25, 1804, with great faith and piety," says the latter. "I had the consolation to repay the debt of gratitude that we owed him for all the services that he rendered to the Church during the Reign of Terror."

It is these "services" that give this Bishop of the old "régime" a place of honor in the history of the French Church. Others thought it best to seek for religious liberty abroad, and their ecclesiastical spirit certainly had an influence for good in the countries where they found a refuge. Mgr. de Maillé, once a soldier, had the spirit of his crusading ancestors; he chose to remain on the breach, and at the daily risk of death to bring spiritual assistance to the faithful who were deprived of the sacraments when they needed them most. This is his distinctive privilege; it gives him a place apart among the prelates of the "old régime," and in the words of M. Emery, he thereby deserves the gratitude of the whole Church of France. His personal character, dignified and conciliating, brave and gentle, adds an extra charm to the distinguished personality of this true apostle.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

Paris, France.

THE VENERABLE MARK OF AVIANO AND THE SECOND  
SIEGE OF VIENNA.

**A**T a time when the world's attention has been fixed on the stirring events which have just taken place in the Near East, when the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been practically extinguished by the Balkan League, it is opportune to recall one of the most momentous events in the history of that decadent Mohammedan power—the relief of Vienna by John Sobieski. There is a double opportuneness in reviving recollections of that memorable episode in the inspiring and suggestive record of the centuries-old struggle between Christianity and Islam. It brings before the mind's eye two historic personages—the heroic King of Poland and the saintly Capuchin friar, the Venerable Mark of Aviano. While historians have been lavish in their well-merited eulogies of the Polish sovereign, they have been very parsimonious of their praise and sparing of the space they have rather grudgingly given to the Franciscan, a patriot-priest and a worthy son of the saint of Assisi, the initial steps in the cause of whose beatification were taken by Pius X. when the reigning Pontiff was Patriarch of Venice.

The Turks were still a power to be feared. Conquest after conquest had marked the progress of their invading armies. In the preceding century—the sixteenth, that age of great men and great events—Suleyman the Magnificent by his brilliant achievements had vindicated his claim to the title which his courtly circle had already given him, and made himself “lord of the age,” falsifying the expectations of the European powers, aroused from their slumberous inactivity, who regarded the downfall of the Ottoman Empire as imminent. In 1521 he took Belgrade, the key alike of the Balkans and the Danube. Venice, the proud republic, the great maritime power seated in the island city in the Adriatic, became the Sultan's humble vassal and paid him tribute for Zante and Cyprus. In the next year Rhodes, the stronghold of the Knights of St. John, fell into his hands after a five-months' siege. In 1526 the Christian army, under Louis II. of Hungary, encountered a disastrous defeat on the fatal field of Mohacs, and Hungary, for over a century Europe's strong barrier against the terrible Turks, became for a hundred and forty years an Ottoman province. Buda and Pesth were occupied and a hundred thousand prisoners were sold into slavery.

Suleyman had sworn not to stop short of the Rhine. Overwhelming masses of Turkish troops poured like a devastating flood into Austria. Unable to muster in time an army large enough

or strong enough to check the Turkish advance, the Austrians concentrated all their efforts on the defense of their capital. When the Turks had almost reached the city, the suburbs were demolished, to prevent their being used as cover by the besiegers. The immediate result of this was that the homeless inhabitants having no time to escape, were harried by the Turkish soldiery, the savage "sackmen," who, forty thousand strong, ravaged the whole country, burning and slaughtering, murdering unborn children and brutally destroying helpless girls, whose outraged bodies strewed the roads. Scarcely a third of the population of Upper Austria survived this calamitous invasion.

An immense besieging army of a quarter of a million, encamped in thirty thousand tents, covered the country within sight of the walls; five hundred archers guarding, day and night, that of Suleyman, who had vowed to breakfast in Vienna on the 29th of September. When the day arrived and the city was still unsubdued, the Austrians sent out prisoners to the Sultan to tell him that his breakfast was getting cold, and they were afraid they had no better cheer to offer him but the produce of the guns on the battlements. Every effort of the enemy to get inside the defenses was successfully resisted by the dauntless defenders. The Turks, demoralized and discouraged and suffering from hard weather and bad food, as in the recent Balkan war, had to be driven to the assault by their officers' swords and whips—literally beaten into action. As an instance of the courage of the besieged, a story is told of a Portuguese and a German, of whom one had lost his right arm and the other his left in repelling an assault; the two then stood together, side by side, as it were making up a whole man between them. When the final assault was made and failed and Suleyman ordered a retreat, the Janissaries fired their camp and flung into the flames the old people and children who were prisoners and cut to pieces the remainder. The triumphant garrison celebrated their glorious victory with a salvo of artillery from the ramparts, while the city bells rang a joyous peal and a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the Cathedral of St. Stephen.

So ended the first siege of Vienna. It was to stand another and to win imperishable renown by a still more glorious victory. In the interval that elapsed between them, Suleyman three years later made an abortive attempt to renew the attack. In 1566 the great Sultan, whose military prestige during his long reign of forty-six years has caused him to be regarded as the greatest figure in Turkish history, died of senile decay in his tent on the 6th of September while superintending the siege of Szigetvar, leaving to his successors an empire of over forty thousand square miles.

The Turkish power had then reached its zenith. It commanded the Mediterranean, the Euxine and the Red Sea, and its dominions extended from Mecca to Buda, from Baghdad to Algiers. It held sway over the northern and southern shores of the Black Sea, a large part of what now figures on the map of Europe as Austria-Hungary, and North Africa from the Syrian frontier to Morocco. After that it began to decline, until the despotic monarch once grandiloquently described as "Sultan of Sultans, Lord of the two Seas and two Continents and the two sanctuaries of Islam," became ultimately the "Sick Man," to be kept alive and coddled by the European powers, until one or other should be ready to seize upon the richest part of his heritage—the final partition which will, sooner or later, complete the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe. "Nothing seemingly but their own divisions," says Stanley Lane-Poole, "kept the powers from partitioning the Ottoman provinces at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Indeed, Sir Thomas Roe, who wrote an interesting account of his mission to Turkey, looked with confidence to the speedy collapse of the Ottoman State."<sup>1</sup> How history repeats itself!

The Venetian Republic was the first to contest the supremacy of the Ottoman Empire. When the Turkish commander, Lala Mustafa, signalized his capture of Cyprus from the Venetians by flaying alive its brave defender, Bragadino, in revenge for the loss of fifty thousand men, the wrath of Christendom was aroused. Christendom was still a concrete fact and not a mere phrase. It counted for something more than a modern European concert; it did not palter with a power sunk below the level of civilization, setting common humanity at nought; it did not confine itself to protestations and draw back from the adoption of any effective measures at the empty threat of a "holy war"—it *acted*. A great maritime league was formed by the Venetians, Spaniards, Knights of Malta and others. The famous sea fight, the battle of Lepanto, was fought against long odds on October 7, 1571; and Don John of Austria, the greatest general of his time, struck a blow at the Turkish power which made it reel, sinking or burning ninety-four of its ships, capturing at least a hundred and thirty, inflicting a loss of thirty thousand men on the enemy and freeing fifteen thousand Christian galley slaves.

This was followed by more decisive blows struck by Austria. When the changes of succession in Hungary and Transylvania embroiled the Porte with that power and Turkish armies marched towards the Danube, they sustained a humiliating defeat in the

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<sup>1</sup> "Turkey," by Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman, p. 214.



battle of St. Gotthard (1664) at the hands of Raymond, Count of Montecuculi. Later, when Turkey resisted the claim of the King of Poland to include the Cossacks of the Ukraine among his subjects and the latter abandoned his pretensions, agreeing to pay tribute to the Porte and surrender Podolia as well as the Ukraine, the Polish nobles, headed by John Sobieski, refused to abide by these terms, and in two engagements—at Choczim in 1673 and at Lemberg in 1675—inflicted crushing defeats on the Turkish troops.

They were to sustain a still more crushing and humiliating defeat at the hands of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, when in 1683 the Turks besieged the Austrian capital for the second time; the Grand Vezir, Kara Mustafa, leading an army of four hundred thousand soldiers to the assault. Their march northwards spread dismay. Though defeated, time and again, and their progress checked, the marvelous recuperative energies and cohesion of the Turks made them still a formidable force. Their advance on Vienna seemed irresistible. It found the city as well as its ruler unprepared. The fortifications were in a ruinous condition. "When once the terrible horsetails had been seen retreating towards the south," says Lane-Poole,<sup>2</sup> "it was the custom of the princes of Europe to disband their armies and neglect their fortifications and to abandon themselves to all the delights of quarreling among themselves. Charles of Lorraine, indeed, who had fought beside Montecuculi at the battle of St. Gotthard, was ready to take his part in its defense, but he could only muster 33,000 men, and what were they against so many, above all, when a large number of them had to be told off to sundry fortresses for garrison duty? Disaffected Hungary sought to make peace with both sides by sending a miserable contingent of 3,000 under Esterhazy. But for one circumstance the triumph of the Turks might have been predicted with certainty."

There was another circumstance which the writer ignores. It was the presence and influence of the Capuchin friar, Mark of Aviano. He was the man of the hour, the pivotal personality upon whom the course of events and their issue turned. He came upon the scene at a critical time and rendered the most signal service not only to Vienna, to Austria, to the Hapsburg dynasty, but to all Europe. In the most dramatic event of his time he played a preponderating rôle. He arrived in the capital the bearer of letters from the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent XI., constituting him Papal Legate and chaplain of the Christian armies. But this army had to be formed. The Emperor, despairing of timely succor and incapable of organizing a defense, had fled with his court to Bavaria, from whence he wrote to the Capuchin: "Reverend Father, I trust

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<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 227.

to you; I place all my hope in your prayers, in your authority with the army." To fulfill this trust called for no ordinary diplomacy. But Father Mark rose to the occasion. The Emperor had long alienated the princes whose support was now so necessary to him. It required all the friar's ascendancy to get Sobieski to forget that Leopold had done everything to prevent him mounting the throne of Poland, favoring the candidature of that very Duke of Lorraine with whom he was now to coöperate in the defense of Vienna. The King of Poland was not unmindful of the kind of gratitude he might expect from a sovereign, very pious no doubt, but very jealous of his prestige. It was Father Mark who reconciled the princes and made the organization of the army possible, just as it was he who had had a large share in bringing about the Holy Alliance against the Turks, in which the Republic of Venice joined, and in securing the election of Joseph I. as Romano-German Emperor, who recognized in the Capuchin friar the actual author of his elevation. The Pope added the weight of his Pontifical authority to the influence of Father Mark in urging the German princes to support the Emperor Leopold and undertake the liberation of Vienna under the leadership of the King of Poland.

When Sobieski had entered into alliance with Leopold they had jointly taken an oath in presence of the Papal Legate to make common cause against the Turks; but Sobieski was still in Poland when the Grand Vezir was marching on Vienna. Had the latter used forced marches, instead of loitering on the way, he must have infallibly entered the capital of the Holy Roman Empire without so much as striking a blow.\* The delay gave the garrison and the citizens time to prepare. Count Stahremberg, who conducted the defense, and the whole population worked incessantly at repairing the fortifications. University students and the trades guilds formed themselves into volunteer corps and were rapidly drilled, until of a population of 60,000 (half the people having abandoned the city) 20,000 were under arms at the dreaded moment when the flames of burning villages and the news of treacherous butchery told of the near approach of the invaders. As at the first siege, the suburbs were burned, lest they might serve as cover to the enemy.

On the 14th of July the siege began. The island suburb of Leopoldstadt soon fell into the hands of the Turks and became a smouldering ruin. Repeated assaults upon the city itself were made, and, though they were repulsed, Stahremberg, as he looked down upon the operations from the stone seat, which is still to be seen in the lofty spire of St. Stephen's, saw with sadness that inch by inch the Turks were gaining ground. Though they knew that

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\* Lane-Poole.

a relieving army was on the march, it was doubtful if it would arrive in time or be strong enough or numerous enough to beat off the immense horde of Turks, who were mining nearer and nearer to the walls, while sickness and famine were weakening and thinning the garrison within. It was an anxious moment, and hope was almost giving place to despair when, at length, on the 6th of September, rockets announced the approach of Sobieski, who, thanks to the Capuchin, had united the Polish, Saxon, Austrian, Bavarian and other contingents to the number of about 85,000.

The Christian army occupied the hill of Kahlenberg, the one strategic position available for the relief of the city, which was in imminent danger of falling into the hands of the Moslems. Their presence raised the drooping spirits and hopes of the besieged, while Father Mark's stirring exhortations and prophetic assurances of victory over the Vezir's 100,000 troops inspirited the relieving forces. Prince Lubomirski, pointing out to him some neighboring hill, said: "If to-morrow, with the help of God, that place should be in our possession, we should have achieved much." "What!" exclaimed Father Mark; "to-morrow we shall be in the city!" And on that very day the Viennese heard for the last time the Turks raise their war cries of "Allah!"

At night the garrison signaled from the lofty cathedral tower to the Christian army outside that they could hold out no longer, pestilence and famine having made such ravages in the city. It was a critical moment. The position was perilous in the extreme. The entry of the Turks into Vienna would mean much more than the humiliation of the House of Hapsburg, so much desired by Louis XIV., who had lent the services of French captains and engineers to the assailants. The fate of other nations as well trembled in the balance. It was the gravest crisis in European history since the eighth century, when, three centuries after the Franks had crossed the Rhine, Charles Martel, at the battle of Tours, rolled back the flood of Saracenic conquest, which, pouring over the Pyrenees, threatened to submerge Christian civilization and subject the West to the debasing yoke of Mohammedanism—one of those signal deliverances, as Arnold expresses it, which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind. But Providence had raised up another man of the heroic type who was to reenact the part Martel had played in history and effect another signal deliverance.

Schimmer in his "Two Sieges of Vienna" has graphically described the thrilling scenes that took place at the close of the two months' investment of the Austrian capital. "In the Turkish lines the miner yet crawled to his task and the storming parties were still arrayed by order of the Vezir, ready for a renewal of the

assault, so often repeated in vain. The camp behind had been evacuated by the fighting men, the horsetails had been plucked from before the tents of the pashas, but their harems still tenanted the canvas city; masses of Christian captives awaited there their doom in chains; camels and drivers and camp followers still peopled the long streets of tents in all the confusion of fear and suspense. Nearer to the base of the hilly range of the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg, the still imposing numbers of the Turkish army were drawn up in battle array, ready to dispute the egress of the Christian columns from the passes and prevent deployment on the plain. To the westward, on the reverse flank of the range, Christian troops might be seen toiling up the ascent. As they drew up on the crest of Leopoldsberg they formed a half-circle round the chapel of the Margrave, and when the bell for matins tolled, the clang of arms and the noise of the march was silenced. On the space kept clear round the chapel a standard with a white cross on a red ground was unfurled, as if to bid defiance to the blood-red flag planted in front of the tent of Kara Mustafa. One shout of acclamation and defiance broke out from the modern Crusaders as this emblem of a holy war was displayed, and all again was hushed as the gates of the castle were flung open and a procession of the princes of the empire and the other leaders of the Christian host moved forward to the chapel. It was headed by one whose tonsured crown and venerable beard betokened the monastic profession. The soldiers crossed themselves as he passed and knelt to receive the blessings which he gave them with outstretched hand. This was the Capuchin, Marco of Aviano, friend and confessor to the Emperor, whose acknowledged piety and exemplary life had earned for him the general reputation of prophetic inspiration. He had been the inseparable companion of the Christian army in its hours of difficulty and danger, and was now here to assist at the consummation of his prayers for its success. Among the stately warriors who composed his train three principally attracted the gaze of the curious. The first in rank and station was a man somewhat past the prime of middle life, strong-limbed and of imposing stature, but quick and lively in speech and gesture, his head partly shaved in the fashion of his semi-Eastern country, his hair, eyes and beard, dark, black-colored. His majestic bearing bespoke the soldier-king, the scourge and dread of the Moslems, the conqueror of Choczim—John Sobieski. On his left was his youthful son, Prince James, armed with a breastplate and helmet, and, in addition to an ordinary sword, with a short and broad-bladed sabre, a national weapon of former ages; on his right was the illustrious and heroic ancestor of the present reigning House of Austria, Charles of Lorraine.

Behind these moved many of the principal members of those sovereign houses of Germany. At the side of Louis of Baden was a youth of slender frame and moderate stature, but with that intelligence in his eye which pierced in after years the cloud of many a doubtful field and swayed the fortunes of empires. This was the young Eugene of Savoy, who drew his maiden sword in the quarrel in which his brother had lately perished."<sup>4</sup>

They prepared for the final conflict in a truly Christian manner, deeply impressed with the solemnity, gravity and importance of the occasion. On Sunday, September 12, Father Mark celebrated Mass in the chapel at Kahlenberg, the King of Poland serving him at the altar. The piety with which he always celebrated the Holy Sacrifice was so noticeable that his Mass was called "*Missa angelica*." Having given Holy Communion to the King, the Catholic princes and generals, he addressed the army in burning words, assuring them of victory, and then blessed the assembled troops. The King then stepped forward and conferred knighthood on his son, commending to him as an example of knightly valor and chivalry the Duke of Lorraine. Next turning to his soldiers, he said: "Warriors and friends! Yonder in the plains are our enemies, in numbers greater indeed than at Choczim, where we trod them under foot. We have to fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our own country, and under the walls of Vienna we are defending those of Warsaw and Cracow. We have to save to-day not a single city, but the whole of Christendom, of which that city of Vienna is the bulwark. The war is a holy one. There is a blessing on our arms and a crown of glory for him who falls. You fight not for your earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings. His power has led you unopposed up the difficult access to these heights and has thus placed half the victory in your hands. The infidels see you now above their heads, and, with hopes blasted and courage depressed, are creeping among valleys destined to be their graves. I have but one command to give: Follow me! The time is come for the young to win their spurs."

Very different was the spirit which animated the Turks and the preparation they made for their final effort to capture Vienna and prevent its relief. The Grand Vezir began by ordering the slaughter of the thirty thousand captives in his camp, the majority of whom were women who had been forced to enter the soldiers' harems. The Turkish camp was thus converted into a human shambles. When their bloodthirst was satiated, the Vezir put his forces in order of battle. The contest, hotly waged on both sides, was short, sharp and decisive. Sobieski had already taken the measure of

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<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 136-138.

Kara Mustafa and discounted his generalship; to him the issue was no longer doubtful. The dashing onrush of the Polish cuirassiers, the cool, steady persistence of the Saxons and Bavarians, and Sobieski's skillful strategy won the day and saved Western Europe from the desolating dominion of the Moslems. When the Christian soldiers, bearing down all before them, swarmed into their camp, the Turks fled in panic and confusion. The Grand Vezir was carried along in the flying crowd, cursing and weeping by turns, while the Janissaries, still in the trenches and left to their fate by their flying leaders, were massacred to a man.

Meanwhile Father Mark of Aviano, mounted on a horse, had been in the thick of the fight. Crucifix in hand, he urged on the Christians with appeals to their faith and valor, invoking a blessing on their arms, while, looking towards the enemy, he exclaimed: "Behold the wood of the Cross! Fly, adversaries!" One writer says the sight of the Cross manifestly filled the enemy with terror as they began to recede and presently took to flight. It is related that a white dove was seen to circle round his brow, and as if he had been armed with an invisible breastplate, the bullets passed over his head or whistled in his ears without ever inflicting the slightest wound. It was he who persuaded the princes not to rest until they had utterly defeated the Turks by their pursuit. At 6 o'clock victory was proclaimed, a victory which cost the Turks the loss of over 300 pieces of artillery, 9,000 ammunition wagons, 100,000 oxen, 25,000 tents and 1,000,000 pounds of gunpowder. The unfortunate Vezir paid the usual penalty of defeat to his master, the Sultan; he lost his head.

The next day the victorious Christian army entered the city. At a solemn public thanksgiving service in the Cathedral Father Mark preached from the appropriate text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." Then he quietly retired to the convent of his order, upon which he had shed such brilliant lustre, so that in the solitude of the cloister he might give thanks to the God of armies who had heard his prayer and given them such a signal victory over the sworn enemies of Christianity, for it was ever his way, like a humble disciple of St. Francis, to fly from honors and not to seek the applause of men. Everybody in Vienna, however, assigned the chief merit of the victory to the Capuchin. A contemporary writer says: "Father Mark, whom all esteem a saint, as counsellor of the Emperor Leopold I. and the Pope's Apostolic Legate, was the author, the soul and the power that accomplished the overthrow of the Turks; he played a supernatural part in the whole action." The crucifix with which he blessed the Christian army and terrified the Turks is preserved in the treasury of the

cathedral church of Cattaro, other relics being reverently guarded elsewhere.

This epoch-making event, one of the decisive battles of the world, was appropriately recalled by Cardinal Wilhelm Van Rossum in his inaugural address on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress held at Vienna from the 12th to the 15th of September, 1912, the opening date coinciding with Sobieski's memorable relief of the Austrian capital during its second siege, when Alexander Zamparo, chancellor of the church of Goritz, delivered an eloquent oration on the work and worth of Fra Marco of Aviano.

Readers to whom his name may not be familiar will doubtless wish to know something more of the remarkable man who took so conspicuous a part in that great event. He was remarkable in many ways. He was not only a Christian hero, but a model Franciscan religious, calling himself "un povero Cappuccino e grande peccatore," a zealous missionary, a marvelous wonder-worker and one may add—with all the necessary reservations—a saint. Several learned ecclesiastics in Vienna have gone so far as to say that he was the greatest of the Capuchin saints, even greater than St. Lawrence of Brindisi. The Sacred Congregation of Rites on the 11th of December, 1912, passed the decree for the introduction of his cause. By this act the Church accords him the title of Venerable, pending his beatification and possible canonization.

Carlo di Cristofori was born on the 16th of November, 1631, at Aviano, a small town in Friuli, a mountainous part of Venetia, on the borders of Austria. When ten years old he was sent to the Jesuit school at Görz or Goritz. Even in his extreme youth he was fired with a burning desire to preach the Gospel to the Turks, among whom, if it pleased God, he might die a martyr of the faith. With this intention he left the Jesuit College, purposing to embark at Venice for the scene of his self-imposed mission. On his way his wants led him to make a detour to the Capuchin convent of Capodistria, where he was hospitably received and dissuaded, on account of his tender years, from further prosecuting his perilous design and to return homeward. The solitude of the monastery moved him to calmer reflections and a more mature decision. If he did not find martyrdom, he found his vocation. Two years afterwards he entered the Capuchin novitiate at Conegliano, taking, on receiving the habit, the name of Mark, out of veneration for the Apostle St. Mark, who had introduced Christianity into Aquilea and was held in the highest veneration throughout all Venetia, from whence the faith spread to Austria and the region of the Alps. During his novitiate and course of studies he was noted for his complete absorption in God, being much given to prayer and medi-

tation, indicating, it seemed, an attraction to the contemplative rather than to the active life. God, however, was preparing him for the latter. He was hardly ordained priest when his special gift was made manifest in his truly apostolic preaching, his sermons, full of unction, drawing tears from the eyes of sinners and touching the hardest hearts. His superiors, recognizing in him a typical missionary, imposed upon him the duty of preaching, in which he excelled to that degree that he was regarded as the most illustrious preacher of his time. Wherever the faith was languishing, wherever morals showed signs of decadence or the needs of the Church were most pressing, he was promptly sent. Everywhere great fruit was reaped by his missionary labors. People crowded in such numbers to hear him that the churches could not contain them, so that he was constrained to preach in the open air. Striking conversions were made and signal favors obtained. His fame extended beyond Italy. The rulers of Germany, the Tyrol and Bavaria petitioned the Pope to have Father Mark sent to preach missions there. He customarily preached in Italian. His method was very simple; it was to move his hearers to recite an act of contrition, which he had worded and which the Archbishop of Cologne in his pastorals in 1680 highly extolled, and then he gave them his blessing. Synopses of his sermons were printed and widely circulated.

Bozen was the first German town in which he preached. Afterwards he was heard in Innsbruck, Salzburg, München, Augsburg, Mainz and Köln. Thence he went to Switzerland, Spain, France and Flanders. After each mission he would retire to his convent to pray and meditate and fortify himself in soul and body for fresh labors. At night he would spend whole hours alone before the Blessed Sacrament.

Although France was the scene of numerous prodigies which marked his progress, and Lyons accorded him a triumphal reception and he went to court on the Queen's invitation, Louis XIV., possibly dreading that the political influence of such a man would be exercised in favor of Austria, had him secretly conducted to the Flemish frontiers. The Dauphine was then lying ill at Versailles, and was anxiously expecting a visit from the Capuchin, but was disappointed when she heard that by the King's orders he was not allowed to stop in Paris and had to proceed at once to Valenciennes.

The servant of God could not go anywhere without being eagerly sought after by crowds infirm of body or sick in soul—the blind, the deaf, the paralytic and cripples, or those who suffered from moral maladies. Many miracles attested his sanctity. He could not go from one convent to another or start on any journey but they followed him everywhere, even when every precaution was



taken to conceal the time of his departure or arrival. In some towns he was so besieged that the local authorities had to assign him an armed guard. To satisfy everybody he was obliged to give the blessing of the miracles, as it was called, at certain hours previously fixed. To this blessing he joined in spirit the absent, for numerous correspondents from all parts of the world commended invalids to his powerful prayers, and cures were obtained by them as well as by those present. On some occasions these miraculous cures were so numerous that crutches and other adjuncts of suffering were piled up in big pyramids in the Capuchin churches. Among the miracles judiciously proved to have been wrought by his blessing was the raising to life of a dead child fourteen days after its decease and when the body was of course decomposing.

A contemporary letter, which Father Ubold, of Alençon, found in the municipal library of Tours, gives a vivid idea of the impression that Father Mark made in his incessant journeyings hither and thither. It was written to Don Pierre Savaumare, procurator of St. Nicaise, by a certain André Chevrier, and is dated Brussels, June 26, 1681. It consequently coincides with Father Mark's journey to Flanders, to which country he had been sent at the request of the Prince of Parma, Alessandro Farnese, and Anne Elizabeth of Lorraine, Princess of Vaudemont. It runs thus:

"The Capuchin who has passed through France, who has been conducted by order of the King from Lyons\* to Valenciennes, without being allowed to speak to any one, not even to stop in the convents of his order, has been here twice, once in Antwerp and again in Mechlin, and yesterday left for Ghent. One has never seen nor heard nor read in the histories and lives of all our great saints anything like it; it is no hyperbole and exaggeration; they are truths I am going to tell you. By his blessing alone he drives out devils, makes the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame and persons powerless in all their limbs and who have never had the use of them, or without power of moving them for many years—five, ten, twenty and twenty-two years—to walk. He converts the most hardened hearts when he enters the towns, and persons who have never been to confession for ten, twenty and thirty years have gone; and there is generally such a crowd of people in all the churches where confessions are heard that one can hardly get to the confessional from 4 o'clock in the morning up to the afternoon; and the churches not sufficing, confessions are heard in the sacristies, cloisters and parlors. Persons have come here from the towns and level plains without end; they have even come here from

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\* Precisely from Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, arrondissement of Corbeille in Seine-et-Oise.

Tournai and from Isle in hundreds. It is the same thing at Mechlin, where I have also been during his sojourn, and they assure me that it is the same at Amiens. They have had everywhere to assign him guards of twenty and thirty men, without whom he would have been crushed by people wanting to touch him and cut off pieces of his habit. And the churches being too small, he had at last to give his blessing in the public squares, and even they were not large enough, while the houses were full to the roofs. One could not enumerate the number of miracles of all sorts, although everybody was not cured, only those who had faith. You know, father, I do not easily believe, and I must even say that at first I was incredulous, but I had to give in to the truth. I have seen the blind see clearly, a deaf woman to hear, crippled and paralyzed persons walk; but what I have taken pleasure in seeing and at my ease is the cure of a young man from Isle, who for about a year endured the greatest pains in his whole body and particularly in his stomach. They carried him on St. John's Eve (June 23, 1681) at an hour after midnight into a room of the infirmary of the Capuchin Fathers at Mechlin to get him this good father's blessing. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon they asked me if I wished to go and see the invalid, whom I had seen several times during his illness. I went and remained in his room until 5 o'clock in the evening, when this good father came in. He approached the invalid's bed and asked if he understood Italian. They answered, yes. Then he addressed to him a little exhortation explaining what faith was; he made him make some acts of it, ask pardon of God, and then if he wished to be cured. The invalid having said 'yes,' he gave him his blessing and touched him, along with two other sick persons who were in the same room, and went out. The sick man at that very instant rose upright in his bed and got out of it by himself alone, saying that he was cured, walked as easily as myself through the room, went to the door of the Capuchin convent, where a carriage awaited him, and entered it. We drove him to . . . where I left him in the same disposition. He (Father Mark) does not once give the blessing but that at the same time one sees the sick and infirm of all sorts cured without touching them by fifty and more. *Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis*. He knows some words of French, which he mixes up with Italian. One cannot relate or express the wonders he works in this way. Tell all our reverend fathers and brethren Madame la Dauphine has sent a messenger to him to commend herself to his prayers. I commend myself to yours."

This messenger of the Dauphiness of France, Christina, had been brought to Father Mark of Aviano by an express conveyance. In

response the Capuchin sent her his blessing and promised to say Mass for her intention on the 24th of June. On that very day the Dauphin's wife experienced an improvement in the state of her health, which she naturally attributed to the merits of the prayers of Father Mark. The Governor of Haynaut, who, in the opinion of his physicians, suffered from four mortal maladies—continuous fever, consumption, dropsy and asthma—was miraculously cured by the Capuchin, whose progress through the country aroused the greatest religious enthusiasm.

In the archives of the French War Office in Paris is preserved an entire series of documents relating to Father Mark's sojourn in Flanders. They have been published in the third volume of the "*Etudes Franciscaines*" by Father Hilary, of Barenton. In a letter dated June 20, 1681, embodied in the report of the commissioners of Louis XIV. at Courtrai, where the dispute between France and Spain on the question of delimitation of frontier formed the subject of a conference, two miracles, which took place in the Church of St. Gudule, are incidentally referred to. "All Brussels," the writer says, "swarmed inside and outside the Capuchin convent, where they were obliged to place a guard of native Spaniards to keep back the crowd." Lepelletier, writing on June 12, said: "We hear that the Duke of Aremberg is out of danger and that he has been cured by a Capuchin reputed to be a saint." The presence of Father Mark at Courtrai became such an important event that the royal commissioners were obliged to postpone their sittings. They wrote on July 6 to Louvois: "Yesterday on the arrival of M. Lepelletier we informed the Spanish commissioners that we were ready to begin the conference at that hour if it pleased them. We even urged them to do so this morning, in order to be in a position to report to you by to-day's post what took place at the conference; but it is the day that Father Daviano (*sic*) is to give a special blessing to the city of Courtray and to all those assembled and who shall have disposed themselves to receive the fruit thereof. Everybody here is moved to devotion, and these gentlemen wished that we should postpone the conference to this afternoon. So, monseigneur, we cannot report to you until to-morrow as to what we shall have done."<sup>6</sup>

It was not only the blind, the lame and the halt who sought him, but kings, princes, dukes, Cardinals and Papal Nuncios sent for him, to enjoy his conversation, ask his advice or receive his blessing. He was in correspondence with all the great personages of his time. The number of letters he received and wrote is unimaginable; those of the Emperor Leopold, who called him his "angel-guardian,"

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<sup>6</sup> "*Arch. hist. du ministère de la guerre.*" Paris, Vol. 662.

published by Onno Klopp at the time of the tercentenary of the relief of Vienna, form alone an enormous folio. Another collection of 331 letters, dedicated to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, was published in 1888. From these we gather that Father Mark had a part not only in the raising of the siege of Vienna, but in other contests with the Turks: in the recovery of Buda, in the battles of Neuhäussel and Esseg, and particularly in expelling the Moslems from Belgrade.<sup>7</sup> In subsequent years, when the troops could not be assembled in one place, he gave them his blessing from a distance at the appointed time, the sole knowledge of which animated and aroused the ardor of the soldiers. The victory of Prince Eugene of Savoy at Zenthau was announced when Father Mark, with a large congregation of the citizens, was pouring forth prayers in presence of the Blessed Sacrament for the success of the troops under that prince's command. When the news came, the whole population acclaimed the Capuchin, and a *Te Deum* was sung in presence of the Emperor. There was no one in whom the Pope and the Emperor reposed more confidence than in this humble friar. There was never an administrator of state affairs, leader in war or one skilled in ecclesiastical or civil jurisdiction who showed more knowledge, wielded more authority, brought more force of character and ingenuity to bear on matters committed to him than Mark of Aviano.

In the years succeeding the relief of Vienna, if his counsels prevailed, the Turks would, more than three centuries ago, have been expelled from Europe; but dissensions among the allied sovereigns hindered unity of action. Besides, the Emperor Leopold was weary of campaigns in which he personally never took a part; he had saved his own crown, and he was satisfied. To the great grief of Father Mark, he could not be got to follow up his successes.

Refusing all the honors and rewards that the Emperor could bestow, the Capuchin longed for the calm seclusion of his convent, which he never left except under obedience. He said he was not made for camps or courts. But the Emperor sent for him every year, and, by the Pope's order, he had to undertake a long journey to Vienna. It was during his last sojourn in the Austrian capital that he finished his course, the 13th of August, 1699. Leopold, with all the imperial family, went into his poor cell to be present at his last moments. The Emperor not only directed that his obsequies should be celebrated with the greatest solemnity and éclat and had his remains deposited in the crypt of the Capuchin church at Vienna, among the imperial tombs containing the deceased mem-

<sup>7</sup> Buda was taken, after one hundred and forty-five years of vassalage, in 1686; the Austrians took Belgrade in 1688.

bers of the House of Hapsburg, but himself wrote his epitaph, as follows:

Epitaphium  
quod Patri Marco ab Aviano  
Augustissimus Imperator Leopoldus  
ipse fecit:  
Patri Marco ab Aviano Capucino  
Conclonatori evangelicis virtutibus  
exornato  
Viennæ Austriæ in osculo Domini sui  
Suaviter expiranti  
Leopoldus Augustus, Augusta sua  
Filiiq; moesti posuere  
Patri Marco de Aviano vere Jesu servo  
Requies et lux perpetua.

It was, no doubt, a great honor, but it rendered it impossible for the people to venerate this tomb and there implore, after his death, the succor of the servant of God. It is noteworthy that miracles thereafter ceased, and this has retarded his beatification. It was at the instance of Dr. Porzer, a venerable lawyer, that Pius X., when Patriarch of Venice, took his cause in hand. "As long as he will be among emperors," said the present Pontiff to the superiors of his order, "his humility will prevent him from working miracles." It is to be hoped that he will fulfill the wishes of the illustrious promoter of his cause and afford the Pope, who is one of his fellow-countrymen, the satisfaction and happiness of raising him to the honors of the altars, an honor transcending that which emperors could bestow. When Cardinal Vives reminded His Holiness that it was he himself began the process, the latter said: "Why, I have presided at all the sittings; I have signed all the documents, except the last, because the Cardinals had already made me a prisoner here." And he added: "He must perform miracles." "Most Holy Father," was the reply, "he has wrought so many during his life that he will have no difficulty in multiplying them also after his death."

It was so late as 1891 that a memorial tablet was erected to him in the Capuchin church in Vienna. His *socius*, or traveling companion, Father Como, of Castelfranco, left a manuscript biography of Father Mark of Aviano, which is preserved, along with other original documents, in the archives of the Capuchin province of Venice. This is the main source from which all subsequent writers have, directly or indirectly, drawn their information. About a hundred years after his death his life was written by one of his brethren, Father Fidelis, of Zara.\* Other biographies followed, but the late Father Louis Antoine, of Porrentruy, discovering several inaccuracies in them by collating them with a mass of documents which his indefatigable research had brought together in Rome,

\* "Notizie storiche concernenti l'illustre servo di Dio P. Marco d'Aviano," compilate dal P. Fedele da Zara. Venezia, 1798.

where he had filled the office of definitor general, resolved to write a new life, and had got half way through with it when, unhappily, his death in March, 1912, put an end to his labors. The completion of this work has been entrusted to the Very Rev. Father Ernest Marie, the biographer of the celebrated French Capuchin, Pere Marie Antoine, called the Apostle of Toulouse. It could not have been put into abler hands, and those who are interested in the subject may confidently look forward to the approaching publication of a thoroughly satisfactory life of this remarkable historic personality.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Cork, Ireland.

## PIUS PP. X.

UNIVERSIS CHRISTIFIDELIBUS

HAS NOSTRAS LITTERAS INSPECTURIS

SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

**M**AGNI faustique eventus commemoratio, quo sedecim abhinc saeculis pax tandem Ecclesiae concessa fuit, dum omnes catholicas gentes summa afficit laetitia, eisque pietatis opera suadet, Nos movet imprimis ad caelestium munerum thesauros aperiendos, ut ex huiusmodi solemnitate lecti uberesque fructus in Domino percipiantur. Par enim atque item peropportuno videtur, Edictum a Constantino Magno Imperatore Mediolani promulgatum concelebrare, quod prope secutum est victoriam contra Maxentium, glorioso Crucis vexillo partam, et saevis in Christianos vexationibus finem faciens, illos in eam libertatem vindicavit, cuius pretium divini Redemptoris et Martyrum sanguis fuit. Tum demum militans Ecclesia primum ex iis triumphis egit, qui qualibet eius aetate omnigenas insectationes perpetuo subsequuntur, atque ex eo die potiora semper in humani generis societatem contulit beneficia. Nam homines superstitioso idolorum cultu paulatim relicto, tum legibus, tum moribus institutisque christianam vitae rationem magis ac magis amplexi sunt, atque ita factum est, ut iustitia simul et caritas in terris florerent. Consentaneum igitur esse ducimus, hac felici occasione, qua tam egregium factum recolitur, Deum, Virginem Eius Genitricem et reliquos Caelites, Apostolos praesertim, etiam atque etiam adprecari, ut populi universi decus et honorem Ecclesiae instaurantes, ad tantae matris gremium confugiant, errores, quibus inconsulti fidei inimici eius claritati tenebras obducere nituntur, pro viribus depellant, Romanum Pontificem summa observantia colant, in catholica denique religione omnium rerum praesidium et columnen fidenti animo intueantur. Tum sperare licebit, homines oculis ad Crucem denuo fixis, in hoc salutari signo et Christiani nominis osores, et effraenatas cordis cupiditates omnino devicturos. Verum quo humiles preces, in catholico orbe hac saeculari solemnitate adhibendae, spirituali fidelium bono satius cumulentur, eas Plenaria Indulgentia in forma Iubilaei locupletandas censuimus, omnes Ecclesiae filios vehementer hortantes, ut Nostris suas quoque supplicationes pietatisque officia coniungant, et hac eis oblata Iubilaei gratia in animorum emolumentum pariter atque in religionis utilitatem quam maxime fruantur. Quare de Omnipotentis Dei misericordia ac Beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli auctoritate confisi, ex illa

ligandi solvendique potestate, quae Nobis licet immerentibus divinitus data fuit, atque auditis etiam VV. FF. NN. S. R. E. Cardd. Inquisitoribus Generalibus, praesentium tenore omnibus ac singulis utriusque sexus Christifidelibus vel in hac alma Urbe Nostra degentibus, vel advenientibus ad eam, qui hoc vertente anno a Dominica in Albis, ex qua saecularia sollemnia in Ecclesiae pacis memoriam incipient, usque ad festivitatem Deiparare Virginis ab Immaculata Conceptione inclusive, Basilicas S. Ioannis in Laterano, S. Petri Principis Apostolorum ac S. Pauli extra muros bis singulas adeant, et ibi aliquandiu pro Ecclesiae catholicae et huius Apostolicae Sedis prosperitate et exaltatione, pro haeresum exstirpatione, et omnium errantium conversione, pro Christianorum Principum concordia et totius fidelium populi pace et unitate secundum mentem Nostram preces ad Deum effundant, ac semel intra huiusmodi temporis spatium, admissis rite expiatis, caelesti convivio se reficiant, atque insuper eleemosynam pro sua quisque facultate vel in egenos, vel, si malint, ad pias causas erogent, plenissimam omnium peccatorum Indulgentiam ad instar Iubilaei generalis concedimus et impertimus. Iis vero qui ad Urbem convenire nequeant, Plenariam eandem largimur Indulgentiam, dummodo sui loci templum vel templa, ab Ordinario semel tantum designanda, pari temporis intervallo, omnino sexies visitent, et alia pietatis opera, quae superius diximus, integre perficiant. Veniam praeterea facimus, ut haec Plenaria Indulgentia etiam animabus, quae Deo in caritate coniunctae ex hac vita migraverint, per modum suffragii applicari possit ac valeat. Concedimus autem, ut navigantes et iter agentes, ubi ad sua domicilia seu alio ad certam stationem se receperint, operibus suprascriptis peractis, et visitata sexies ecclesia cathedrali vel maiori aut parochiali loci eorum domicilii seu stationis, eandem Indulgentiam consequi licite queant. Regularibus vero personis utriusque sexus, etiam in claustris perpetuo degentibus, nec non aliis quibuscumque sive laicis, sive ecclesiasticis saecularibus vel regularibus, in carcere vel captivitate exsistentibus, vel aliqua corporis infirmitate, seu alio quovis impedimento detentis, qui memorata opera, vel aliqua ex iis praestare nequeant, ut illa Confessarius in alia pietatis opera commutare, vel in aliud proximum tempus prorogare possit, eaque iniungere, quae ipsi poenitentes efficere poterunt, cum facultate etiam dispensandi super Communionem cum pueris, qui ad eam nondum admissi fuerint concedimus item atque indulgemus. Insuper omnibus et singulis Christifidelibus tum laicis, tum ecclesiasticis saecularibus vel regularibus, cuiusvis Ordinis et Instituti, etiam specialiter nominandi, facultatem facimus, ut sibi ad hunc effectum eligere possint quemlibet presbyterum Confessarium saecularem seu regularem ex actu approbatis, et hac facultate fas sit uti etiam



monialibus, novitiis, aliisque mulieribus intra claustra degentibus, dummodo Confessarius approbatus sit pro monialibus. Talis Confessarius eosdem vel easdem intra dictum temporis spatium ad confessionem apud ipsum peragendam accedentes animo praesens Iubilaeum consequendi, et reliqua opera ad illud lucrandum necessaria adimplendi, hac vice et in foro conscientiae dumtaxat ab excommunicationis, suspensionis, et aliis ecclesiasticis sententiis et censuris a iure vel ab homine quavis de causa latis vel inflictis, etiam Ordinariis locorum et Nobis, seu Sedi Apostolicae etiam in casibus cuicumque ac Summo Pontifici et Sedi Apostolicae *speciali licet modo* reservatis, et qui alias in concessione quantumvis ampla non intelligerentur concessi, nec non ab omnibus peccatis et excessibus, quantumcumque gravibus et enormibus, etiam iisdem Ordinariis ac Nobis et Sedi Apostolicae, ut praefertur, reservatis, iniuncta ipsis poenitentia salutari, aliisque de iure iniungendis, et si de haeresi agatur, abiuratis prius et retractatis erroribus, prout de iure, absolvere; nec non vota quaecumque etiam iurata ac Sedi Apostolicae reservata (exceptis semper castitatis, religionis, et obligationis, quae a tertio acceptata fuerint, seu in quibus agatur de praedictio tertii, nec non poenalibus, quae praeservativa a peccato nuncupantur, nisi commutatio futura iudicetur eiusmodi, ut non minus a peccato committendo refrenet, quam prior voti materia) in alia pia et salutaria opera commutare, et cum poenitentibus huiusmodi in sacris Ordinibus constitutis, etiam regularibus, super occulta irregularitate ad exercitium eorundem Ordinum, et ad superiorum assecutionem dumtaxat contracta, dispensare possit ac valeat. Non intendimus autem per praesentes super alia quavis irregularitate, sive ex delicto sive ex defectu, vel publica vel occulta aut nota, aliave incapacitate, aut inhabilitate quoquo modo contracta dispensare, vel aliquam facultatem tribuere super praemissis dispensandi, seu habilitandi et in pristinum statum restituendi etiam in foro conscientiae; neque etiam derogare Constitutioni cum apposis declarationibus editae a fel. rec. Benedicto XIV. decessore Nostro, quae incipit "Sacramentum Poenitentiae" neque demum easdem praesentes iis, qui a Nobis et Apostolica Sede vel aliquo Praelato seu Iudice ecclesiastico nominatim excommunicati, suspensi, interdicti, seu alias in sententias et censuras incidisse declarati, vel publice denunciati fuerint, nisi intra praedictum tempus satisfecerint, et cum partibus, ubi opus fuerit, concordaverint, ullo modo suffragari posse aut debere. Quod si intra praefinitum terminum, iudicio Confessarii, satisfacere non potuerint, absolvi posse concedimus in foro conscientiae ad effectum dumtaxat assequendi Indulgentias Iubilaei, iniuncta obligatione satisfaciendi statim ac poterunt. Quapropter in virtute sanctae obedientiae praesentium tenore districte praecipimus, atque man-

damus omnibus Ordinariis locorum ubicumque existentibus, eorumque Vicariis et Officialibus, vel, ipsis deficientibus, illis, qui curam animarum exercent, ut quum praesentium Litterarum transumpta aut exempla etiam impressa acceperint, illa per suas ecclesias ac dioeceses, provincias, civitates, oppida, terras et loca publicent, vel publicanda curent, populisque etiam verbi Dei praedicatione, quoad fieri possit, rite praeparatis, ecclesiam seu ecclesias visitandas, ut supra, designent. Non obstantibus Constitutionibus et Ordinationibus Apostolicis, praesertim quibus facultas absolvendi in certis tunc expressis casibus ita Romano Pontifici pro tempore exsistenti reservatur, ut nec etiam similes vel dissimiles indulgentiarum et facultatum huiusmodi concessionem, nisi de illis espressa mentio vel specialis derogatio fiat, cuiquam suffragari possint; nec non regula de non concedendis indulgentiis ad instar, ac quorumcumque Ordinum, et Congregationum sive Institutorum etiam iuramento, confirmatione Apostolica, vel quavis firmitate alia roboratis statutis, et consuetudinibus, privilegiis quoque indultis, et Litteris Apostolicis eisdem Ordinibus, Congregationibus et Institutis, illorumque personis quomodolibet concessis, approbatis et innovatis; quibus omnibus et singulis etiamsi de illis eorumque totis tenoribus specialis, specifica, expressa et individua, non autem per clausulas generales idem importantes, mentio seu alia quaevis expressio habenda, aut alia aliqua exquisita forma ad hoc servanda foret, illorum tenores praesentibus pro sufficienter expressos, ac formam in iis traditam pro servata habentes, hac vice specialiter, nominatim et expresse ad effectum praemissorum derogamus, ceterisque contrariis quibuscumque. Ut denique praesentes Nostrae, quae ad singula loca deferri non possunt, ad omnium notitiam facilius deveniant, volumus, ut praesentium transumptis, vel exemplis etiam impressis, manu alicuius Notarii publici subscriptis et sigillo personae in dignitate ecclesiastica constitutae munitis, ubicumque locorum et gentium eadem prorsus fides habeatur, quae haberetur ipsis praesentibus, si forent exhibitae vel ostensae.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum, sub anulo Piscatoris, die VIII. martii MCMXIII., Pontificatus Nostri anno X.

*De speciali mandato Ss.mi.*

L. + S.

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL,  
*a Secretis Status.*

## LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER

PIUS X.

ESTABLISHING A UNIVERSAL JUBILEE

IN MEMORY OF THE PEACE

GIVEN BY THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

TO THE CHURCH.

PIUS PP. X.

**T**O ALL the faithful in Christ who shall read this our letter, health and the apostolic benediction.

(*Magni faustique.*) The commemoration of the great and happy event through which, sixteen centuries ago, peace was finally given to the Church, while it fills all Catholics with the greatest joy and calls them to works of piety, moves us to open the treasures of celestial gifts that choice and copious fruits may accrue from that solemnity. Nothing, indeed, could be more fitting and opportune than the celebration of the edict promulgated at Milan by the Emperor Constantine the Great, following close upon the victory over Maxentius obtained under the glorious standard of the Cross—the edict which put an end to the cruel persecution of the Christians and placed them in possession of the liberty bought at the price of the blood of the Divine Redeemer and the martyrs. Then at last the Church militant gained the first of those triumphs which throughout its history have invariably followed persecutions of every sort, and from that day ever increasing benefits have accrued to the human race. For men, abandoning by degrees the superstitious worship of idols, in their laws, customs and institutions followed ever more the rule of Christian life, and so it came to pass that justice and love flourished together on the earth. Therefore, we think it appropriate that on this happy occasion on which such a great event is commemorated prayers should be multiplied to God, to His Virgin Mother and to all the blessed, especially to the Holy Apostles, that all peoples, renewing the dignity and glory of the Church, may take refuge in the bosom of this their mother, may root out the errors by which insensate enemies of the Church strive to shroud its splendor in darkness, may surround the Roman Pontiff with the highest homage, and, with their minds at rest in perfect trust, may see, indeed, in the Catholic religion the defense and safeguard of all things. Then will it be possible to hope that men, again fixing their eyes on the Cross, the sign of salvation,

will be able completely to overcome the enemies of the Christian name and the unbridled lusts of their hearts. To the purpose, then, that the humble prayers that should be offered on the occasion of this solemn commemoration throughout the Catholic world may redound to the greater spiritual good of the faithful, we ordain that they be enriched with a plenary indulgence in jubilee form, urgently exhorting all the children of the Church that they unite their prayers and their works of piety to ours, to the end that by means of the spiritual favor of jubilee offered to them these may bear the greatest possible fruit both to the profit of souls and the advantage of religion.

Relying, therefore, on the mercy of Almighty God and on the authority of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and having consulted our venerable brethren, the Cardinal inquisitors general of the Holy Roman Church, of that power of binding and loosing which to us, though unworthy, has been entrusted, we by this present letter grant and impart, in the form of a general jubilee, a plenary indulgence of all sins to all and sundry of the faithful of both sexes, whether resident of this dear city of ours or coming to visit it, who in this present year, from Low Sunday, when the secular celebrations intended to commemorate the peace of the Church begin, to the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God inclusive, twice visit each of the Basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Peter Prince of the Apostles and St. Paul outside the Walls; who there, according to our intention, for some time pour forth their prayers to God for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and of this Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies and the conversion of all who are in error, for concord amongst Christian princes and peace and unity amongst all the faithful; who, having properly confessed their sins, refresh themselves during the period indicated with the celestial banquet; and who, furthermore, each one according to his means, give an alms to the needy, or, if preferred, assign it for some pious purpose. To those, however, who cannot visit the city, we grant the same plenary indulgence, provided, during the same interval, they visit six times in all a church or churches in their own locality, to be designated by the Ordinary, and perform in their integrity the other works of piety which we have above specified. Further, we permit that this plenary indulgence may and can be applied by way of suffrage to the souls who have passed from this life united to God by charity.

To sailors and those engaged in travel we grant that when they visit their homes or otherwise when they arrive at any station they can lawfully gain the same indulgence when they shall have per-

formed the works above prescribed and shall have visited six times the cathedral or the principal or the parochial church of their home or of the station.

As to the religious of both sexes, including those bound to perpetual enclosure, as well as all others whomsoever, whether the laity or ecclesiastics, secular or regular, who are detained in prison or captivity, or who labor under any bodily infirmity or under any other impediment whatsoever, and who cannot perform the works mentioned or any one of them, we likewise grant and permit that the confessor can commute those works into other works of piety, or postpone them to another not distant time, and that he can enjoin such works as his penitents can perform; for children who have not yet been admitted to First Communion, we also grant him authority to dispense from Holy Communion.

Further to all and sundry of the faithful, both the laity and ecclesiastics, secular or regular, of whatsoever order and institute, even those that should be specially named, we grant authority to select for this purpose any priest whatever, secular or regular, who is an approved confessor; and it is permitted also that nuns, novices and other women living in enclosure avail of this authorization, provided the confessor they select be approved for hearing the confessions of nuns. All who go to confession within the aforesaid appointed time, intending to gain the jubilee and to perform the works necessary for gaining it, any such confessor can absolve and is empowered to absolve, for this occasion and in the tribunal of conscience only, from all sentences and censures of excommunication and suspension, and from other ecclesiastical sentences and censures, by the law or by man for whatever cause enacted or inflicted, even from those reserved to Ordinaries and to us or the Apostolic See, even cases *specially reserved*, no matter to whom and to the Sovereign Pontiff and the Apostolic See, and which otherwise are not understood to be granted by any concession how ample soever. He can also absolve and is empowered to absolve from all sins and excesses, however grievous and enormous, even from those reserved, as has been said, to the same Ordinaries and to us and the Apostolic See, but he is to impose a salutary penance and to observe the other things enjoined by the law; and if there is question of heresy, he can absolve and is empowered to absolve from it, when, according to the prescriptions of the law, error has been abjured and retracted. He can also commute into other pious and salutary works vows of whatsoever kind, even those confirmed by oath and reserved to the Holy See, always excepting vows of chastity, of religion and of an obligation which has been accepted from a third party or in which there is question of prejudice to a third party; excepting

also penal vows, which are called vows preserving from sin, unless there be indicated a commutation of such a character as will in future serve to restrain from sin as much as the subject-matter of the original vow. And in regard to penitents of this kind who are in holy orders, even regulars, he can dispense and is empowered to dispense them from an occult irregularity contracted solely for the exercise of their orders and for the attainment of higher orders.

We do not intend, however, by our present letter to dispense from any other irregularity whatsoever, whether arising from crime or from defect, either public or hidden or known, nor from any other incapacity or disability in what manner soever contracted. Nor do we intend to concede any authority to dispense in the premises, or to rehabilitate or to restore to the pristine state even in the tribunal of conscience. Nor do we intend to derogate from the Constitution, with appended declarations, published by our predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XIV., which begins *Sacramentum Poenitentiae*. Nor in fine do we intend that this same letter can or should in any wise help those who by us and the Apostolic See or by any prelate or ecclesiastical judge have been *by name* excommunicated, suspended, interdicted or declared to have incurred other sentences or censures, unless within the aforesaid time they shall have made satisfaction, and, when necessary, come to terms with the parties. But if within the appointed time they could not, in the judgment of the confessor, make satisfaction, we grant that he can absolve them in the tribunal of conscience, only in order that they may gain the indulgences of the jubilee, the obligation of making satisfaction as soon as they can being imposed upon them.

Wherefore, in virtue of holy obedience, we, by this present letter, strictly order and command all Ordinaries, wheresoever residing, and their vicars and officials, and, failing them, those who are charged with the cure of souls, that when they receive transcripts or printed copies of the present letter, they publish it, or take care that it be published in their churches and dioceses, provinces, cities, towns, territories and districts, and that to the people duly prepared, as far as possible even by the preaching of the Word of God, they designate, as explained above, the church or churches to be visited.

Notwithstanding Apostolic constitutions and ordinances, especially those by which the faculty of absolving in certain therein expressed cases is so reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being that even similar or dissimilar concessions of such indulgences and faculties cannot avail anybody unless express mention and special derogation of them be made; notwithstanding also the special rule against the granting of indulgences *ad instar* and of the indulgences of any whatsoever orders, congregations and institutes, even when

based and established on oath, apostolic confirmation or any other guarantee, also indult, privileges and apostolic letters for said orders, congregations, institutes and persons thereof in whatsoever way conceded, approved and introduced; all and several of which, although of them and of their whole tenor a special, specific, express and individual mention, and not merely mention by general clauses, would have to be made or any expression whatsoever indicated, or any other for whatsoever elaborated, for the observance of this, regarding their tenor as sufficiently expressed in this present letter and the form prescribed for them as observed, we do for this once derogate specially *nominatim* and expressly for the effort as aforesaid; and all things else whatsoever to the contrary. Finally that this our present letter, which cannot be taken to every place, may more easily come to the knowledge of all, we will that transcripts or even printed copies, when signed by the hand of a notary public and sealed with the seal of an ecclesiastical dignitary, shall everywhere and for all have absolutely the same authority as would belong to this present letter, if exhibited and shown.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, on the 8th day of March, 1913, in the tenth year of our pontificate.

By special mandate of His Holiness.

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL,  
*Secretary of State.*

## Book Reviews.

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**IN ST. DOMINIC'S COUNTRY.** By *C. M. Anthony*, author of "Joan of Arc, the Maid of France;" "The Angelical Cardinal, Reginald Pole;" "St. Anthony of Padua," "St. Pius V." Edited, with Preface, by Rev. T. M. Schwertner, O. P., S. T. L. 12mo., pp. 316. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"If we would understand why the Middle Ages—which were in the full sense of the term the ages of faith—saw the rise and rapid spread of many strange and dangerous heresies, we must look back to the times which immediately followed upon the inrushing of the barbarian peoples of the North. The countless bands of missionaries sent forth by Rome at intervals to bear the good tidings of salvation to those half-savage hordes, to soften their hard hearts and to teach them to harden their hands by a labor which was sanctified by prayer—the missionaries soon saw the proud heads of those untamed children of the mountain and forest bow meekly at the baptismal font to receive the waters of regeneration. However, if the young nations of Europe put on the yoke of Christ right gladly, they rebelled at intervals against its constant chafing upon the shoulders which had known no other burden than battle-axe and spear. Again and again the loud call to the cruel sports of their former life, to war and barbarous massacre rang in the ears of those new converts who had but now been listening to the words of peace, to the hard sayings of Christian asceticism. Against their own consciences and the words of Christ's heralds they fared forth to battle—and how could men whose passion for slaying was aroused curb the other passions of their hearts?"

"If the mediæval world was saved from this mighty cataclysm, it was in great part due to St. Dominic, who with wisdom and foresight and true knowledge of the needs of the hour threw up the impregnable dykes of Catholic teaching and morality against the murky waters that rushed onward and downward. Others before him had essayed to stem the tide. But their defense was unavailing, because they had failed to measure the strength of the force opposed to them. Dominic Guzman, with the best and purest of Gothic blood in his veins, came to the desolate plains of Languedoc, and before taking up his sword in defense of the Bride of Christ studied well the strength of his foes, their weapons, method of warfare and plans of campaign. And then fortified by prayer, he set forth, ready to lay down his life for the Church of France."

With these thoughts in mind, the author of the present work visited all those spots which St. Dominic had sanctified by his pres-



ence whilst battling with the Catharist heresy. The book is full of historic interest, shows the most painstaking care, reads like a romance and is beautifully illustrated.

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**LIFE OF VENERABLE MOTHER JAVOUHEY**, Foundress of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Cluny (1779-1851). Translated from the French by J. B. Cullen. With an Introduction by Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport. 12mo., pp. 284. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

"The life which is here presented to English readers in a very acceptable form is that of a holy woman who, about one hundred years ago, founded a very remarkable work of charity and religion. The Venerable Mother Anne-Marie Javouhey was one of those distinguished women who were raised up to save the faith of France in the devastation and religious anarchy which followed the great Revolution. Like Blessed Sophie Barat, Marie Rivier, Emily Rudat, Anne Victoria de Mejanès, Julie Postel, the first mothers who worked with the Venerable Louis Baudouin, and many others, Anne Javouhey, who lived as a child in the Terror, the Consulate and the Empire, began her efforts in secrecy, in humble cottages, among the children and the neighbors, and after trials of every kind succeeded in establishing an institute of religious women whose influence is widely-spread and lasting. By the time she was seven-and-twenty she had gathered together a community and had flourishing schools in Chalon-sur-Saône, in the Diocese of Autun. The Bishop of Autun established them as a religious congregation (1806), the municipality of the town welcomed and helped her and the Emperor Napoleon, at the instance of M. Portalis, found time to sign a rescript, dated from Posen, authorizing the institute for the "training of children of both sexes in industry, good morals and Christian virtue."

Books of this kind have a value which perhaps is not apparent to the casual observer. They are not only interesting in a biographical way and in a spiritual way by encouraging vocations, but they move even the lukewarm and the vicious to better things. As in life very few persons are so degraded as not to show respect and reverence to those who leave all to follow Christ, so the record of those who not only make this sacrifice themselves, but lead others to follow their example, must have a salutary effect on all who think. From the beginning men have excused themselves for not following the teachings of Christ because it was not possible. "This is a hard saying," was objected to our Lord directly, and has been repeated in every age since his time. The answer is found in the lives of the saints, and especially in the lives of the founders of religious communities, who generally in the face of apparently

insurmountable obstacles have put the teachings of Christ into practice in a heroic degree, and have brought forth fruit a hundred-fold. The book before us is a splendid example of this and will bring consolation and encouragement to many a weary soul.

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**PRIVATE OWNERSHIP: ITS BASIS AND EQUITABLE CONDITIONS.** By *Rev. J. KeNeher*. 12mo., pp. 212. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"The object of this work is to defend the system of private ownership and to explain the conditions on which alone that system can be defended in theory or much longer maintained in practice.

"The most confirmed optimist can scarcely look with complacency on the present condition of social life in these countries. It is not merely that poverty abounds and that suffering and squalor shock the senses wherever one turns. All that is bad enough, but nothing new; perhaps in the past it was even worse. But there is a consciousness of oppression now appearing amongst the masses, wider and more deep-seated than was ever known before. True, it is a vague consciousness, but it is on that account none the less intense, and it certainly is all the more dangerous. Convinced, and not without reason, that they are being made the victims of injustice, and not able to determine precisely where the injustice lies, desperate men are almost prepared in their wretchedness and in the bitterness of their resentment to set at nought the just and natural bonds that hold society together. Present economic conditions are flagrantly unjust to them, and it is not surprising if they fail to distinguish what is just and necessary in these conditions from what is the result of unjust and selfish oppression. The entire order is looked on with suspicion, and everything which goes to maintain it is likely to be called into question."

This quotation from the author's preface indicates that he grasps the serious nature of his subject and approaches it with caution and fear. It is certainly a timely subject and of universal interest. Unrest, unhappiness, suspicion and desperation are abroad, and it is difficult to get men to think. Many causes exist for this state of affairs, but the great fundamental cause is that men have forgotten that "they have not here a lasting city, but must tend to one that is beyond." They are living for time only and not for eternity.

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**COME BACK! COME ROPE!** By *Robert Hugh Benson*. 12mo., pp. 469. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

In his latest story Monsignor Benson returns to the English persecutions under Elizabeth, and produces a companion volume to

"By What Authority?" They both deal with those sad days when the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of the world were arrayed in mortal combat, with all the inevitable and harrowing consequences that follow such a conflict. Many think that Monsignor Benson is at his best in this field. It is a most fruitful field and the laborers are few. As on the stage the best managers get the most satisfactory results when they are capable of conceiving the various characters of the play in a clear and individual manner, so the novelist succeeds best who is able to make the characters of his story live as distinct persons. Monsignor Benson has this ability. His characters are not merely men and women, but they are persons with distinct personalities, with their various distinguishing traits and their personal interests and responsibilities, all sufficiently marked to make them living human beings and not merely flat pictures.

But this power alone is not sufficient to make the successful novelist. He must also be able to live in another age, in different surroundings, in the midst of other customs and modes of life, if he will write the story of other times. Monsignor Benson is unusually well equipped in this respect. We can imagine him as an actual participant in the stirring scenes which he depicts.

This is a sad story, and there is little to lighten the gloom, except the glimpse of heaven which the eye of faith catches in the distance.

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**SERMON NOTES OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN (1849-1878).** Edited by Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. 12mo., pp. 344. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1913.

Admirers of Cardinal Newman, and their name is legion, always have a welcome for him. His sermon notes are so intimately personal that they not only take us back to the church in which he preached, but invite us to follow him into the oratory and join him while he comments upon them. Here is the history of the notes:

"Cardinal Newman in his Church of England days always read his sermons. He discontinued this practice, except on very special occasions, after his conversion. At both periods he was following what happened to be the more general custom in the communion to which he belonged.

"Neither does the change, though he was past middle life when he made it, seem to be a difficulty to him. Apparently he soon discovered that the thoughts that he had in his mind when he entered the pulpit developed themselves and took new shapes while he was speaking, for the notes which are now being published were for the most part written out not before, but after the sermon.

"These notes were given by the late Father William Neville,

the Cardinal's literary executor, to Father Henry Bellasis, then a member of the Birmingham, now of the Roman Oratory. 'The Sermon Notes,' writes Father Bellasis, 'were given me by Father William as a present one Christmas. The only thing I remember his saying was that the Cardinal had the practice of going to his room after preaching and writing down in the form of notes what he had said. This is how they came to be in this book.'

These notes are very interesting. They give us the thoughts of a great man on serious subjects, and they make us witnesses of the process. As they were written for himself alone, they will not help the ordinary preacher very much. They will be most useful to those who are familiar with Cardinal Newman's sermons.

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THE NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FREER COLLECTION. Part I.: The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels. By *Henry A. Sanders*, University of Michigan. Four vo., pp. 250. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is Volume IX. of the Humanistic Series published by authority of the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. It is the second volume of the Biblical MSS. in the Freer collection. This collection is made up of four manuscripts which were purchased by Mr. Freer from an Arab dealer near Cairo on December 19, 1906. They contained: I., Deuteronomy and Joshua; II., Psalms; III., Gospels; IV., Fragments of the Epistles of St. Paul. The first has already been published, and now we have the second before us. As soon as the value of the collection was recognized it was determined not only to publish the MSS. in full, but also to make a most diligent search for the missing portions, and related finds, as well as for the original resting place of the MSS.

The editor gives arguments for tracing the manuscript back to the sixth, fifth and even the fourth century. The work has been most carefully done, and the publishers have spared no pains to make the published volume worthy of the original and of the learned comments on it. This was by no means easy, because it required the photographic reproduction of the old manuscript and also the careful indication of variations in form and arrangement of letters. The work is very valuable and interesting, and Biblical students will wait eagerly for the succeeding volumes.

This second part of the original MSS. is to be placed in the Smithsonian Institution.

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CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT. By *Robert Hugh Benson*. 12mo., pp. 165. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The following chapters were first published, in substance, in the American Catholic magazine, the *Ave Maria*, in 1906-1907, and

it is by the kind permission of the editor, Father Hudson, that they are now reprinted, with a few additions and corrections. During the time that has elapsed since their serial appearance the writer has received a very large number of applications that they should be issued in book form, and after a long hesitation he has acceded to these requests. He hesitated partly because it appeared to him really doubtful whether their issue would be of any real service at all, partly because he occasionally contemplated adding considerably to them, and annexing to them further "confessions of a convert" since his conversion. This latter idea, however, he has abandoned for the present, owing to the extraordinary difficulty he has found in drawing any real comparisons between the rapidly-fading impression of Anglicanism upon his memory and the continually deepening experiences of the Catholic religion."

Monsignor Benson's "Confessions of a Convert" bear on their face the mark of candor and sincerity. If he had been tempted to revise them or recdīt or annotate them, he would have spoiled them. They are very good and really useful.

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FAUSTULA, A. D. 840. By *John Ayscough*. New York: Benziger Brothers.  
 LEVIA PONDERA. An Essay Book. By *John Ayscough*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In "Faustula" this gifted author takes us back to the early ages of Christianity and introduces us to the pagan and the Christian communities of that time when truth was beginning to prevail against falsehood. While the writer's talent is very versatile and his power of delineation apparently unlimited, it seems to us that he is at his very best in "San Celestino" and "Faustula," and this is high praise. We do not know any other author who can approach him in describing the beauties of Italy and in bringing to life those who lived in that country centuries ago. The combination of Marion Crawford and Henry Harlan again suggests itself, as on a former occasion, but with not the slightest suggestion of imitation.

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In "Levia Pondera" we have what the author himself, in his dedication of the volume to Cardinal Bourne, describes as "a mere bundle of essays." They are on various subjects, of varying length and written at different times. The reading public have learned quickly to appreciate all that comes from the pen of John Ayscough, because it is sure to be excellent. His keen observance of men and things, his penetrating philosophy, his sure logic, his quaint humor all combine to give a value to all his work that is very exceptional.

Some of these essays, especially those on literary subjects, are

more formal, and fall more naturally under the term essay. Others are much shorter and informal, and might perhaps be more accurately described as comments on passing events.

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**OUR REASONABLE SERVICE.** An Essay in the Understanding of the Deep Things of God. By *Vincent J. McNabb, O. P.* 12mo., pp. 188. London, W., Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author thus explains this short collection of essays:

"The contents of the following pages have been begotten during a course of years and under the impulse of many causes. Hardly one of them has been the offspring of that rare privilege of apostolic life—an hour of idleness. Some have grown out of a wish to make the New Testament in the twentieth century what it was in the golden days of Christian thought, when Thomas and Bonaventure took it as the text-book of theology. Others have been dictated by an effort to slough off from a dim supernatural truth the inexperienced, unhappy word that heightens the dimness into a 'dark night of the soul.' A few have been written down at the close of one of the priest's deepest joys, when, with a brother-priest as road-fellow, he has wayfared hurriedly into the hill country of God's mysteries. Yet though each has had its own partly-forgotten and partly-remembered begetting, all have been given to the day under an overmastering desire to bring light first of all to the writer himself and then to the casual reader, who, seeing his own perplexities in its pages—

"Should find brief solace there, as I have found."

The subjects are: "Logic and Faith," "The Logos of St. John," "The Virgin Birth," "The Resurrection and Faith," "St. Peter in the Gospels," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "Newman and Spencer," "Of Impersonal Teaching," "On Evil."

The book is stamped with Father McNabb's well-known characteristics: it is earnest, sincere, convincing.

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**MARTYROLOGIUM ROMANUM, GREGORII XIII.** Iussu Editum, Urbani VIII et Clementis X. Auctoritate Recognitum. Editio Novissima. Mechliniae: H. Dessain. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A new edition of the Martyrology is an event of importance in the ecclesiastical world and is quite in keeping with the various reforms that have been made in ecclesiastical affairs by the present gloriously reigning Pontiff.

This new edition has been thoroughly revised, including the eulogies for each day, which have been supplemented and completed. Entire revision was made under the supervision of the Sacred Con-

gregation of Rites and approved of as the official text. The clear and bold type, the correctness in accentuation, as well as the complete appendix, containing all the martyrs of the various religious orders, recommend this volume in a special manner to those communities who recite the divine office in common, while the complete and reliable index of all the saints commended by the Church make it a valuable and an almost indispensable book of reference in the library of every priest and religious community. Prices, with supplement in full morocco, net \$5.50; half morocco, \$4.50; without supplement in full morocco, \$3.75; half morocco, \$2.75.

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**BODILY HEALTH AND SPIRITUAL VIGOUR.** A Book for Preachers and Teachers. By *William J. Lockington, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 128. With diagrams. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The following chapters have been compiled from lectures given to members of the Society of Jesus. The aim of the lectures was to point out the evil effects consequent upon neglect of the body, the house wherein the tenant soul must work; to show the obligation that exists of taking a rational care of the body and to furnish a practical method of keeping it in good working order. It has been suggested that they may be of use to a wider audience—to the teachers and preachers who labor so heroically in the vineyard and whose work is often hampered by ill health. To this end they are here published. The main ideas they put forward are founded primarily on the spirit exercises of St. Ignatius and the rules contained therein. Written as they were for Jesuit listeners, much illustrative matter was drawn from the lives of Jesuit workers. This has been allowed to stand unaltered."

The most striking features of these lectures are their clearness, their brevity, their practicability. Any one can understand them, learn them in a short time and put them into practice with profit. The diagrams make it all easier.

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**THE WAY OF THE HEART.** Letters of Direction. By *Mgr. d'Hulst*. Edited, with an Introduction, by *Mgr. A. Baudrillart*, Rector of the Catholic Institute, Paris. Translated by *W. H. Mitchell, M. A.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

These letters were addressed to a penitent whom Mgr. d'Hulst directed without interruption for twenty-one years, from 1875 to 1896, the last being written three days before his death. She lived in the country, he in Paris. They were more than five hundred in number. They deal with all kinds of difficulties, but especially with those which are more common to enlightened classes. The correspondence is not published in its entirety, because many of the

letters deal too intimately with personal or family matters. What is published is admirable in every way, full of information, consolation and direction. Mgr. d'Hulst was a famous director, and a perusal of these letters brings the reader into close touch with him.

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CARLYLE, par *L. Cazamian*, professeur à la Sorbonne. 1 vol. in-16 de la collection des Grands Écrivains étrangers. Bloud et Cie, éditeurs, 7, place Saint-Sulpice, Paris (VI.).

This study endeavors to grasp, in its entire development, a powerful work, which dominates the intellectual history of England in the nineteenth century; it endeavors also to seize and explain a fretted personality for which our admiration is greater than our love. In the light of biographical documents now accessible we can study the growth of a soul and character and find the principal influences which have formed both. The course of life and the progress of thought are thus closely associated; but the centre of interest is in faith and its multiple aspects, philosophic, moral, social. Without permitting details to hide the principal parts, the author has tried to make for each step, for each masterly work, the place which is due to it and to neglect nothing essential.

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VESPERALE ROMANUM Excerptum ex Antiphonali S. R. E. iussu SS. D. N. Pii X. Pontificis Maximi Restituto et Editio. Editio Ratisbonensis iuxta Vaticanam. Ratisbonae et Romae: Sumptibus et Typis Fr. Pustet.

This new edition of the Vespers is in strict accordance with the apostolic constitution "Divino Afflatu" of November, 1911, concerning the new psalter and the apostolic letters of Pius X., dated April 25, 1904, concerning Church music, and it is therefore the Vespers par excellence. In the beginning of the book is shown the Decree of the Congregation of Rites approving the Vatican issue and the letter of the Bishop of Ratisbon authenticating the present edition. This is the best guarantee of correctness and trustworthiness of the book, and its material excellencies are apparent at a glance. The paper, type and binding are so attractive that it is a pleasure to use the book, while the binding is so well done that it will wear indefinitely.

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OZANAM, par *M. l'Abbé Ch. Calippe*. Un vol. in-16 de vi.-212 pages, de la Collection "La Pensée et l'Œuvre sociale du Christianisme." Paris, Traité, 1912.

This new volume from Abbé Calippe is most timely, since it appears exactly as the celebration of the centenary of Ozanam especially attracts the attention of all to the illustrious founder of the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. The author, whose previous



works on the social history of French Catholics in the nineteenth century have well prepared him for the task, endeavors to replace Ozanam's charitable activity in the intellectual, moral and religious atmosphere in which he first saw light, in which he grew up and which alone permitted him to attain complete development. What social occupations most attracted him? What faith inspired and sustained him? To these questions we find in this book a faithful and complete answer. From numerous and characteristic writings—of which many are very little known, since they are directly derived from collections which have become hard to find—putting the reader in a position to follow by himself the interesting growth of Ozanam's thought. And as this thought and this activity were never for a moment an isolated specialty of the interior, spiritual life of Ozanam, as they were the direct issue of his religious faith, this the single work on the subject constitutes an authority of the first order in favor of the social vitality of the Catholic faith.

**SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.** By *Rev. T. P. Gallagher, S. T. L., B. C. L.* 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.75. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The object of this work is to see the history of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Old and New Testament, side by side, and assist the reader in forming a grander concept of Him who, while being the Son of God, deigned to become our Elder Brother.

The author takes up the prophecies of the Old Testament in regard to the Messiah, discusses the various interpretations of them, quoting authorities for various opinions concerning them and then draws the conclusion of the Catholic Church.

In the second part he shows the fulfillment of these Old Testament Prophecies in the person of Christ as the New Testament makes Him known to us.

A very interesting and instructive book.

**DE DEO UNO ET TRINO ET DE DEO CREATORE.** Auctore *Daniel Coghlan, S. T. D.*, Sacrae Theologiae in Collegio Maynutiano S. Patritii Professor. Duo volumina, pp. 708. Dublin: Apud Browne et Nolan.

In these two volumes Dr. Coghlan treats of the matter for the first of the four-year regular course of theology at Maynooth. He follows the Summa with Satolli, Billot and Janssens as guides. The author has an unusually attractive style and uses a simple but elegant Latin, which does not obscure the meaning, but rather makes it clear and easily understood. The book is well suited to class purposes and ought to be much in demand for use in seminaries.

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the REVIEW not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from *Salutatory*, July, 1890.)

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## THE PRESENT PROSPECTS OF ANGLICANISM.

THERE is no religious body in Western Christendom that matters so much to the Catholic Church as the Church of England and the religious organizations in communion with it. On the one hand, in England, at any rate, and probably elsewhere, the Anglican Church occupies ground which the Catholic Church might otherwise hope to possess. There is a good deal of truth in the saying attributed to Disraeli that the Catholic Church is the residuary legatee of the Church of England. Certainly the type of mind and character which the Anglican body is now producing in fairly large quantities—the educated and thoughtful High Churchmen, who believe in the Real Presence and look with favor on the practice of confession—would find it difficult to find a permanent home in any existing body of Nonconformists. And there can be no doubt that there are Anglicans who would even welcome the disappearance or absorption of a body which stands between them and their natural home.

On the other hand, Newman and others have justly recognized that the Anglican Church operates as a breakwater between England and unbelief. And as long as that is so, many Catholics will be willing to forget the extent to which the Establishment has been a persecuting and is still an Erastian body, and to give it a measure of support against a more reckless and dangerous foe. In Newman's own words we may lawfully "wish to suffer the Church of England. The Establishment has ever been a breakwater against

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Unitarianism, fanaticism and infidelity. It has ever loved us better than Puritans or Independents have loved us, and it receives all that abuse and odium of dogmatism, or at least a good deal of it, which otherwise would be directed against us."

The special and permanent characteristic of the Anglican Church in its English home has always been its subordination to the State. It has been at different times High Church, Low Church and Broad Church. It has been Jacobite, Tory and Whig, but through all these changes it has loyally offered to Caesar the things that are God's. And the importance of the last century is that we have seen a breaking up of the long frost and a gradual shifting of the ancient landmarks. The sway of the State has been questioned, and there are signs that the old order changes, giving place to new.

This change has taken place in different ways, both near the centre and at the circumference. In olden days there was little or no difference between High and Low Churchmen in their attitude to the State. The Royal Supremacy was frankly accepted by all as the only practical alternative to the supremacy of the Pope. Laud was as Erastian as Whitgift. But in our time this one common bond of union between different parties has been rudely challenged by a portion, at any rate, of the High party. It is not true to say that this protest is due to the one-sided character of the decisions of the Privy Council, for the Tractarians were, if possible, more consistently anti-Erastian than the Ritualists. At any rate, the ideal presented in the Tracts has hardly been realized in practice, though it has influenced a great variety of minds.

But, further, the claim has been made, and perhaps with some measure of justice, that the Anglican communion as a whole is a very different thing from the insular and narrow and Erastian Church of England. The American and Colonial Churches are becoming more and more dissatisfied with their captive parent at home, for the glorious comprehensiveness of the Church of England does not appeal to her stalwart sons across the seas. The Church of England does not know her own mind, as Cecil Rhodes told her to her face, but the Colonial Churches do. They are linked to Canterbury by the ties of history and sentiment, but none the less they are free. The old Church at home may be paying a bitter tribute to Cranmer and Parker, but the Scottish Church, the American Church, the Canadian Church, the Church of China, the Church of Japan, the Church of South Africa, the Church of Australia, the Church of Ireland and the magnificent diocese of the Falkland Isles are in proud possession of a nobler heritage. They are the heirs of the ages. They represent, so an Anglican apologist has told us, "the faith of our Saxon forefathers." They also suc-

ceed in representing "the faith of Anselm, Stephen Langton and of Laud and the Caroline divines." With such a record as this, what place can there be for counsels of despair?

True, there are difficulties about accepting this glowing picture *au pied de la lettre*. It is, as the saying is, almost too good to be true. That Churches admittedly not themselves Erastian should be able to rid themselves completely of the strain of contingent Erastianism, that they are in this respect as though the Tudor Reformation had never been, seems antecedently improbable. And while we may be ready to admit that the daughter Churches, taken one by one, are much more homogeneous than the Two Provinces of Canterbury and York, yet there is an impression, which the Lambeth Conferences have not seriously weakened, that High Church, Broad Church and Low Church find each his appropriate fortress in Africa, America and Australia, and that the great Pan-Anglican Federation presents the same interminable varieties of altitude and shades of opinion as the Island Church, which is the mother of them all.

It is admitted by Archdeacon Wirgman in a recent article in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*,\* on "The Anglican Communion and the Church of England," that "the idea of 'National Churches,' as distinct from the legitimate autonomy of a 'Province,' is utterly foreign to the ideal of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which is the outcome of Pentecost." And such an admission coming from a writer of such weight and learning, whose praise is in all the Anglican Churches, deserves to be rescued from the oblivion which too often overtakes a magazine article and to be set in the very forefront of the controversial battle. For if the ideal of the Church of England, which is the root and womb of these federated Anglican Churches, is utterly foreign to the ideal of the Christian Church, and if they are the offspring of a confessedly anti-Catholic institution, we have a right to ask on what grounds it is held that they themselves are not uncatholic. To the mere onlooker it would seem that they have cheerfully added to the original sin of the Protestant Reformation. They are maintaining each for itself the right to be a National Church, to go its own way, to repudiate at will the Thirty-nine Articles, to act each for itself as if it were the only Church in Christendom, to honor the saints in Africa, to dishonor them in Ireland and to retain as their only bond of union a common link of sentiment to Canterbury and a common severance from Rome. The Anglican Churches cannot afford to repudiate Canterbury, because Canterbury is supposed to be their one link with the old Church and the old religion. But in sober truth Can-

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\* *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, October, 1912, page 117.

terbury has abandoned the old religion and broken communion with the ancient Church. Even if, by some topsy-turvy arrangement, Canterbury were to receive again the old religion from the daughter Churches, which are said to stand for "the faith of their Saxon forefathers," they cannot restore her to communion with the Apostolic See. They cannot stand by Canterbury without standing by her past. Not in England only, but everywhere the Anglican communion stands for the right of the State to set up a National Church, utterly foreign to the ideal of the One Holy Catholic Church.

The truth is that Canterbury, venerated by Catholicizing Anglicans as the See of Augustine and Anselm and Becket, is itself the head and front of the offending. It has repudiated communion with the Holy See; it has flouted the judgment and authority of the *Orbis terrarum*. And so it is the centre of Anglican Christendom, but a centre without authority. It is open to any of the Churches grouped around it to teach the traditional Protestantism of the Church of England, or to teach whatever they like, and to call that teaching the Catholic faith. It is open to them to claim as their own, if they care to claim it, the universal Canon Law of Christendom, and to put it into practice as far as their peculiar relations to the Holy See permit. Or it is equally open to them, as far as Canterbury cares about the matter, to say that they know nothing about the Canon Law, except such canons as they had made for themselves. The freedom claimed for Churches of the Anglican communion is nothing less than freedom to develop each on their own lines, to be High Church, or Low Church, or Broad Church without restraint, unhampered by the State, unhampered by the Articles, unhampered by tradition. And by a curious irony the real common centre for business purposes of this *Ecclesia alterius orbis* is to be found not at Canterbury, but at Westminster—I mean, of course, the Church House at Westminster.

The Anglican communion stands everywhere for separation from the Apostolic See. The whole question of ecclesiastical jurisdiction has to be treated on an anti-Roman basis, however difficult this may be to reconcile with "the universal Canon Law of Christendom." Just as among Catholics communion with Rome is treated as the test of Catholic fellowship, so that "whoever eats the Lamb outside this house is profane," so with the Anglicans communion with Rome is everywhere treated as a crucial test of schism. In Africa, in America, in Canada, in India, in Japan, Anglican Bishops are compelled to make this the test. To communicate with Rome is to renounce communion with the Church of England. And as long as the Anglican communion lasts as a distinct communion, it must last on this basis.

If it is true that the Churches of Greater Britain have raised the tone of the whole communion, it is not less true that they have destroyed the frail theory on which the Anglican claim to jurisdiction is based. The original notion was that whatever might be said about Scotland and Ireland, the Anglican claim to the lawful possession of the provinces of Canterbury and York was practically beyond dispute, except by denying that the Protestant Bishops were Bishops at all. But when the most local and insular of Christian denominations began a career of ecclesiastical aggression and the conquest of Greater Britain a new theory had to be framed to fit the facts, and it was discovered that even in Catholic Canada jurisdiction follows the flag. But even this new Erastianism fails to keep pace with Pan-Anglican ambition. The Bishop of the Falkland Islands has lately published a map of his magnificent diocese. The unlearned might have supposed, if he had let the matter alone, that he was following the flag to some remote islands of the South Atlantic. Whereas, in point of fact, his Lordship is the proud administrator of the largest diocese in the world. Chile is of no account; Argentina is too little for him; he is the chief pastor of a continent, and his jurisdiction extends from Panama to Cape Horn.

But if the Anglican Churches are incurably National and inextricably involved in the misdoings of the Reformation, it is at least claimed on their behalf that they are neither homes of heresy nor "cities of confusion." It has even been maintained by the writer already referred to and by other learned writers of the Anglican communion that they "represent the faith of our Saxon forefathers, the faith of Anselm and Stephen Langton and of Laud and the Caroline divines." One is amazed at the moderation that omits the names of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. It is true that our Saxon forefathers and our Norman Bishops were Papists, and that Laud and the Carolines, with all their excellencies, were not. It is true that this rejection of the Papacy is the most manifest common ground between the religion of the Carolines and the religion of the ordinary English Churchman of the present day. It is true that Protestant "martyrs" gave their lives to free England from the faith of Anselm, and that Mass priests were hanged and drawn and quartered in the days of Laud, but the theory of doctrinal continuity is essential to the mere statement of the Anglo-Catholic position; and if the facts will not bear it out, so much the worse for the facts.

The truth is that Anglican writers suffer from a chronic inability to see things as they really are. They form a theory and then shut their eyes to the more disagreeable facts of the situation. It is the Anglican habit of mind. The English Church would not work if

there did not exist within it an established tradition of ignoring the existence of evils that cannot be removed or defended. Bishops and missionaries pass daily in their ministrations from Churches which are indistinguishable from those of Catholics to Churches which are Genevan in their desolation. Priests who reject the whole sacramental system and priests who believe and teach the Infallibility of the Pope are ordained by the same Bishop and kneel at the same altar side by side.

The claim of such an organization to unity and Catholicity of doctrine is so manifestly preposterous that it is difficult to listen to it with any pretense of patience. It is impossible to get under way with the theory at all without making believe that the normal Anglican is at least a decided High Churchman, who is generous enough to put up with the presence in his communion of a few persons of questionable orthodoxy. How false this is to the facts need not be insisted on. But even if we were to allow this extraordinary assumption to pass muster, the chief difficulty would remain unremoved. It is not the presence of heretics which is the final and conclusive refutation of the Anglican position, but the impossibility of locating the orthodox. The crux of the Anglo-Catholic position lies in the interminable sub-divisions of the High Church party and the dismal uncertainty of its relations to the Catholic faith and the Catholic Church. The majority of High Churchmen are no doubt satisfied supporters of the present state of things—they are Protestants when it comes to the point, though they wear their rue with a difference—but there are others in the camp who with some measure of earnestness profess and call themselves “Catholics.” These are they who take for their guide, as far as they are able, the decrees of Trent and banish or explain, according to their temperament, the Thirty-nine Articles. The Vatican Council was a source of great disappointment to them, and for a time they put their hopes on Dollinger. But forty years of observation and reflection have made a difference, and the failure of the “Old Catholic” movement has been conspicuous. And, after all, one cannot expect people who daily recite the Breviary to be very clear and strong in their opposition to the Chair of Peter.

And indeed one cannot help feeling some measure of grim amusement when one thinks of the number of Anglican parsons who spent their holiday last year in fathoming the mysteries of the New Psalter. Here are the most zealous and devoted of the clergy of a sect whose history has been one long crusade against the authority and jurisdiction of the Holy See making a change, no doubt painful to some, in the devotional habits of years, in ready obedience to a word from the Vicar of Christ, although that word

of command was certainly not addressed to them. We can but pray that those who have so swiftly obeyed in that which is less may soon have grace to obey in that which is greater. But the practical importance of the act of obedience to the Holy See, the actual recognition of Peter speaking by Pius, cannot easily be exaggerated.

The position taken by these would-be Catholics is interesting enough, and may lead to remarkable practical results in the near future. But even if we waive the question of their fewness and their failure to agree even with each other, they can hardly claim to be the "orthodox" whom we are seeking. They do not pay obedience either to Canterbury or Rome, for it is not "obedience" to obey when we like and disobey when we like, at our own private judgment and discretion. They submit to the Vatican decree when it tells them that the Holy Father teaches infallibly, and they resist the same authority when it tells them of his sovereignty in whatsoever belongs to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world, and the need of unity both of communion and of confession of faith. But if we cannot recognize them as orthodox, neither can we pretend to think that they have any sort of claim to speak for the Anglican communion. Never at any time have the authorities of the Protestant Episcopal Churches spoken in their sense, nor can they, except at their peril, make public avowal of their acceptance of the teaching of Rome.

A position of this sort cannot last; it is too devoid of any logical foundation and too out of touch with the facts of daily life. It is evident that the Anglican authorities wish to deal tenderly with it and to obtain as much profit out of it as they can, and as little loss. But the opportunity is ours, not theirs. The new wine of Catholicism must burst the old bottle; no power on earth can prevent it. And the story of Caldey will repeat itself in many different forms, but with one uniform result. *Levate oculos vestros et videte regiones, quia albae sunt jam ad messam.*

A. H. A. NANKIVELL.

Dorking, England.



## CATHOLIC AND MODERNIST THEORIES OF DEVELOPMENT.

IN order to complete the outline already given of the Modernists' conception of doctrinal evolution, it is necessary to draw attention to another source of the necessary variability of dogmas in their system. Catholics have always held that, far as God is removed by His infinite nature and simplicity above the comprehension of man, yet He is able to communicate a true knowledge of Himself and of the spiritual world to men's minds by means of revealed analogical concepts and judgments which, taken together, give us a sufficient apprehension of things divine. This the Modernist altogether denies. No such thing is possible. Those analogical concepts and judgments which we call revealed dogmas, and which are, for the Catholic, a valid medium by which the thoughts of God are conveyed to men, and communicated to others by those who first received them, are for the Modernist, as we have seen, merely of human elaboration.

The only revelation of God is from the divine immanent in man and acting upon the *religious sense*. Now, this action, and the religious emotions arising therefrom, will differ in individuals and in races and at various times, not only on account of the subjective and personal nature of the religious sense itself and its varying degrees of cultivation or acuteness, but also and more essentially because "the object of the *religious sense*, as something contained in the *absolute*, possesses an infinite variety of aspects, of which now one, now another, may present itself."<sup>1</sup> Thus if at one time or to certain persons the absolute acts upon the religious sense in such a way as to produce in the intellect the idea of a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, the dogma of the Trinity is formulated and for such persons and under such circumstances is true, that is, with a relative and symbolical truth; and the believer is justified, according to the principles of "pragmatism" that are part of the Modernist scheme, in so comporting himself towards God as if He *were* Three Persons in one Divine Nature. But here again, should some other aspect of the Absolute present itself, should the experiences of the religious sense consequently be more aptly represented by another, even contradictory formula, the latter would be equally "true" and equally valuable as being in accordance with "life" or, in reality, with the subjective emotions and ideas of the individual. Thus, as Pius X. points out, "he who believes can avail himself of varying conditions. Consequently, the formulæ

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<sup>1</sup> Encyc., p. 14.

which we call dogma must be subject to these vicissitudes and are therefore liable to change. Thus the way is open to the *intrinsic evolution* of dogma. Here we have an immense structure of sophisms which ruin and wreck all religion."<sup>2</sup>

Thus we have, to speak generally, a twofold reason for the variability and evolution of dogmas in the Modernist system—the varying aspects under which the Object of faith presents itself and the variability of the intellectual equipment of different times and persons for the endeavor to express those aspects of the divine in human concepts and speech.

It has been said that the Encyclical against Modernism condemned the idea of Development, root and branch. But we have the evidence of Pius X.'s own words to the contrary. It is very unusual for a Papal document to condemn teaching that for centuries has been current in the Catholic theological schools. If ever the teaching, even of one recognized school of theology, is condemned, the condemnation is couched in the plainest terms. There is nothing in the Encyclical to lead us to suppose that the current teaching concerning doctrinal development, as summed up, for instance, in the classical treatise "De Traditione" of Cardinal Franzelin, has been reprobated by the Holy See. What the Pope condemns is the Modernist theory of the intrinsic evolution of dogmas. As a matter of fact, the Encyclical, following the Vatican Council, fully recognizes the important place held by doctrinal development in the life of the Catholic Church. "It is thus," writes Pius X, "that for the Modernists . . . there is to be nothing stable, nothing immutable in the Church. . . . On the subject of revelation and dogma in particular the doctrine of the Modernists offers nothing new. We find it condemned in the Syllabus of Pius IX., where it is enunciated in these terms: 'Divine revelation is imperfect, and therefore subject to continual and indefinite progress, corresponding with the progress of human reason;'<sup>3</sup> and condemned still more solemnly in the Vatican Council: 'The doctrine of the faith which God has revealed' has not been proposed to human intelligences to be perfected by them as if it were a philosophical system, but as a divine deposit entrusted to the Spouse of Christ to be faithfully guarded and infallibly interpreted. Hence also that sense of the sacred dogmas is to be perpetually retained which our Holy Mother the Church has once declared, nor is this sense ever to be abandoned on plea or pretext of a more profound comprehension of the truth."<sup>4</sup>

Nor is *the development of our knowledge*, even concerning the

<sup>2</sup> Encyc., p. 7.

<sup>3</sup> Syll., Prop. 5.

<sup>4</sup> Nat. Conc. Const. "Dei Filius," Cap. IV.

faith, barred by this pronouncement; on the contrary, it is supported and maintained." The Holy Father is here repeating, in other words, a famous principle laid down long ago by Albert the Great and adopted by Cardinal Franzelin in his treatise on divine tradition. "Est hic," writes the Cardinal, "ut brevissime dixit Albertus Magnus, 'potius profectus fidelis in fide, quam fidei in fideli,' i. e., profectus explicitae et distinctae cognitionis objecti fidei, non incrementum ipsius objecti in se." It may well be that theologians now will avoid the term *evolution* when speaking of the process of doctrinal development, though before the appearance of the Encyclical "Pascendi" it had come into use, needless to say in the right sense, amongst writers of unimpeachable orthodoxy. Thus Father Billot, S. J., in his treatise "De Traditione," specially written to combat what he rightly terms "novam haeresim evolutionismi," says, "unde tandem consequitur, *evolutionem* quamdam et quemdam profectum esse in traditione procul dubium agnoscendum," and the present writer remembers hearing him speak in one of his lectures at the Gregorian University in Rome of "sana et legitima evolutio doctrinae." Franzelin generally uses the word "explicatio." It is a question of avoiding a term that has acquired an heretical sense at the hands of Modernists. Whether we use the term evolution or not, recent events and the teaching of the Encyclical would seem to bring us back to the dictum of Albert the Great and to confine development to the progress of our knowledge and understanding of the objective body of truth delivered to the Church by Jesus Christ and His holy Apostles. "Here," as an interesting writer on this subject has recently said, "is a clear concept of that which does grow. It is the subjective understanding of the dogma that grows. The objective body of truth does not grow. The sense of the dogma as understood by the Apostles remains the same. It were, therefore, somewhat of a misnomer, especially at a time when rationalist terminology is so popular, to speak of the evolution or development of dogma. Understood in the subjective sense, the terms are permissible. But, owing to their liability to be taken in an objective sense, I think it were better to speak rather of the evolution or the development of the dogmatic science." It is perhaps scarcely likely that the change of terminology suggested by this writer will come about, as we are so used to speak of "development of doctrine" or "of dogmas," and theologians com-

<sup>5</sup> Encyc., p. 23. The original runs: "quo profecto explicatio nostrarum notionum, tantum abest ut impediatur, ut imo adjuvetur et provehatur." The italics above are mine.

<sup>6</sup> "De divina traditione et scriptura." Ed. 1896, Roma, p. 280.

<sup>7</sup> Op. cit., "Prooemium," p. 10. Italics mine.

<sup>8</sup> "The Wayfarer's Vision," by the Rev. T. J. Gerrard. London, 1909, p. 39.

monly admit a growth of the object of faith, "*secundum quid*,"<sup>9</sup> basing their doctrine upon the words of St. Vincent of Lerins adopted by the Vatican Council:

"Crescat et multum vehementerque proficiat tam singulorum quam omnium, tam unius hominis, quam totius ecclesiae, aetatum ac saeculorum gradibus, intelligentia, scientia, sapientia, etc."<sup>10</sup>

The phraseology is likely to stand, but it is clear and is now likely to be still clearer that the growth of doctrine is growth in the understanding of the deposit, not any growth of the object of faith *in se*. "Forsitan dicit aliquis," writes St. Vincent of Lerins.<sup>11</sup> "Nullusne ergo in Ecclesia Christi profectus habebitur religionis? Habeatur plane et maximus. Nam quis ille est tam invidus hominibus, tam exosus Deo, qui istud prohibere conetur? Sed ita tamen ut vere profectus sit ille fidei, non permutatio. Siquidem ad profectum pertinet, ut in semetipsum unaquaeque res amplifcetur; ad permutationem vero, ut aliquid ex alio in aliud transvertatur." Again: "Ita etiam christianae religionis dogma sequatur hae decet profectum leges, ut annis scilicet consolidetur, dilatetur tempore, sublimetur aetate, incorruptum tamen illibaturnque permaneat, et universis partium suarum mensaris cunctisque quasi memberis ac sensibus propriis plenum atque perfectum sit, quod nihil praeterea permutationis admittat, nulla proprietatis dispendia, nullam definitionis sustineat varietatem."<sup>12</sup>

It will be observed that St. Vincent of Lerins speaks of "profectus religionis," a growth of religion, and "profectus fidei," a growth of the faith. Following his treatment of the question of development, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, in a joint pastoral letter against "Liberal Catholicism" in the year 1900 (a document which received a special letter of approbation from Leo XIII.), speaks also of the faith itself growing:

"We . . . hold that the Church, as the Divine Teacher, is identical with herself in every age. . . . The Church is continuous and indefectible in her existence and constitution; so also in her doctrine. But her continuity and indefectibility is that of a living organic being, animated by the Holy Ghost. It is not the changeless continuity of the dead letter of a book or the indefectibility of a lifeless statue. Living beings are never stationary; they grow while they maintain their identity. The Church also grows.

<sup>9</sup> E. g., Tanquery, "Synopsis Theologiae Dogmaticae," Vol. I, Cap. I, Thesis II. "Post Apostolorum tempora, articuli fidei non creverunt simpliciter, sed secundum quid."

<sup>10</sup> Vat. Conc., Sess. III., Cap. IV. Denz., 1647.

<sup>11</sup> "Communitorium. Opuscula Selecta Sanctorum Patrum," ed. H. Hurter, S. J., Vol. XIX., pp. 215, ss.

<sup>12</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 217.

She has a progress, an evolution of her own. Not only do the faithful grow in the faith, but faith itself may be said to grow as a child grows in its own form and character, or as a tree in its own unmistakable properties. Such development implies no essential change. Essential change is not development, progress or evolution, but—the destruction of what was and the substitution for it of something else. As St. Vincent of Lerins wrote fifteen centuries ago: 'It is the property of progress that a thing be developed in itself: it is the property of change that a thing be altered from what it was into something else.' It was thus that a father of the Church in the fifth century understood the unity of doctrine which constitutes the internal and substantial unity of the Church—a unity always fixed and determinate in its principles and in harmony with its original in the deposit of truth, progressive in the inferences, definitions and applications to which the original doctrine is rightly and logically extended."<sup>18</sup> "Omnis similitudo claudicat," and it is conceivable, because it has happened, that the comparison of the faith to living, organic bodies should have been carried too far, and the admission of a *subjective* growth in the faith or of an *incrementum objecti fidei secundum quid* should have been extended to cover theories involving a real incorporation into Catholic dogma of extraneous matter, and going much farther than the "explicatio" of Catholic theologians and of the Encyclical "Pascendi;" but since the rise and condemnation of Modernism, it is likely that those who have seen in development not merely the unfolding of what was really contained in the deposit of faith all along, but a process by which one set of truths as it were *generates* others, will revise their ideas and come back to the old concept of "explication" that has so often been branded as *a priori* and unhistorical. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the notion of the incorporation and assimilation of fresh matter into the body of Catholic doctrine has resulted in the Modernist theory of a living "germ" as the origin and explanation of all religion, assimilating and subduing to itself the varying and inconsistent products of human science and opinion. It is difficult to see how any theory of real incorporation in the body of Catholic truth of doctrines drawn from outside its original range can escape the condemnation meted out to the theory of Günther, or Catholic doctrine itself escape, on such a theory, that progressive alteration for which he contended; and if appeal is made to supposed historical "facts" in support of the theory, it may be replied that orthodox theologians have afforded a perfectly good explanation of the use of philosophical terms in the definition of dogmas, and that the

<sup>18</sup> Joint Pastoral Letter, official edition, pp. 19-20.

history which leaves out of account the authoritative tradition of Catholic theology upon the matter is itself unhistorical and unscientific.<sup>14</sup> "O *Timothee*," writes St. Vincent of Lerins, "*depositum custodi, devitans profanas vocum novitates. Depositum, inquit, custodi. Quid est depositum? id est, quod tibi creditum est, non quod excogitasti; rem non ingenii, sed doctrinae; non usurpationis privatae, sed publicae traditionis, rem ad te perductam, non a te prolatam; in qua non auctor debes esse, sed custos, non institutor, sed sectator; non ducens, sed sequens. Depositum, inquit, custodi; catholicae fidei talentum inviolatum illibatumque conserva. Quod tibi creditum, hoc penes te maneat, hoc a te tradatur. . . .* Intelligatur te exponente illustrius quod ante obscurius credebatur. Per te posteritas intellectum gratuletur quod ante vetustas non intellectum venerabatur. Eadem tamen quae didicisti doce: ut cum dicas nove, non dicas nova." And it is not only of individuals that this is said, but of the Church; for he writes: "Quis est hodie *Timotheus*, nisi vel generaliter universa Ecclesia, vel specialiter totum corpus praepositorum, qui integram divini cultus scientiam vel haberi ipsi debent vel aliis infundere?"<sup>15</sup> When, in carrying out this exposition of the faith here commended by St. Vincent of Lerins, the Church uses the phraseology of current philosophy or science, she is not incorporating new truths foreign to the deposit, but making use of language that men will understand in order to expound more clearly the doctrines committed to her from the beginning.

The study of Development has for its object, as we have said, to reconcile the apparent discrepancy between the inviolability and unalterability of the deposit and the growth or *profectus* evident in the history of dogmas and spoken of by St. Vincent of Lerins and theologians after his time. It remains now to see how the Catholic view of development effects that reconciliation, and at the same time to contrast still further the orthodox and the Modernist conceptions of the matter.

Catholics hold to the possibility and the fact of a divine communication of supernatural truths to men. To use the words of a writer already quoted, they hold that "above this natural cosmos there is a mystical cosmos of such a kind as to be unknowable to us, unless manifested by some Power who is Lord over both. And just as this natural world constitutes one organic whole, so the mystical world constitutes one organic whole. The whole of the mystical world has not been made known, but only so much as God in His wise economy has thought fit to make known. In general outline it is recognized as a Blessed Trinity, an Incarnation

<sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 214.<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*

and a system of grace."<sup>16</sup> God's revelation of this mystical cosmos through Jesus Christ and the Apostles was final. What He has made known of it is the object of our faith, and no *more* of the object of faith has been made or will be made matter of public revelation than was so made at the beginning of the Christian religion. Once for all the faith was delivered to the saints. Progress, increase, development are in our knowledge and realizing of the full contents and signification of the vast treasure of truth contained in the deposit. Nothing ever can be brought out of the deposit which has not always been contained therein one way or another. Nor is this met by the Modernist conception of an original germ, preserved intact within the changing envelope of dogmatic formulæ. No new formula that the Church may use does any more than bring out what has already been in some way, at least implicitly, involved in the original Apostolic teaching. We are not concerned, therefore, to inquire into the mode of the divine action upon the minds of the first recipients of revelation destined to be communicated to others. Suffice it to say that, for a *public* revelation, it was necessary that the communication of supernatural truth should awaken concepts and judgments in the minds of those who received it, and that those concepts and judgments should be capable not only of intellectual expression in the mind, but of formulation in spoken words. Only thus could prophets and Apostles convey their teaching. It is not claimed that any human concepts or any human words can exhaustively and comprehensively express divine things; but it is claimed that they convey real and absolute truth; that they give, by way of analogies drawn from those things of which we have experience, real and correct information about the supernatural world. In other words, by means of the concepts and judgments communicated by revelation we gain a true apprehension of things divine, correct and sufficient for the purposes of salvation, though far below the wonderful reality that shall break upon our vision unveiled in the heavenly country.

Modernists are fond of insisting (*ad nauseam*) that the dogmas of faith are not truths that have come down from heaven. Thus the Modernist Loisy writes: "*Les conceptions que l'Eglise present comme les dogmes révélés ne sont pas des vérités tombées du ciel et gardées par la tradition dans la forme précise où elles ont paru d'abord. L'historien y voit l'interpretation de faits religieux, acquise par un laborieux effort de la pensée theologique.*"<sup>17</sup>

<sup>16</sup> "The Wayfarer's Vision," p. 31.

<sup>17</sup> See "Autour d'un Petit Livre," p. 189. Compare also Proposition 22, condemned in the Decree ("*amentabile*") of the Holy Office, July 3, 1907): "*Dogmata quae Ecclesia perhibet tanquam revelata, non sunt veritates e coelo delapsae, sed sunt interpretatio quaedam factorum religiosorum quam humana meus laborioso conatu sibi comparavit.*"

It is true, as has been remarked already, that the wording, the phraseology of later definitions or authoritative enunciations of Catholic dogma are not identical in form with the first utterances of truth by Christ and the Holy Apostles—but who shall say that, from the very first, in the most primitive stage of Christian doctrine—that is in the time and upon the lips of Our Divine Lord Himself—we do not find “dogmas,” assertions of divine truths and facts which, had the knowledge of them not come from on high, we never could have known at all? “I and my Father are one,” “the Word was made flesh,” “this is My body: this is My blood,” “thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church”—are not these dogmas, and do they not come from the lips of Him who was sent by the Father? There is an ambiguity in this Modernist contention which was exposed long ago by Cardinal, then Dr. Newman. He points out that whereas the words and the elementary simple concepts of which any dogmatic assertion or judgment must be composed are of the earth, yet the judgment itself, the complex concept formed by the combination of simple concepts into an assertion, is new, and that herein consists the truth revealed by God. “How,” he asks, “should anything of this world convey ideas which are beyond and above this world? How can teaching and intercourse, how can human words, how can earthly images convey to the mind an idea of the Invisible? They cannot rise above themselves. They can suggest no idea but what is resolvable into ideas natural and earthly. The words “Person,” “Substance,” “Consubstantial,” “Generation,” “Procession,” “Incarnation,” “Taking of the manhood into God” and the like have either a very abject and human meaning or none at all. . . . We speak, indeed, of material objects freely, because our senses reveal them to us apart from our words; but as to these ideas about heavenly things, we learn them from words, yet (it seems) we are to say what we, without words, conceive of them, as if words could convey what they do not contain. It follows that our anathemas, our controversies, our struggles, our sufferings, are merely about the poor ideas conveyed to us in certain figures of speech.”<sup>18</sup>

A scholastic theologian would have answered the difficulty chiefly by an exposition of the principles of analogy; the future Cardinal appeals (and rightly), first to the power of divine grace, or, as we should say, the gift of faith, which enables the mind to grasp divine things, and then adds—what is to our present purpose: “Again, the various terms and figures which are used (*e. g.*) in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity or the Incarnation, surely may by their com-

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<sup>18</sup> “Oxford University Sermons,” Sermon XV., on the “Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine.” Ed. 1900, pp. 338-339.



bination create ideas which will be altogether new, though they are still of an earthly character."<sup>19</sup>

Treating of this Modernist contention that dogmas have not "dropped from heaven," a modern scholastic,<sup>20</sup> making the same distinction, writes as follows:

"Certe, in dogmatibus prout nobis proponuntur, sunt primo verba; sunt deinde conceptus seorsum accepti, iique vel simplices et incomplexi, vel complexi et e simplicibus resultantes; est denique nexus quo componuntur conceptus in iudicio. Quid jam volunt evolutionistae nostri, quando veritates dogmaticas dicunt non e caelo delapsas? Quod non sint e caelo delapsa verba? Id quidem concedimus. . . . Quod non sint e caelo delapsi conceptus? Id quoque indubitanter damus, si sermo sit de conceptibus primis atque elementaribus, quia ejusmodi notiones, si apud nos non fuissent, debuissent venire in nobis, ad hoc ut nobis intelligibilis fieret sermo revelationis, aut per infusionem miraculosam, aut per hoc quod objecta nova praesentata forent nostris sensibus et nostrae intuitioni. Neutrum autem ex his praestet revelatio. . . . Praesupponebat ergo conceptus nostros, saltem primos et elementares. Nam de complexis non eadem omnino est ratio, quia nihil vetat quominus novos quosdam revelatio altulerit, quos ratio nostra alias non habuisset, sicut patet de his nominibus, 'consubstantialis,' 'Deipara,' 'transsubstantiatio,' etc., in quibus *elementa complexionis erant communiter nota apud nos, complexio autem ipso, non ita.*" (Italics mine.)

Again: "Ostensum . . . est, quod dogma supernaturale iisdem ac scientia naturalis utituo elementis ad formandum suos proprios conceptus, suaeque propria iudicia. Veritas est in *nova, compositione idearum* (Italics mine), etsi ideae componentes sint antiquae; nova etiam est idea complexiva multarum notarum, etsi notae ipsae sint vulgares. . . . Revelata est ergo compositio conceptuum, non dati sunt, aut dari debuerunt de novo conceptus primi."<sup>21</sup>

We may rightly decline, then, to be led away by the Modernist sneer at dogmas that have "fallen from heaven." We have no need of the distinction between "dogmas" strictly so called, represented by the "secondary formulæ" of our new teachers, and the "primary formulæ," or utterances of primitive saints and seers and of Our Blessed Lord Himself. Whilst recognizing that, in the simple and fervent expressions of the inspired writings, as also in the sayings of saints in every age, there is an element calculated specially to impress and to arouse devotion, we reverence the utter-

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 339.

<sup>20</sup> Fr. Billot, S. J., "De Traditione," Cap. II, Sec. 2.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, Sec. 3.

ances of the Church as also oracles of God, faithfully conveying to us the same truths spoken by the prophets, by Jesus Christ and His Apostles, and repeated by every saint and man of God who has been moved by one and the same Spirit who distributes diversities of gifts for the edification of the Church.

Development, in the Catholic view, begins with that body of divinely revealed analogical concepts, combined into judgments or dogmatic assertions (of which many have been at first, and many may be as yet implicit only), which we call the *Depositum fidei*.

This Deposit existed at the beginning partly in words—the words of Holy Scripture, the words, doubtless soon fixed in a certain “stereotyped” form, of the Apostolical teaching and catechetical instruction. Also in liturgical actions, Apostolic practices, fixed forms of prayer and praise. It lay in the common consciousness of the Church at large, in the minds of the Christian people; it was directed and controlled from the first by the Holy Spirit acting through the Apostles and their successors in the office of infallibly expounding the faith. It was much more, from the very beginning, than a vague “germ” or “principle.” It spread out before the minds of Christians a wealth of truth concerning God and man and the realm of grace and glory that shall give scope as long as the world lasts to wondering contemplation and reverent endeavor to penetrate more and more its inexhaustible riches.

It has been recognized from the earliest ages that not all the truths actually contained in and possible to be recognized in this Deposit are found therein in the same way. Hence scholastic theologians, following the Fathers, have stated a truth which I will give in the words of Father Billot: “*Quod doctrina traditionis, etsi sit semper eadem, non ideo est semper eodem modo enucleata, limata, et expolita, sed accipit processa temporis, occasione praescribim insurgentium haeresum, plus evidentiae, plus luminis, plus praecisionis. Et quod, generatum loquendo, tres sunt quoad singula dogmata status distinguendi: status simplicis fidei, status explicationis perfectae, et status intermedius, quando incipiebat transitus a simplici fide ad speculationem theologicam, et pro multiplici initiorum difficultate, adhuc erant expositiones minus exactae, et modi loquendi quandoque ambigui.*”<sup>22</sup>

Again the same theologian writes: “*Haec est regula in theologia, et solutio difficultatum circa traditionem, cujus doctrina semper quidem eadem est, at non semper eodem modo clara et expressa. Accipit enim cum tempore, ut Lirinensis ait, evidentiam, lucem, distinctionem seu praecisionem, idque principaliter occasione haeresum de novo insurgentium. Nam ipsae sunt haereses, quae potis-*

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<sup>22</sup> *Op. cit.*, Cap. I., Sec. 2.

simum necessitatem creant scrutandi dogmata, enucleandi conceptus quibus constant, distincte proponendi notas quae in eis sunt discernendae, sejungendi modos intelligendi et significandi ab ipsis rebus intellectis et significatis, inveniendi etiam vocabula idonea quibus res altissimae apte exprimantur, etc.”<sup>23</sup>

In the same sense Cardinal Franzelin<sup>24</sup> lays down: “Affirmandum est, posse esse et esse in deposito objectivae revelationis veritates quae 1<sup>o</sup> non semper et ubique containerentur explicite in Catholico intellectu et in manifesta praedicatione ecclesiastica; quae ideo 2<sup>o</sup> aliquo tempore intra ipsos fines Ecclesiae citra crimen haeresis in controversiam vocarentur; adeoque 3<sup>o</sup> posse quasdam veritates revelatas aliquo tempore esse obscurae, nunquam tamen posse obscurari ita ut adversus eas praevaleat oppositus et negans consensus.”

We have in these scholastic theses the main outline of the doctrinal development recognized by Catholic teaching. It may be summed up as consisting in a threefold process; first, in the clearer recognition and more definite understanding of the contents and implications of dogmas which have been *explicitly* taught and believed, indeed, from the beginning, yet with a more or less confused apprehension of their full significance. Thus from the beginning the Church held and taught explicitly the dogmas of the Blessed Trinity and of the divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ; yet it was only in the course of centuries that the truths involved in these doctrines—such as the Unity of nature, the Trinity of Persons, the Consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, the Procession of the Holy Ghost and so forth—were clearly, separately and distinctly set forth in the scheme of Catholic doctrine. Secondly, the Church has explicitly enunciated, in the course of the centuries, what was at first *implicitly* contained in the Deposit; and this either by bringing out one by one and separately the constitutive elements of a complex dogma or by enunciating particular propositions contained in a general proposition. Thus, for instance, the doctrines of the two wills and operations in Christ, of the immunity of the Blessed Virgin Mary from all sin, original or actual, the prerogatives of the Roman Pontiff, are constitutive elements of complex dogmas, namely, of the doctrines that Christ is true God and true man, that the Blessed Virgin was full of grace and associated with her Son in the work of our redemption, that Peter is the rock upon which the Church is built and the shepherd of the whole flock of Christ. So again, the doctrines of the necessity of grace for the beginning of faith and for final perseverance are particular propositions contained under the general dogma of the necessity of grace for every “salutary” work.

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<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> “De Trad.,” Thesis XXIII.

Lastly, development involves the proposition in words and in oral teaching of truths formerly conveyed rather by recognized custom and practice (of which we have a notable instance in the case of the doctrine of the validity [servatis servandis] of baptism by heretics) than by verbal enunciation.

In this process of "explicitation," while the action of the hierarchy, *the Ecclesia docens*, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, is the chief efficient cause, a human element has its place. Of this Cardinal Franzelin writes: "Quae quamvis ita sint (i. e., the office of the hierarchy as the 'developing authority' acting with the *charisma* of the Holy Spirit), hoc tamen promissum et *ordinarium* charisma Spiritus veritatis non est per novam revelationem . . . ; sed est per assistentiam et per directionem Spiritus Sancti ita ut elementum humanum inquisitionis, industriae, doctrinae acquisitae non excludatur, sed immo supponatur. Possumus quoad hanc rem distinguere tria, *occasionem*, *preparationem*, *ultimam conclusionem* explicationis, clarioris propositionis, strictioris definitionis dogmatum. *Occasionem* externam<sup>28</sup> frequentissime praebeant controversiae exortae, errores, haereses. . . . 'Ex haereticis asserta est Catholica,' inquit Augustinus, . . . 'et ex his qui male sentiunt, probati sunt qui bene sentiunt. Multa enim *latebant in Scripturis*; et cum praecisi sunt haeretici, quaestionibus agitaverunt Ecclesiam Dei: aperta sunt, quae latebant, et intellecta est voluntas Dei.'

"*Praeparatio* interna explicationis varia est et latissime patet. Ad elementum humanum hic sine dubio praeter alia pertinet scientia acquisita disciplinarum sacrarum, studium Scripturarum, operum ss. Patrum et universim monumentorum ecclesiasticorum, liturgiae, rituum, consuetudinum ecclesiasticarum, theologiae denique universae, in quibus omnibus subsidium disciplinarum etiam mere rationalium et humanarum deesse non potest. Tota denique haec opera et industria considerari debet subdita et subserviens auctoritate ac vigilantiae magisterii authenticici. Ab non sola scientia constituitur hoc elementum praeparationis, quod dicimus humanum; sed alia sunt quam plurima rerum ac eventuum, et totius vitae christianae adjuncta, ad populum christianum et ad universam Ecclesiam pertinentia, quibus explicatio, illustratio, distinctior definitio dogmatum praeparari potest. Non opponimus igitur hoc loco *humanum* *divino* sicut distinguitur *natura* et *gratia*; sed *elementum humanum* dicimus tam naturalem quam supernaturalem *dispositionem ac cooperationem ex parte hominum*, quam Spiritus Sanctus sua providentia et assistentia

<sup>28</sup> Notice the epithet "externam." Modernists make the clash of varying opinions, of truth and error, an intrinsic and necessary cause of dogmatic evolution.

moderatur ac dirigit ad fidei explicationem, definitionem ac defensionem. Unde elementum istud quod dicimus *humanum*, quatenus pertinet ad praeparationem explicationis, considerari debet semper sub speciali providentia et directione Spiritus Sancti; adeoque in ipsa praeparatione humanum a divino distingui, non tamen separari potest. . . . *Conclusionem* explicationis appellamus ipsam authenticam propositionem, quando jam dogma explicite, clare, diserte proponitur credendum; sive id fiat per solemnem definitionem, sive per consensum universalem praedicationis ecclesiasticae aliter praevalentis. . . . Elementum humanum potest quidem esse varium in diversis aetatibus; sed infallibilitas propositionis et definitionis tota nititur in promissa assistentia Spiritus Sancti, non vero pendet a perfectione elementi humani, diligentiae, inquisitionis, theologiae scientiae per se spectatae."<sup>26</sup>

It may be said that, so far, we have not penetrated very deeply into the inner nature of the process of dogmatic development. What has been said hitherto gives us rather the results than the inner working of the process. It is here, surely, that the Modernist has fallen into the error of too much rationalizing. In his anxiety to explain the evolution of dogmas he has eviscerated the process of its divine and supernatural element. He has made it a purely human process, whereas it is partly human, partly divine. Were it simply human, it is to be doubted whether the records of history ever would suffice to give us sufficient data for that complete reconstruction of Catholic life and thought from the beginning till now which would enable us so closely to follow psychological operations in many minds spread over many centuries as to trace out clearly and completely the development of each and every doctrine of our holy religion. To ask this of history is to ask more than history *by itself* can perform. A broad view of history, as Newman has shown in so masterly a way in the *Essay on Development*, overwhelmingly proves that modern "Roman" dogmas are the only true representatives of primitive teaching, and does this in such manner as to assure us that historical research, however far it may go in the future, will not belie that fact. But, however far research may be carried, history will not reveal every detail of development from the beginning. Hence it is that Catholic tradition, the tradition which is sufficient for a proximate rule of faith, the tradition which assures us that the criterion of past teaching is the living voice of the Church of to-day, is not to be looked upon as merely a collection of documents, nor considered *merely* in its historical aspect as a continuous handing down of doctrines from generation to generation, but as adding to these natural character-

<sup>26</sup> "De Trad.," p. 278.

istics a supernatural element of whose action they form the basis—and that supernatural element is the directive and preservative operation of the Holy Ghost, who animates the mystical body of Christ, and who was promised to the Church to lead her into all truth. For this reason, too, the incapacity of history by itself to assure us of legitimate developments—Cardinal Newman saw the need of a *developing authority*. “It has now been made probable,” he writes, “that developments of Christianity were but natural, as time went on, and were to be expected. . . . The next question is, *what* are they? and to a theologian, who could take a general view and also possessed an intimate and minute knowledge of its history, they would doubtless on the whole be easily distinguishable by their own characters and require no foreign aid to point them out, no external authority to ratify them. But it is difficult to say who is in this position.”<sup>27</sup> . . . It can hardly be maintained that in matter of fact a true development carries with it always its own certainty even to the learned, or that history, past or present, is secure from the possibility of a variety of interpretations.”<sup>28</sup> Again: “Tests, it is true, for ascertaining the correctness of developments in general may be drawn out, as I shall show in the sequel; but they are insufficient for the guidance of individuals in the case of so large and complicated a problem as Christianity, though they may aid our inquiries and support our conclusions in particular points. They are of a scientific and controversial, not of a practical character, and are instruments rather than warrants of a right decision. . . . While, then, on the one hand, it is probable that some means will be granted for ascertaining the legitimate and true developments of revelation, it appears, on the other, that these means must of necessity be external to the developments themselves.”<sup>29</sup> The process of development, then, contains an element of mystery—the nature of the divine directive and protective action upon the Church. We know that it is not in the nature of inspiration or the revelation of new truths; that it is rightly described as an “*assistentia*,” but being a divine operation, it is mysterious and not capable of rationalizing treatment pure and simple.

Taking this into consideration, as well as the complexity of the human element in development, we may well doubt whether the efforts of historical investigation will carry us very much further than theologians have gone already; and the event may prove that

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<sup>27</sup> Should we not say rather that it is impossible for any one to be in this position?

<sup>28</sup> “*Essay in Development*.” Ed. 1888. Longmans, London, p. 76.

<sup>29</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 73.

old-fashioned views are nearer the truth, after all, than the bolder theories of the modern historical method.

The Modernist gives an altogether unduly preponderating influence in his theory of dogmatic evolution to the human element recognized by Catholic theologians in the process of doctrinal development. Where the latter see only *occasions* of and *preparation* for the action of the *Ecclesia docens* in the actual carrying forward of developments under the influence of the divine *assistentia*, the Modernist sees self-sufficient and sole causes of a purely naturalistic evolution already sufficiently described. This has drawn down repeated condemnation from Pius X. in the Encyclical. As we learn from the eminent theologians quoted above, heresies, theological study, disputes, the contemplations of saints, the whole life of prayer and religion that pulsates through the Church, and, as Cardinal Franzelin says, the events of the Church's history are—also under the providential action and guidance of the same Holy Spirit—either the occasions of or the preparation for the action of the “developing authority” demanded by Cardinal Newman in his famous essay. To these is to be added, according to the same high and unexceptionable authorities, the very nature of Catholic doctrine itself,<sup>30</sup> and we may surely suppose that, had heresies never arisen, the very depth and richness of the truth would have led to development, as indeed has been the case.<sup>31</sup> But neither this loving contemplation, nor theological or secular study, nor the events of history, nor the play of the various forces of human life must be looked at as producing a naturalistic evolution in the sphere of sacred truth. Divine in its origin and in its nature, conveyed to and held in human minds by the medium, it is true, of human concepts—since *omne cognitum est in cognoscente secun-*

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<sup>30</sup> Thus Hurter writes (“Compend. Theol.,” Vol. I., p. 169, ed. 1896): “Veritates revelatae non sunt lapidum instar, sed seminum instar, et quo altiores, eoque fecundiores conclusionumque feraciores; inde vero intellectus humanus non se habet in percipiendis hisce veritatibus mere passive, sed agri instar peus minusua fertilis ad semina recepta excolenda ab evolventa,” etc.

<sup>31</sup> The Encyclical condemns the contention that “the progress of dogma is due *chiefly* (italics mine) to the fact that obstacles to the faith have to be surmounted, enemies have to be vanquished and objections have to be refuted.” See my note in the first paper in this series (p. 000) on this passage of the Encyclical. Moreover, as was pointed out in the note, the Modernist idea of the conflict between truth and error and of the endeavor to penetrate the mysteries of faith more deeply is altogether peculiar. To the Modernist heresies are not an evil, but a necessary and inevitable part of the play of opposing forces by which dogmatic evolution proceeds; while “penetrating the mysteries of faith,” is not a reverent and devout study, but a process of rationalizing which makes the most sacred dogmas, such as that of the Divinity of Christ, the result of a purely natural evolution of the thought of men.

dum modum cognoscentis—yet its divine origin and nature forbid us to treat it or its development as if both were merely human. Hence, though with Franzelin we reject in the process of its tradition and explication such psychological miracles as would deprive the human element therein of its human characteristics, we may not reject that supernatural element in the process which bids us, as in all questions of the coöperation of divine and human action, not carry our rationalizing into the sphere of things secret and divine. For Catholic theologians, the chief *nodus* of the question of development lies in determining the precise nature of the passage of a doctrine from the *implicit* to the *explicit* state. What kind of implicit inclusion in the Deposit of faith is sufficient to make a doctrine the potential object of explication or “development,” and, therefore, should its development ever proceed so far, definable as an article of faith, or capable of so permeating Catholic thought with the idea of its revealed truthfulness as to make it the matter of universal belief and of teaching by the ordinary magisterium of the Church?

There is a school of theologians who teach that a distinction should be made between truths that are the object of “divine faith” and those that are the object of what is termed “ecclesiastical faith.” These two kinds of faith are specified by their motives. The motive of divine faith is the authority of God revealing; the motive of ecclesiastical faith is the infallibility of the Church, defining, in this case, truths that are considered to be not directly revealed, but so connected with revealed truths that the latter could not be safeguarded without them. According to this theory, only such doctrines as are contained *formaliter implicite* in the Deposit, or in some doctrine or complexus of doctrines *explicitly* held and taught, can ever become the object of divine faith; or, in other words, as being really revealed, can be the subject of *dogmatic* development strictly so called.<sup>32</sup> A doctrine is said to be *formaliter implicite* contained in an explicit doctrine when it is found therein as parts are found in a whole, *e. g.*, particular propositions in a universal or the component elements of a definition in the thing defined. Thus the proposition, “Christ has a body and a rational soul,” is contained *formaliter implicite* in the proposition, “Christ is truly man;” and the proposition, “Titus was conceived in original sin,” in this other, “All the natural descendants of Adam (except, by a special privilege, the Blessed Virgin Mary) are conceived in original sin.” In such cases the mere exposition of

<sup>32</sup> *E. g.*, Fr. Billot, S. J., “De virtutibus infusis.” Rome, 1901. Thesis XII. “Nihil fide divina catholica credi potest aut poterit unquam, quod vel explicitè, vel saltèar ‘formaliter implicite’ in deposito ab Apostolis Ecclesiæ tradito non continetur.”



the terms is sufficient to show that the one proposition contains the other. But a proposition may be only *virtualiter implicite* contained in an explicit proposition. In general, a proposition *virtualiter implicite* contained in another requires some kind of argumentative process, whether strictly logical or otherwise, beyond the mere exposition of the terms of the original proposition, to bring it out. At least it requires such process for its explicitation by merely human reasoning.<sup>33</sup>

Supposing a conclusion of this kind to be defined by the Church, the theologians of whom I speak say that, if it be defined as a *revealed* truth, it is to be believed, of course, with divine faith, and the Church's definition shows that, though we did not know it, the conclusion in question was really contained not only virtually, but *formally* in the Deposit. If such conclusion is *defined* as true, but not as *revealed*, it is to be held as *infallibly* true, but with ecclesiastical faith. Thus Father Christian Pesch, S. J., writes:<sup>34</sup> "Quid, si ecclesia diserte docet conclusionem admittendam esse? Duplex casus distinguendus est: Aut ecclesia definit conclusionem fide credendam esse; et in hoc casu conclusio fuit jam autea in se formaliter revelata, et hoc solummodo quoad nos non fuit sufficienter notum; per ecclesiae vero definitionem haec dubitatio tollitur. Aut conclusio non est formaliter revelata, et in hoc casu Ecclesia . . . solum docet doctrinam esse tenendam ut conclusionem theologiam infallibiliter certam. Talis conclusio pertinet ad fidem ecclesiasticam, non ad fidem divinam." And Father Billot writes:<sup>35</sup> "Illud quod virtualiter tantum continetur in explicite revelato, non est a Deo dictum, sed solum connectitur logice cum iis quae dixit Deus." The difficulty of this position lies in the fact that there are some dogmas, defined as of faith, concerning which it would not be an easy task to show how they are contained *formaliter implicite* in any explicit doctrine or series of doctrines. Such are, for instance, the dogma teaching that the soul is the "substantial form" of the body,<sup>36</sup> or the dogma relative to the number of the sacraments. If,

<sup>33</sup> Some theologians—e. g., Fr. Billot (*loc. cit.*)—appear to admit only theological conclusions, in which a naturally known and unrevealed premiss intervenes, into the category of truths "virtualiter implicite" contained in others. The view here taken is wider. It supposes that there are other than strictly logical processes by which a truth may become explicit, processes that, under the divine influence working in dogmatic development, though they may not be logically apparent (while at the same time they cannot, of course, evidently contradict right reason), may, and do, bring about the explicitation of what is not *evidently* contained formally in the depositum fidei. In this case the definition of the Church gives us the certainty of such inclusion in the Deposit.

<sup>34</sup> "De Virtutibus," Freiburg, 1898, p. 102.

<sup>35</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 255.

<sup>36</sup> Denzinger, No. 409. He who denies this teaching, says the Council of Vienna, which defined it, "tanquam haereticus sit consensus."

again, the mere exposition of terms is sufficient, it is hard to understand how the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception could have been called into question. In this case what was once only a pious belief has become an article of faith, and, to the great joy of the Catholic people, is proclaimed as a truth revealed by God. Hence it is that other theologians have rejected the distinction between divine and "ecclesiastical" faith.<sup>37</sup>

For them, *dogmatic* progress is not restricted to the explicitation of what is *evidently formaliter implicite* contained in the Deposit of faith. They will not allow that progress of the apparently "virtualiter" implicit belongs only to the sphere of a "theological" development which cannot issue on "dogmas," but only in conclusions, rendered infallible, indeed, by the Church's definition, but in no sense to be regarded as pertaining to the category of revealed truths. They consider that facts require a greater extension of strictly dogmatic development than the narrower view will permit. They hold, with Franzelin, that "Deus per Ecclesiam tanquam per factum suum, seu tanquam per verba realia conjuncta cum suis verbis formalibus, loquatur omnibus diebus usque ad consummationem saeculi."<sup>38</sup> They refuse to see in the infallibility of the Church an authority that is merely human, though exercised under the divine assistentia which preserves it from error.

They hold, as Franzelin writes again, "talem testificationem (Ecclesiae) non esse humanam tantummodo, sed esse locutionem Spiritus Sancti per Ecclesiam, dum locutio Spiritus Sancti olim facta per prophetas et Apostolos nunc eadem proponitur a Spiritu Sancto per Ecclesiam."<sup>39</sup> Seeing in the Church the mystical body of Christ, morally one with Him, they hear in her voice the voice of God, and admit, what the opposing school denies, that "testimonium Ecclesiae, non quatenus est hominum, sed quatenus est Spiritus Sancti, pertinet ad formale motivum fidei."<sup>40</sup> Nor does this doctrine suppose any power in the Church of producing new revelations, for, as an eminent theologian points out,<sup>41</sup> "Quando theologi aliqui decere solent non dari in Ecclesia novo dogmata de novo credenda, plus dicere nolunt, quam quod nihil incipiat de novo esse de fide formaliter et explicite, quod prius non fuerit de fide radicaliter, implicite et *virtualiter*, quatenus nimerum Ecclesia ea solum definit explicite credenda, quae per assistentiam Spiritus

<sup>37</sup> E. g., Schiffini, S. J., "De Virtutibus Infusis." Freiburg, 1904. Thesis XVIII., p. 218. "Fides illa, quam nonnulli ecclesiasticam dixerunt, utpote quae proxime nititur infallibili Ecclesiasticae magisterio, sive in se, sive in suo objecto spectetur, a fide infusa et Theologica non est distinguenda."

<sup>38</sup> "De Trad.," Appendix, Cap. V., p. 639.

<sup>39</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 652-653.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>41</sup> Haunaldus apud Schiffini, *op. cit.*, p. 146.

*Sancti cognoscit contineri virtute in* objecto jam ante formaliter revelato. Et hoc sensu (inquit recte Card. Pallavicino) verum est effatum commune: 'Non datur nova revelatio in Ecclesia.' Significat enim non dari revelationem, quae non sit complementum revelationis praeteritae. Non tamen significat non dari novam locutionem quamdam Dei, quae sit explicatio et complementum revelationis antiquae, ita ut reddatur nobis de fide id, quod ante non erat de fide, cum scilicet Deus per Ecclesiam explicat de quibusnam objectis particularibus locutus sit quando edidit revelationes universales. Hinc ulterius inferunt doctores discrimen inter doctrinam Conciliorum et Scripturam canonicam. Nam scriptor canonicus scribit independentem a revelatione alia praecedente alteri facta: Ecclesia autem in Conciliis *evolvit revelationes ante factas*, et ideo non potest condere novam Scripturam canonicam propter defectam revelationis novae." (Italics mine.) Hence Schiffini lays down this thesis: "Ecclesiae magisterium dogmata divinitus revelata proponentis et explicantis, ac facta supernaturalia, quibus divina ipsius missio credibilis redditur, non solum manifestant locutionem jam factam, sed sunt etiam complementum integrate ejusdem divinae locutionis praeteritae, prout ad nos et ad singulas in particulari directae ac derivatae."<sup>42</sup> On these principles, while not admitting that a "theological conclusion" in the strict sense of the term, that is, a conclusion drawn from one revealed premiss and one premiss resting on natural reason, is "dictum a Deo" and therefore part of the Deposit, we may believe—and the belief will account for strictly *dogmatic* developments which otherwise it would be difficult to account for—that the Church has power, as carrying on the divine "locutio" under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, to discern in the Deposit and to define as articles of divine and Catholic faith truths which human reason of itself would fail to recognize as "formally" contained therein, or at least could give only probable grounds for supposing them to be so contained. In this case, as we have seen an opponent of these views admit,<sup>43</sup> the definition of the Church gives us the certainty of such inclusion in the Deposit, where merely human investigation would not be competent to come to any compelling decision; and such definition is, in truth, an "explication" of revealed doctrine. If we take this view, we are able to recognize a real progress in Catholic dogma, while those who hold the opposite theory would seem to nullify to a great extent very much of what has been said by theologians of note and by Fathers of the Church concerning the *profectus fidelium in fide*, and scarcely to acknowledge that doctrinal progress which, described by St. Vincent of

<sup>42</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 144.

<sup>43</sup> See Fr. Pesch, quoted above.

Lerins and commended in that father's own words by the Vatican Council, has again been insisted upon in the same words by our Holy Father Pius X. Be that as it may—and it is a matter for further development of the question of development itself—Catholics know that the Church's living tradition can never go astray nor become corrupt; that it is the faithful echo of past ages; that what the Church says now is not different from what she has said, in other words, perhaps, and with less fulness and explicitness, yet with no different meaning. They know that development, whether it shall be found ultimately to mean more or less than it has been taken to mean—in the opinion, that is, of Catholic theologians arguing within the limits of what is allowable, yet must always be, not any change or alteration of the original Deposit, but its legitimate exposition “in eodem dogmate, eodem sensu, eademque sententia.”

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## CHURCH AND STATE.

### VIII.

#### THE PONTIFICATE OF GREGORY THE GREAT.

THE pontificate of Pope Vigilius, not to speak of that of his martyred predecessor, Silverius, must have been to the contemporary clergy of the Roman Church an impressive object lesson in the drawbacks of imperial rule in Italy, Romans as they were, and therefore thoroughly loyal to the ideal of a world-empire; yet, whether they viewed the matter as ecclesiastics or as citizens, the restoration under Justinian was far from proving as satisfactory as they might reasonably have expected. For, as we have seen in a previous paper, the most evident result of this Emperor's intermeddling in the concerns of the Church was that, at the end of his reign, conditions were worse than when he ascended the throne. He had even succeeded in making a breach in the solid West; the Istrian schism, which dragged along for half a century after the death of Vigilius, was an achievement for which he alone was primarily responsible. But even more serious was the pretension of this crowned theologian either to nominate directly or to reserve to himself and his successors the right of confirming the Pope. How Vigilius reached the Pontifical throne has been told; the same principle, without the accompanying violence, was followed in the selection of his successor, Pelagius I. Pelagius, at one time an

uncompromising opponent of Justinian's religious policy, eventually yielded to the sort of persuasions characteristic of Byzantium and received his reward. The Emperor had even contemplated placing him on the Papal throne during the lifetime of Vigilius. "Do you wish to receive Vigilius, who *was* your Pope?" he inquired of the Roman delegates who petitioned for the return of the imprisoned Pontiff. "But if not, here is your Archdeacon Pelagius, and my hand will be with you." But the delegates did not want Pelagius, at least while his and their master was still living. They added, however, that "when the Lord shall take him (Vigilius) from this world, then *by your command* let the Archdeacon Pelagius be given us."<sup>1</sup> Thus was established a precedent which, had not circumstances interfered, would have reduced the Popes to the status of the Patriarchs of Constantinople. The successors of Pelagius during the period of Byzantine domination in Italy were confirmed, at first by the Emperor, and from the reign of Constantine Pogonatus (668-685) by the Exarch, the sum of twenty pounds of gold (\$4,000) being exacted for the favor.

Nor were the hopes of the Romans better realized in the civil order by their reunion with the empire. The long-drawn-out war of conquest begun by Belisarius and completed by Narses brought great misery in its train. But this might have been borne with equanimity had it been the precursor of a normal condition of prosperity under a strong and just government. Such good fortune, however, was not just then to befall Italy. The exarchate was never able to do more than maintain a precarious foothold, whereas, on the other hand, the Byzantine officials by whom it was administered were passed masters in the gentle art of graft. All the excellent laws of Justinian enacted for the protection of the citizens proved futile. Even the great Narses was believed to have yielded to temptation. At all events, according to the *Liber Pontificalis*, during the pontificate of John III. (561-574), the Romans complained to the Emperor Justin II. that they had fared better under the Goths than under the Greeks, "since where Narses the eunuch rules he subjects us to slavery, and the most pious prince is unaware of this."<sup>2</sup> The complainants added that unless the Emperor delivered them from the oppression to which they were subjected they would "serve the barbarians." When the accusations made against him were brought to the notice of Narses, he replied: "If I have done evil to the Romans, I shall find myself in evil plight." Then, in revenge, the great soldier is said to have written to the Lombards, at that time in Pannonia, inviting them to come and take possession of Italy.

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<sup>1</sup> *Liber Pontificalis*, I., 239.

<sup>2</sup> *L. P.*, I., 305.

The strict accuracy of this explanation of the coming of the Lombards may reasonably be questioned.<sup>3</sup> In the pontificate of Vigilius the Romans had already shown symptoms of a quality they were often in the future to manifest: ingratitude, and consequently their charge against Narses may largely be discounted. What is certain is that Narses was deprived of the Governorship of Italy, a fact which in itself may have been sufficient encouragement to the Lombards to invade a land the attractions of which were already well known to them.

The heterogeneous mass of barbarians designated Lombards, of Germanic stock, set out from Pannonia on their march to Italy, April 2, 568. The invaders entered the land of their dreams through a pass in the Julian Alps, and in the following three years, before the death (572) of their King Alboin, overran the greater part of the peninsula. Thus were lost forever most of the hard-won conquests of the generals of Justinian, and nothing remained to the empire in Italy save Ravenna, the Pentapolis, Perugia, Rome, with a strip of territory adjacent to the capital, Naples, and a few other cities on the seacoast or approachable by navigable rivers. A terrible pestilence which almost depopulated the Province of Liguria contributed in some degree to the success of the invaders, and this was followed in 570 by a famine which still further deprived the imperial forces of means of resistance.

But the victorious Lombard chief was not long destined to enjoy the fruits of his warlike labors; Alboin died by the hand of an assassin in the spring of 572. His successor, King Cleph, also perished by assassination in 574, after which, for ten years, no king was chosen; the various chiefs, under the title of dukes, governed the territories previously assigned them. This arrangement, however, proved a failure, and in 584 a king was chosen in the person of Authari, son of Cleph, who, in addition to his own barbarian patronymic, took the Roman name of Flavius.

Flavius Authari during his short reign of about five years added somewhat by his conquests in Southern Italy to the territory already in the hands of the Lombards. But perhaps the most important act of his reign was his marriage with the Bavarian Catholic Princess, Theodolinda—the Lombards were, at least nominally, Arians. So popular did this young Queen become that after the death without issue (589) of her royal consort she was allowed to name his successor. Her choice fell upon Agilulf, Duke of Turin, who became her second husband.

Meanwhile the Emperors at Constantinople, Justin II. and Tiberius II., had taken no effectual steps to stop the progress of the

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<sup>3</sup> See Hodgkin, "Italy and Her Invaders," Vol. V., C. II.

new conquerors of Italy. The Governor Longinus, who succeeded Narses, had proved wholly unequal to his task and was recalled (585). His successor, Smaragdus, the first of the Byzantine governors to bear the title of Exarch, was an able general, who, with the aid of the Franks, gained some partial successes over the Lombards. Yet, when recalled in 589, so indifferently had he been supported, the situation of the exarchate was if anything worse than at the time of his arrival. This very year of his recall destructive floods in Northern Italy caused incalculable injury to the already distressed people. Farms were washed away by the impetuous torrents, and the houses which escaped destruction were filled with corpses. In Rome the Tiber overflowed its banks, inundating the lower portions of the city. Worse still, the granaries of the Church, upon which the Romans largely depended for their maintenance, were, with their contents, destroyed, thus making famine imminent. To add to their woes, the stagnant water produced a dreadful pestilence, which decimated the population, among its victims being the venerable Pontiff, Pelagius II. (579-590).

Such was the condition of things in Italy when the unanimous voice of the clergy and people of Rome called to the Chair of St. Peter a man destined to stand almost unrivaled in the long list of the Popes—St. Gregory the Great. A scion of the old Roman family of the Acilii, Gregory at an earlier period had filled the high office of Urban Prefect. In 575, however, to the surprise of his friends and acquaintances, he resigned this position and prepared to assume the monastic habit by disposing, with the exception of the ancestral palace on the Coelian, of his great estates. On six of these **estates** in Sicily he established monasteries; the remainder of his wealth was given to the poor. The palace on the Coelian, finally, was also erected into a monastery, he himself remaining therein as a simple monk.

But the extraordinary ability of Gregory was not destined thus forever to be eclipsed, as he himself most ardently desired, behind the walls of a monastery. Pelagius II. soon called him forth to assume the office of Papal Nuncio (Apocrisiarius) at Constantinople. There he soon became a favorite with the imperial family, but his life was still almost as much governed by monastic rules as in the quiet of the cloister in Rome. He remained in Constantinople until 585 or 586, and then returned to the Coelian monastery, whence, to his consternation, he was called in 590 to assume the burden of the pontificate.

The Pope-elect tried hard to escape the great office the clergy and people of Rome would impose on him. Writing to the Emperor Maurice, he besought him in urgent terms to withhold the imperial

assent to his election, but the Emperor, after several months' delay, confirmed the popular choice. Gregory then made a final attempt to avoid the grave burden of the Papacy, but while preparing for flight he was discovered, and, with the loving violence of which those ages afford more than one example, he was borne reluctantly to St. Peter's, where he received episcopal consecration.

Aside from his humility, which was the chief cause of Gregory's reluctance to become Pope, there were indeed reasons in abundance why a man with so high a sense of duty as he possessed should hesitate to accept so great responsibility at a critical moment. In the first place, his health was about as bad as it well could be, aside from mortal illness. The austerities of his monastic life had undermined his constitution to such an extent that chronic illness of the severest and most painful order was to be his lot during the fourteen years of his reign. A person of less strength of will would in similar circumstances have simply awaited death as a relief from an intolerable burden of physical pain. Yet the circumstances of the time were such as demanded on the Papal throne a man of the greatest energy. The "care of all the churches" alone would occupy most of the time at the disposal of the average man in vigorous health, but in the sixth century this was only one of many burdens which circumstances imposed upon the shoulders of a Pope. Unceasing wars with the Lombards, of the desultory, undecisive character most injurious to a country, brought famine and pestilence in their train, and only the Pope had the means and the will to alleviate the distress thus caused. The lack of a strong government at Ravenna, the seat of imperial rule, in the next place, compelled the Pope, as the most influential personage in Italy, frequently to assume grave civil responsibilities. And finally—by no means the least of his responsibilities—the Pope had to supervise the administration of the patrimonies, as they were called, of the Church scattered throughout the empire, and to distribute in accordance with established precedent their revenues for the benefit of the poor and the spread of religion.

#### PLAGUE AND FAMINE.

But Pope Gregory the Great was not the man once installed in office to remain inactive, and, therefore, we are not surprised to find that this chronic invalid during the term of his pontificate proved to be one of the most indefatigable workers who ever occupied the Chair of St. Peter. A summary sketch of the chief of his activities in temporal matters will consequently be of interest as showing the importance of the Papacy, in the civil order, in the closing years of the sixth century.



The first problem the newly elected Pope had to deal with was that of the pestilence and famine which were devastating Rome at the moment of his election. The story of the ending of the former of those afflictions is so well known that here it need only be referred to briefly. While still awaiting the Emperor's letter of confirmation, Gregory organized a series of processions, the objective point being the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, to implore the divine mercy in behalf of the distressed people. According to the beautiful legend of a later age,<sup>4</sup> in the course of one of these processions the Pope saw on the summit of the mausoleum of Hadrian the Archangel Michael, with a flaming sword, which he was in the act of returning to its sheath, a sign that God had heard the prayers of the petitioners and that the plague was about to cease.

But no sooner was this matter disposed of than the Pope was called upon to deal with the question of the terrible famine that afflicted the land. From all parts of Italy refugees flocked to Rome, first to escape the swords of the Lombards, and, secondly, to obtain wherewith to maintain existence. For these unhappy creatures were for the most part destitute, and as the Exarch was unable to render them assistance, this duty devolved upon the Pope. How effectually relief was administered under Gregory the Great we are informed by one of his biographers, John the Deacon. From the earliest Christian age Rome had been divided ecclesiastically into seven districts, each district in charge of a deacon, whose duty it was to relieve the needs of the poor. In the troubled days of Gregory's pontificate the headquarters of these districts, or "deaconries," were the chief centres where the poor of Rome and refugees from outside had their wants relieved. The homeless were further sheltered in the *xenodochia*, or guest houses, several of which, maintained by the Church, existed in Rome. Public distributions of corn from the granaries of the Church were made through the monasteries and basilicas also. The Pope himself participated directly in many works of charity. John the Deacon gives some interesting information as to how this was done. On the first day of each week, this author tells us, Gregory "distributed to the poor in general the same kind of produce which was collected from the rents; thus, corn in its season, and in their several seasons, wine, cheese, pulse, bacon or other wholesome flesh, fish and oil were most discreetly distributed by that father of the family of God. But pigments and other delicate articles of commerce were courteously offered by him to the nobles of the city, so that the Church came to be regarded as the warehouse of the whole community. To three thousand maids of God, whom

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<sup>4</sup> It is not recorded by Pope Gregory's biographers, Paul the Deacon and John the Deacon.

the Greeks call *monastriae*, he gave fifteen pounds of gold (about \$3,000) for bed furniture, and bestowed on them for their daily stipend eighty pounds (\$16,000) annually. Moreover, every day he sent out by means of charioteers appointed for this purpose cooked rations to all the sick and infirm poor throughout the streets and lanes of the city. To those who had seen better days he would send a dish from his own table to be delivered at their doors with his apostolic blessing."<sup>5</sup>

Another custom observed by Gregory was to assemble four times a year the officers of the Church, from the highest to the lowest, for the purpose of giving them a money present. John the Deacon's account of the procedure on such occasions is as follows: "Having assembled all the officials of the Church, the palace, the monasteries, the lesser churches, the cemeteries, the deaconries, the xenodochia for strangers in the city and the suburbs, he decided from the ledger (of Pope Gelasius), in accordance with which distributions are still made, how many *solidi* out of the above-named receipts in gold and silver should be given to each person, four times a year, namely, at Easter, on the birthday of the Apostles (June 29), on the birthday of St. Andrew (November 30) and his own birthday. At the first dawn of the day of Our Lord's Resurrection, in the Basilica of Vigilius, near which he lived, he gave to all Bishops, presbyters, deacons and other dignitaries of the Church an *aureus* (about \$3) each, after bestowing on them the kiss of peace."

#### THE PATRIMONIES.

After reading these records of Gregory's munificence it is natural to inquire what were the sources of revenue that enabled the Pope thus to relieve the urgent needs of thousands of human beings, and this not once, but repeatedly throughout the fourteen years of his pontificate? The answer to this question is: the patrimonies of the Church. From the earliest period of her history the Roman Church enjoyed a splendid reputation for charity.<sup>6</sup> The Christians of the Eternal City were more than ordinarily generous, one consequence of which was that, in the course of centuries, great estates, known as patrimonies, were, from time to time, left to the Popes for the benefit of the poor and the advancement of religion. According to a modern estimate, the revenues from these estates in the time of Pope Gregory the Great amounted to not less than a million and a half dollars annually.

The great importance of the "patrimonies" for the well-being of

<sup>5</sup> Vita Gregorii M., Cc. XXIV.-XXVIII.

<sup>6</sup> See "The Beginnings of the Temporal Power," *The Catholic University Bulletin*, January, 1904.

the Romans, not to speak of others, during the long period of the invasions of Italy may easily be surmised from what we have seen above, and will be still more evident as we proceed. Fortunately, too, the principal patrimonies were in Sicily, which, owing to its insular position, was free from the danger of invasion. In Sicily the farmers of the Church were thus able to till the soil in peace, and the produce in even the most troubled days could be brought to Rome by sea.

Some of the most interesting letters in the voluminous correspondence of Gregory the Great are devoted to the administration of the patrimonies. With all his serious cares, the kindly Pope never forgot the interests of the host of farmers and laborers who, on the estates of the Church, faithfully performed their humble, but, under the circumstances, very important duties. The following extracts from a letter written in the first year of his pontificate to the rector of the Sicilian estates will serve as an example of the attention given by the Pope to this subject, and at the same time bear witness to the high sense of justice of the distinguished writer. The person to whom the letter is addressed is the Sub-deacon Peter, who had but lately succeeded the Defensor Antoninus. Antoninus, it appears, had not, from Gregory's point of view, proved a successful administrator. Among other things, he had been accused of dealing harshly with the Church's farmers and of being sometimes more zealous than just in defense of the claims of the Church against neighboring farmers. The Pope directs Peter to inquire without delay into these complaints and to remedy any wrongs done by his predecessor. "It has come to my ears," he writes, "that during the past ten years, from the time of Antoninus the Defensor, many persons have suffered violence and wrong at the hands of the Roman Church, and that men openly complain that their borders have been invaded, their slaves enticed away, their movable property taken from them by the strong hand, with no pretense of judicial process. Pray in all these things let your experience exercise the most strenuous vigilance, and let this letter be your warrant for the restoration of whatever you find to have been violently taken away or wrongfully detained in the Church's name during those ten years; lest he who has suffered violence should be obliged to come to me and undertake the labor of so long a journey, in which case it could not be ascertained here before me whether or not he spoke the truth. Having regard, then, to the majesty of the Judge who is to come, restore all things that have been sinfully taken away, knowing that thou bringest great gain to me if thou gatherest (heavenly) reward rather than riches.

"We are informed also," the letter continues, "that what the

greater part complain of is the loss of their slaves, saying that if any man's bondman, perhaps running away from his master, has declared himself to belong to the Church, the rectors of the Church have at once kept him as a bondman belonging to the Church, without any trial of the case, but supporting with a high hand the word of the slave. This displeases me as much as it is abhorrent to the judgment of truth. Wherefore, I desire thy experience to correct without delay whatever may have been found to have been so done; and it is also fit that any such slaves as are now kept in ecclesiastical possession, as they were taken away without trial, should be restored without trial; so that if Holy Church has any legitimate claim to them, their possessors may then be dislodged by regular process of law.

"Correct all these things with firmness, since thou wilt truly be a soldier of the Blessed Apostle Peter if in his cause thou keep guard over the truth, even without his receiving anything. But if thou seest anything that may justly be claimed as belonging to the Church, beware lest thou ever try to assert such claim by force, especially as I have established a decree forbidding under pain of anathema the affixing of notices of claim to any property, urban or rural, by our Church. But whatever may reasonably be claimed for the poor ought also to be defended by reason, lest a good thing being done in a manner that is not good, we be convicted before Almighty God even in what we justly seek. Moreover, I pray thee let noble laymen and the Glorious Praetor love thee for thy humility, not dread thee for thy pride. And yet, if by any chance thou knowest them to be doing any injustice to the indigent, turn thy humility at once into exaltation, so as to be always submissive to them when they do well, and opposed to them when they do ill."

#### THE POPE AND THE LOMBARDS.

But perhaps the greatest source of worry Pope Gregory the Great had to deal with was that from the Lombard conquerors of Italy. These barbarous pillagers were active during almost his entire pontificate, and on several occasions appeared before the walls of Rome itself. As little in the way of defense was possible, no inconsiderable part of the Pope's revenues was spent in buying off these invaders. "It is now seven years," Gregory wrote to the Empress Constantina, "that we have been living in this city amid the swords of the Lombards. How much is expended daily by this Church, that we may be able to live among them, is not to be told. But I briefly indicate that as in the regions of Ravenna the piety of my lords has a treasurer to defray the expenses of the first army of Italy, so also in this city I am their (the Lombards) treasurer." In other words,

it cost the Pope as much to purchase some sort of immunity from Lombard incursions as it cost the Emperor to maintain his army in Italy.

Probably at no period since the invasion of Alaric was the general condition of the peninsula more deplorable than during the progress of the Lombard conquest. At the time of which we are now speaking the principal cities of Italy, Rome, Ravenna, Genoa and Naples, with a certain amount of territory adjacent to each, were held for the Emperor; all the rest of the land was controlled by the Lombards. Almost at any date during the two centuries after their first appearance these warlike invaders could have brought about its complete subjugation of the entire country; but they were never long enough united among themselves to effect this object. The Lombard dukes, among whom the territory won by the sword was divided, would not make the sacrifice which the circumstances demanded, and so eventually lost all because of their love of a selfish independence.

The imperialists, on their side, were, during the same period, just barely able to hold their own in the odds and ends of territory in their possession. And just as union would have completed the Lombard conquest, so, on the other hand, an imperial general of the calibre of Belisarius or Narses, with adequate military support, could at any moment have defeated the invaders in detail and expelled them from Italy or reduced them to subjection. But the emperors either could not or would not send a serious army to the West, and limited their efforts generally to the defense of the scattered domains of the exarchate.

But the most important factor in the political situation of Italy at this time was the Church, and the Church was unalterably opposed to the Lombards. It is true, indeed, that, from our point of view, the churchmen of that period had little cause to love their rulers at Constantinople, yet so deep was the affection of the Romans of old for the empire, that none of them would patiently entertain the idea of being governed by barbarians. The letters of the Popes bear frequent witness to their contempt and dislike of the "unspeakable" Lombards, as well as to their attachment to the empire, outside of which they regarded life as intolerable.

In accordance with these feelings, the Popes were unwearied in protesting against the indifference of Constantinople to the fate of Italy. Again and again do we find them imploring aid from the emperors, but this, when granted, was always inadequate. When Gregory the Great ascended the Papal throne the situation of the imperial territories was especially precarious. One of the earliest acts of the Lombard King Agilulf was to conclude a treaty of peace with the Frankish King Childebert, thus securing himself against

outside interference in the pursuance of the advance policy on which he had determined. Agilulf's next move was to suppress the activities and bring under obedience three Lombard dukes in Northern Italy—which being effected, he was free to devote all his energies to war against the Exarch.

These plans of the Lombard ruler boded ill for Rome, which already was in serious straits, owing to the hostility of the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento. The Duchy of Rome was then connected with Ravenna, the capital of the exarchate, by a narrow strip of territory, adjoining the Via Flaminia, which depended on the fortress of Perugia as its chief defense. Now, Spoleto, the capital of the duchy of this nanic, was in a position that constantly threatened this line of communication, which, if cut, would isolate Rome and place the Eternal City at the mercy of the Lombards. The southern frontier of the Roman duchy was at the same time threatened by the Duke of Benevento, who, by his command of the Via Appia, cut off communication with Constantinople by way of Brindisi. In 591 two new dukes ambitious of conquests acquired control in these Lombard duchies, Ariulf becoming Duke of Spoleto and Arichis Duke of Benevento. Thus the Romans were at the same time threatened from the north by the Lombard king and from the east and south by the two Lombard dukes.

Against these imminent dangers the Exarch Romanus had taken no steps for defense, so that on the Pope alone was thrown the burden of doing the best he could to hold the Roman duchy. The situation was not encouraging. The only soldiers in Rome were a handful of ill-paid troops under the command of the *Magister Militum*, Castorius, and an equally insignificant number of militia. And to make matters worse, the pestilence of the previous year (590) still continued and famine still threatened.

In the face of these grave difficulties the Pope did not lose courage, but resolved to offer the greatest resistance possible under the circumstances. Assuming the rôle of commander-in-chief, he first procured a supply of corn from Sicily and then gave directions to the Roman generals on the frontier watching the movements of the Lombards. The first to give signs of activity was the Duke of Spoleto. But the Pope was on guard and at once directed the General Velox, to whom at the same time he sent reinforcements, to keep a vigilant lookout for the Lombard chief, so as to discover his objective, Rome or Ravenna. As soon as this became clear, Velox was ordered to harass his rear and at the same time to send part of his troops to invade Spoleto, so as to compel the Duke to return to defend his territory.

The northern frontier of the duchy, whence King Agilulf was

expected, was also sadly lacking in means of defense; the town of Nepi, in particular, thirty miles from Rome, had not even a military commander. Gregory sent them one in the person of a certain Leontius, by whom he addressed a letter to the clergy, nobility and people of Nepi, ordering them, under penalty of his severe displeasure, to render him due obedience.<sup>7</sup>

The storm did not burst, however, until the summer of 592, when Ariulf appeared before Rome, while at the same time the Duke of Benevento marched on Naples. This city was in even a worse plight than Rome, having no officer of high rank to direct the defense, and the Bishop was dead. But, as in the case of Nepi, the Pope attended to the matter and sent the tribune Constantius to command the Neapolitan garrison.

But the prospect of successful defense of the Eternal City against the invaders, in spite of Gregory's efforts, seems to have been very slight. In a letter to the Archbishop of Ravenna, written at this time, the Pope complains bitterly of the Exarch's inactivity, while the Lombards without let or hindrance are devastating the *Campagna* with fire and sword.<sup>8</sup> The regular soldiers, he adds, have been withdrawn from Rome and only some militia remain, who, in default of pay, refuse even to mount guard. In these circumstances the Pope asks authorization from the Exarch to conclude a separate peace with the Duke of Spoleto. Receiving no reply to this demand, Gregory took the bold step of concluding a truce on his own responsibility.

This act of the Pope at length aroused the Exarch, who now issued forth from Ravenna, and with little difficulty won back all the towns, including Perugia, whose possession was of particular importance, that had recently been captured by the Lombards. At the conclusion of this feat, Romanus entered Rome in triumph. After a brief sojourn he departed again for Ravenna, taking with him, to the great indignation of the Romans, not only his own soldiers, but in addition the Theodosian militia, thus leaving Rome without even these doubtful defenders.

But no sooner had the Exarch departed than the Lombards appeared anew, this time the army of King Agilulf himself. The King, with little opposition, recaptured Perugia, thus at a stroke undoing the work of Romanus, after which he marched on Rome. The Romans in the interval, however, had received a small garrison with an able general, and, consequently, were able to make a vigorous resistance. According to a legend of a later age, not mentioned, however, by the Pope's biographers, Agilulf raised the siege at the

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<sup>7</sup> Ep. II., 14.

<sup>8</sup> Ep. II., 45.

prayer of Gregory. It is more probable that Agilulf gladly enough raised the siege for a money consideration, and thus was able to take his army to more healthy latitudes than the dangerous Roman Campagna.

The Pope now began to work for a general peace, and through the influence of the Lombard Queen Theodolinda succeeded so far that a truce appears to have been made between imperialists and Lombards. But again Romanus violated its terms and brought upon the unfortunate land once more the horrors of war. Famine threatened through shortage of the usual corn supply, and Rome, which was unable to procure sufficient food for its own population, was crowded with refugees fleeing from the zones of danger. In desperation, therefore, seeing that the imperialists would neither fight nor observe treaties—the Exarch was safe enough in the marshes of Ravenna and appeared to care little for those who had not such protection—Gregory again urged the necessity of a lasting peace, at the same time plainly indicating that if Romanus would not treat with King Agilulf, he himself would.

This attitude of Gregory is expressed in a letter to a friend at Ravenna, in which the Pope, in spite of his loyalty to the empire and his dislike of the Lombards, is yet compelled to admit that in the present state of affairs King Agilulf's position is fair and just. "Agilulf," he writes, "does not refuse to make a general peace, if my Lord the Patrician will consent to arbitration on the matters in dispute between them. He complains that he was grievously wronged in various parts of his dominions during the armistice. And as he demands satisfaction for himself, if his claims be judged reasonable, so he promises to give satisfaction if it be shown that any act of hostility was perpetrated on his side during the peace. As then it is clear that his proposals are fair, there ought to be a judicial investigation of the matter, so that compensation may be made for any wrongs done on either side, provided that a general peace be thus securely established under the protection of God. How necessary such a peace is for us you well know. Act, then, with your usual wisdom, that His Excellency the Exarch may give his consent to the proposal without delay, lest it be thought that the offer of peace is rejected by him, which is not desirable. For if he will not give his consent, Agilulf offers to make a special peace with us."<sup>9</sup>

The gravity of the concluding sentence quoted from this letter can hardly be overestimated: the King of the Lombards offers, in a certain contingency, to conclude a treaty of peace with the Pope, and evidently the Pope is strongly disposed to take him at his

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<sup>9</sup> Ep. v., 24.



word. Gregory was fast losing patience with the Exarch, and, however reluctantly, he seems to regard it as his duty to bring to an end an intolerable state of affairs. For the policy of the imperial authorities was as weak as it was contemptible; they concluded a truce when hard pressed, and violated it without scruple when they saw a possibility of advantage from so doing. In their eyes their opponents were barbarians to be got rid of in any way that presented itself. But Gregory, although unalterably opposed to them politically, yet demands that faith be kept with the Lombards, and in this letter he plainly indicates a resolution on his part, in the event of the Exarch's decision to prolong a war in which he was unable to accomplish any useful end, to accept the offer of the Lombard monarch. For in the interest of his fellow-countrymen he can no longer tolerate a situation in which the people of Italy are exposed to the gravest perils, just because it suits Ravenna to repudiate treaties. We have already seen something of the terrible character of these perils, but a still more vivid picture of Italy's distress may be read in the famous homily preached by Gregory at the time of Agilulf's descent upon Rome. "We see on all sides sorrows," says the Pope; "we hear on all sides groans. Cities are destroyed, fortifications razed to the ground, fields devastated, the land reduced to solitude. No husbandman is left in the fields, few inhabitants remain in the cities, and yet these scanty remnants of the human race are still each day smitten without ceasing. The scourges of divine justice cease not, because even while they smite us our sins are not corrected. Some men are led away captive, others are mutilated, others slain before our eyes. . . . What Rome herself, once deemed the mistress of the world, has now become, we see—wasted away with afflictions, grievous and many, with the loss of citizens, the assault of enemies, the frequent fall of ruined buildings. . . . For where is the Senate, where are the people? . . . Yet even we few who remain are daily smitten by the sword, still are daily crushed by innumerable afflictions."<sup>10</sup>

In these heartrending circumstances, and the situation did not in the least improve from year to year, who will blame the great-hearted Pope for demanding from the Exarch a cessation of hostilities? Gregory knew quite well that without serious exertion the imperialists would never drive the Lombards out of Italy, and at the same time it was perfectly clear that Constantinople would not make the necessary exertions. Yet in the Micawber-like hope that something might some day turn up, they insisted on perpetuating an endless desultory war which brought ruin to the nation. It was

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<sup>10</sup> Hom. in Ezech., II., 6, sec. 22, 23.

this destructive war that the Pope determined to stop. The modern secularist, of course, regards his action as high-handed and talks about legal authority. This is all very well. But Gregory was the exponent of a higher law than that which governed the Roman Empire, in virtue of which he interfered in behalf of a sorely tried people.

It was not to be supposed, however, that a Roman Emperor would take kindly to so great an assumption of power on the part of any ecclesiastic, and so we are not surprised to find that the Emperor Maurice wrote in the severest terms to Gregory in condemnation of his course. But Gregory, in his answer, while employing the customary high-sounding terms of respect, replied in kind to the Emperor. Among the expressions of reproach applied to the Pope by Maurice was that of "simple," because he allowed himself to be duped by the Lombards. Gregory, who regarded this epithet, used without qualification, as synonymous with "fool," answered that indeed, in one sense, he deserved it, since had he been other than a fool, he would not have endured all he had "amidst the swords" of the Lombards. Then he enters on a lengthy justification of those acts of his which had displeased Constantinople, in the course of which, though in respectful language, he returns the compliment of the Emperor. "As to my reports concerning Ariulf," he says, "that he was ready with all his heart to come over to the Republic, I am not believed; and that means that I am also accused of being a liar. But although I am not worthy to be a priest, I know that a priest is the servant of truth, and that it is a deadly insult to call him a liar. . . .

"If, indeed, the subjection of my country were not advancing day by day, I would gladly say nothing about being despised and laughed at myself. But this troubles me more than anything else, that the very causes which bring on me the charge of falsehood are daily leading Italy captive under the yoke of the Lombards. While my statements are disbelieved, the strength of the enemy is terribly increasing. This, however, I suggest to my most religious Lord, to think what evil he likes of me, but not to lend a ready ear to every one who talks about the interest of the State and the means of saving Italy; to trust to deeds rather than to words.

"I was robbed of the peace which, without any expense to the State, I made with the Lombards of Tuscia. Then, when the peace was broken, the soldiers were removed from the city. Some of them were slain by the enemy; some were stationed at Narni and Perugia, Rome being abandoned that Perugia might be garrisoned. After this there was a worse affliction when Agilulf came, and I saw with my own eyes men tied by the neck like dogs and led off

to be sold as slaves in France (Francia). And as we who were within the city by the protection of God escaped his hands, an excuse is sought for blaming us, because, forsooth, the supply of corn was deficient, whereas it is quite impossible to keep a large supply of corn for a long time in Rome, as I have more fully explained in another report. . . .

"And whereas my religious sovereigns set before me the awful, the terrible judgment of Almighty God, I pray them by that same Almighty God not to do so again: for we know not how any man will stand in that judgment. This one thing, however, I do say, that, unworthy and sinful as I am, I trust more in the mercy of Jesus when He comes than in the justice of your piety. There are many things concerning that judgment which men know not. Perhaps what you praise He will blame, and what you blame He will praise."<sup>11</sup>

No further allusion to this subject is found in the correspondence of Gregory the Great; whence it may be concluded that Maurice allowed the matter to drop. Negotiations for peace dragged along until the death of the Exarch Romanus and were not finally concluded till the year 599 under his successor, Callinicus. But even after peace had been established between King Agilulf and the new Exarch, Gregory still was fearful of the restless dukes, his neighbors of Spoleto and Benevento. Nor were his fears groundless. Ariulf especially continued to plunder, sporadically, Roman territory until his death eventually relieved the harassed Pope from his barbarous activities.

But the Pope's worries from the Duke of Spoleto were no sooner at an end than another dreadful pestilence broke out in Italy and extended eventually even to Africa. In Rome scarcely enough men were left to man the walls, while Gregory himself suffered excruciating agonies from the gout, being scarcely ever able during two years to leave his bed. As if this were not enough, war broke out again in 601. Seeing an opportunity of profiting by a revolt of some Lombard dukes against their king, the Exarch, following the established Byzantine tradition, violated the treaty by attacking Parma, where he captured King Agilulf's daughter, with her husband. Aroused to fury by such treachery, Agilulf attacked and captured Padua, devastated Istria and defeated the Exarch outside the walls of Ravenna. Cremona and Mantua were subsequently taken, nor was peace again concluded, to the great disadvantage of the empire, until after the dethronement and death of the Emperor Maurice. The Exarch Smaragdus, sent by the new Emperor Phocas to replace Callinicus, signalized his viceroyalty, first by restoring

<sup>11</sup> *Ep.* v., 36.

King Agilulf's daughter, and, secondly, by concluding a truce, September, 603, for eighteen months with the Lombard monarch, so that after all the troubles of his pontificate from political conditions in Italy, Pope Gregory the Great had his last hours brightened with the existing cessation of hostilities and the promise of a lasting peace.

Another event that augured well for the future was the baptism in the Catholic faith of the infant son of King Agilulf and Queen Theodolinda. According to Paul the Deacon, the King himself also became a Catholic, but there is no contemporary authority for this assertion. The heir to the Lombard throne was, therefore, of the religion of the great majority of Italians, a fact that was calculated to exercise a twofold influence on the destinies of the Lombard people: the royal example would lead others to adopt the orthodox religion, and at the same time the gradual removal of the religious barrier that separated Lombards from Italians would open a way for an amalgamation of the two races. Yet, as we shall see, the Lombards never fully arose to the occasion; whence, ultimately, the overthrow of their monarchy.

#### BYZANTINE OFFICIALS.

In the performance of his multifarious duties the Pope had necessarily frequent relations with the officials of the empire, particularly those engaged in the administrative affairs of Italy. These personages, as a whole, had little love for Gregory. From their point of view, there were reasons in abundance for this absence of affection, since the Pope, and under his directions the Bishops, were the constant and powerful protectors of the people against the exactions of corrupt servants of the Government. Not that Gregory was a meddler in affairs that did not concern him as an ecclesiastic; on the contrary, he scrupulously refrained from intruding on the civil domain, save as we have seen for the defense of his country. The general principle by which he was guided in this regard is summed up in the following extract from a letter of the Pope to his representative in Sicily, the Sub-deacon Peter. "Let the nobles and the Praetor," he enjoins, "like you for your humility and not dread you for your pride. Yet if you hear that they are doing any wrong to the poor, put away your humility at once and take a lofty tone. When they do well be always submissive to them, but when they do ill oppose them with all your might." This excellent rule of ecclesiastical procedure was exemplified admirably in Gregory's own conduct. During his pontificate we find him exhibiting the utmost respect for the authority of the Emperor and his represen-

tatives, nor did he interfere in the concerns of civil officials, save when the principles of justice or of charity were violated.

An incident referred to in a letter to the Empress Constantina shows the attitude of the Pope in matters of this order. We have already alluded to the corruption of the Byzantine officials of this period; it was to call attention to a particularly glaring case of the kind that Gregory addressed the Empress. From his letter it appears that many of the inhabitants of the island of Sardinia were still heathen and that the Governor of the island was accustomed to permit, for a monetary consideration, those who wished to offer sacrifice to their idols. At this juncture a zealous missionary Bishop sent by the Pope arrived in the island and preached the Gospel to the pagans with so much success that a fruitful source of revenue to the Governor was seriously threatened. This official, however, was equal to the occasion, and calmly continued to collect from the converts the tax they had paid as heathens.

The Bishop remonstrated, but the Governor replied that he had to resort to methods of this kind in order to make up the sum he had agreed to pay for his appointment. The Bishop then referred the matter to the Pope, from whom we learn the facts in the case. The same letter of the Pope calls the attention of Constantina to an even worse abuse practiced by an official in the island of Corsica; so rapacious was this personage, so heavy his exactions, that to meet them many had to sell their children into slavery. "Hence it comes to pass," Gregory comments, "that those who own estates in the island forsake the Holy Empire and are compelled to take refuge with the infamous Lombards. For what outrage can the barbarians inflict on them more cruel than to force them by oppression and extortion to sell their own children?" In Sicily also a certain official named Stephen carried things with so high a hand as to seize for the State, without any process of law, the property of private individuals.

Against these abuses the Pope invokes the influence of the Empress with her husband that the injustices complained of might be repaired. "I beg my most serene lady to consider these facts carefully and to still the groans of the oppressed. For I do not believe that these things have ever come to your ears. Had they done so, they would surely not have continued till now. But they thought to be brought under the Emperor's notice at a favorable moment, that he may remove this great, this grievous weight from his own soul, from his empire and from his children. Only think, what must be the thoughts, what the feelings of parents when they sell their children to save themselves from torture? You who have children of your own should know how to pity the children of others.

I trust, therefore, that it will be sufficient for me to have made this brief statement, lest, if your piety were unaware of what is being done in these provinces, I should be punished by the severe Judge for the sin of my silence."<sup>12</sup>

Very interesting also is another protest made by Gregory in behalf of an accused official, as showing his attitude on the question of the rights and dignity of a Roman citizen. It appears that about the year 598 a high officer of the court, the ex-Consul Leontius, was sent from Constantinople to examine the accounts of certain subordinate officials in Italy. Among these was a person named Libertinus, who was found guilty of embezzling public funds. The culprit was sentenced to a heavy fine and scourged. From his general knowledge of the conduct of Libertinus the Pope had previously had a favorable opinion of him, and accordingly had given him letters of recommendation to Leontius. But these letters, as the Pope took care to explain when he heard of the sentence imposed, were based on the notorious fact that Libertinus had proved a good Governor and was highly thought of in his province. Moreover, his recommendation only implied the Pope's wish that the accused should get a fair trial and, if guilty, receive adequate punishment. But Gregory evidently entertained serious doubts as to the fairness of the trial. He had heard, for example, that Leontius in examining the accounts of the accused had failed to make allowance for the expenditure of certain moneys that had really been spent by order of the Emperor.

But aside from the question of guilt or innocence, the old Roman in the Pope regarded it as an outrage that a Roman should be scourged. On this subject Gregory expressed himself in strong terms to the ex-Consul. In his opinion, even if Libertinus, after a fair trial, had been found guilty, his punishment should have been a fine and no more. Because "when freemen are scourged, to say nothing of the fact that Almighty God is offended, to say nothing of the fact that your own fame is sadly stained, the glory of our Most Religious Emperor's reign is altogether obscured. For there is this difference between the kings of the nations and the Roman Emperor, that the former have slaves for their subjects, the latter free men. And, therefore, in all your acts your first object should be to maintain justice, your second to preserve a perfect liberty. You ought to value the liberty of those you are appointed to judge as jealously as though it were your own; and if you would not be wronged yourself by your superiors, you should guard with respect the liberty of your inferiors."<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> Ep. v., 28.

<sup>13</sup> Ep. xl., 4.

The privileges of Roman citizenship at this period were, if we may judge from the general arbitrariness of imperial administration, little more than a memory. The Church alone, and especially the Western Church, kept alive the very idea of liberty, first, by her ever vigilant watch lest the State should encroach on her sphere, and, secondly, by her constant defense of the poor and friendless. Conscientious churchmen, as we have seen in the case of Pope Gregory, regarded it as a matter of the highest obligation to watch over the welfare of their flock, in the temporal as well as in the spiritual order.

#### POPE AND EMPEROR.

Yet, while maintaining this attitude of reasonable resistance to encroachments of a dangerous character, the Church at the same time, for the sake of peace, frequently tolerated minor intrusions of the civil power. In previous papers we have seen more than one example in illustration of this *modus agendi*; a few instances from the pontificate of Gregory the Great shall now be related.

One of the gravest abuses introduced into the Church since the conversion of Constantine was that the nomination of Bishops, especially in the East, was, in most important sees, controlled by the Emperor. There was not, of course, the ghost of canonical right for such control; it was an usurpation by Cæsar, pure and simple, of a right that belonged to the spiritual domain. The forms of canonical election were, it is true, generally observed, but the Emperor's will, when he so desired, was paramount, and his known candidate was invariably chosen. Almost of equal moment was another prerogative exercised by emperors since the reign of Constantine, namely, that of deposing Bishops who, for one reason or another, happened to displease them.

Numerous instances of imperial arbitrariness in these respects occur in Byzantine ecclesiastical annals. The attitude of the Emperor Maurice towards the Church, as a rule, was indeed much more correct than that of most of his Christian predecessors. But even he occasionally lapsed, as, for instance, in the case of a Bishop of Justiniana Prima, whom, on account of ill health, he wished to depose. Gregory protested, saying he could not countenance a proceeding so opposed to the canons, and went on to say that "if the Bishop will not ask permission to resign, our Most Religious Sovereign has the power of doing what he likes and carrying out whatever he orders. He may make what arrangements he thinks fit, only he must not expect us to take part in the deposition of such a man. If what he does is in accordance with the canons, we shall

confirm it; if it is not, we shall submit to it, so far as we can do so without sin."

Another example of Gregory's dealing with the head of the State in an ecclesiastical matter related to the Bishop of Salona, Maximus, whose election, as irregular, the Pope declined to confirm, while at the same time he expressed his willingness to go as far as possible towards meeting the wishes of the Emperor. The case was as follows: Maximus was "ordained" without the knowledge of the Pope's Responsalis, something "which never happened under former princes." When the knowledge of this came to Gregory he wrote directing Maximus to refrain, under pain of excommunication, from saying Mass until the circumstances of his election should be inquired into. But Maximus, supported by "certain secular persons," paid no attention to the Pope's order. Yet the Emperor took the part of the excommunicated Bishop. Maurice did indeed direct Maximus to go to Rome and make his peace with the Pope, but at the same time he enjoined the Pope to receive the offender with honor. This Gregory refused to do until the accusations against him should be disposed of. "Now I," he wrote, "obeying the injunction of their Piety, have from my heart forgiven this Maximus his presumption in passing over me and my Responsalis in his ordination, even as though he had been ordained with my authority. But his other wrongs, namely, his bodily transgressions, which I have heard of, and his having been elevated through bribery and his having presumed to say Mass while excommunicated, these things, for the sake of God, I cannot pass over without inquiry."<sup>14</sup>

The remarkable letter of Gregory to the Emperor defending the right of those who so desired to enter the ecclesiastical state, and protesting against an edict promulgated by Maurice denying such right to certain classes of persons, throws still further light on the Pope's idea of the correct attitude of the Head of the Church towards the Head of the State. The new imperial law forbade civil officials, as well as soldiers who had not served their full term in the army, from entering a monastery. When the edict reached the Pope he protested against its restrictions in the following terms: "I received the law of my-lords," he begins, "to which at the time, being worn out with bodily illness, I was unable to make any reply. In it the Piety of my lords has ordained that it shall not be lawful for any one who is engaged in public administration to enter on an ecclesiastical office. And this I greatly commended, knowing by most evident proof that one who is in haste to forsake a secular pursuit and assume an ecclesiastical office is not willing to relinquish secular affairs, but to change them. But that it was said in the

<sup>14</sup> Ep. v., 21.



same law that it should not be lawful for him to become a monk I was altogether surprised, seeing that his accounts can be rendered through a monastery, and it can be arranged also that his debts can be recovered from the place into which he is received.

"It is added also in the same law that no one who is marked on the hand<sup>15</sup> may become a monk. This ordinance I confess to my lords has alarmed me greatly, since by it the way to heaven is closed to many. For there are many who are able to lead a religious life in a secular condition, but there are very many who cannot in any wise be saved with God unless they give up all things. For power over all things has been given to the Piety of my lords to this end: that they who aspire to God may be helped, and that the way to heaven may be more widely open, so that an earthly kingdom may wait upon a heavenly kingdom. And, lo, it is said in plain words that one who has been marked to serve as an earthly soldier may not, unless he has completed his service or been rejected for weakness of body, serve as a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"To this, behold, Christ, through me, the last of His servants and of yours, will answer, saying: 'From a notary I have made thee a Count of the bodyguard; from a Count of the bodyguard I have made thee Cæsar; from Cæsar I have made thee Emperor, and not only this, but the father of Emperors. I have committed my priests to thy hands, and dost thou withdraw thy soldiers from my service?' Tell thy servant, most pious lord, I beseech thee, what wilt thou answer to thy Lord when He comes and thus speaks? I, indeed, being subject to your command, have caused this law to be transmitted through various parts of the world, and, inasmuch as the law itself is by no means pleasing to Almighty God, lo, I have by this my representation declared to my most serene lords."<sup>16</sup>

#### GREGORY AND PHOCAS.

From the general tone of Gregory's correspondence with the Emperor Maurice it would seem that the Pope had little admiration for the Emperor. Maurice, indeed, appears to have been, on the whole, rather a well-meaning sort of person, but his acts hardly always corresponded with his intentions. However this may be, his reign of twenty years ended abruptly November, 602. An unexpected revolt of the army cost him, together with four of his sons, his throne and life. His oldest son, Theodosius, for the moment escaped, but on his return journey from Persia, whither he had gone seeking aid, he also fell into the hands of the leader of the revolt, now the Emperor Phocas, and was put to death.

<sup>15</sup> Soldiers and slaves were thus marked.

<sup>16</sup> Ep. III., 65.

An embassy announcing the accession of Phocas arrived in Rome April 25, 603, and was received with the usual ceremonies by the clergy, the Senate and the people. Subsequently the statues of the new ruler and the Empress, as was customary, were placed in the oratory of St. Cæsarius, in the Lateran Palace. So far all was merely routine, but the next development at first view is a disappointment to the numerous admirers of Pope Gregory the Great. The occurrence to which we allude was the dispatch by the Pope of letters to the usurper and his wife expressing in the warmest terms his satisfaction at their accession.<sup>17</sup> How are we to reconcile the writing of such letters by the scrupulous Pope to sovereigns who had reached the throne by revolt against lawful authority, ending in murder? But the question is, when the Pope wrote those letters did he know, in all their atrocity, the facts as to the manner in which Phocas had ascended the throne? A priori it is impossible to suppose it, but we are not left alone to conjecture in the matter. Father Grisar has pointed out<sup>18</sup> that at this period communication by sea between Constantinople and Ravenna was cut off from the middle of November to the beginning of March each year. Now, Maurice was put to death November 27, 602, and the embassy announcing the accession of Phocas arrived in Rome April 25 of the following year. Is it not, asks Grisar, highly probable that the imperial embassy brought the first news to Rome of the death of the late Emperor? It need hardly be added that the version of the story prepared for the Pope was likely to be of such a character as completely to exonerate the new Emperor, and as Gregory's relations with Maurice had often been unsatisfactory, his congratulations to his successor were more than ordinarily warm. Another circumstance that adds to the probability of this explanation, being the correct one, is the fact that just then the empire was at war with the Avars, a circumstance which made communication by land with the West during the winter months very uncertain. Taking into consideration, therefore, the slowness of communication in the seventh century, it is probable that even when the Pope announced to Phocas in a third letter the appointment of an Apocrisiarius he was still unacquainted with the real state of the case.<sup>19</sup> Gregory lived eleven months after the accession of Phocas, and during this time no further correspondence appears to have taken place between him and the Emperor, a fact that in itself goes far towards proving

<sup>17</sup> Ep. xiii., 31 and 39.

<sup>18</sup> Roma alla Fine dell' Mondo Antico, 206 sqq.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Weise, "Italien und die Longobardenherrschaft," p. 132, who says on this point: "It is highly probable that during the winter" (the Pope) "could not receive any certain information about events at Constantinople."

that when the real story of the dethronement got to the Pope he was far from condoning the crimes of the usurper.

From the foregoing summary of the activities of Gregory the Great, in so far as these related to matters temporal, it is apparent that the chief figure in the ecclesiastical world at the close of the sixth century was at the same time a highly important political figure in Italy. Of course, the great influence in affairs enjoyed by Gregory was not by any means wholly due to his personality. For nearly three centuries prior to his pontificate his predecessors had nobly fulfilled the obligations imposed by trying circumstances, in the material as well as in the spiritual order, towards the people of the peninsula. Gregory succeeded to all this inherited prestige, just as any other person in his place would have done. But he had a special merit all his own, in that he added enormously to the treasury of well-won popularity long enjoyed by the Papacy. In fact, as we have seen, the great Pope was the one individual in whom the Italians of his time could put all their trust. Doubly oppressed as these were—on the one hand by the barbarous Lombards, on the other by corrupt officers of the empire—the Pope was their sole reliance, the only possible refuge in their appalling distress. How nobly Gregory responded to their appeal, how tirelessly he labored in their behalf, in spite of ill health, in the face of calamities without number, the mere outlines given above of his lifework reveal in some, though by no means adequate, degree.

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## CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE.

PIUS X.

I HAVE, in my intercourse with priests and laymen, in various parts of the world, listened to many interesting accounts of audiences with the Holy Father and of the impressions which such audiences have invariably left upon their minds.

When I come to summarize these impressions and ask myself: which of them is the strongest and the one which would seem to be that of almost all minds? I would have to answer: the sentiment of sincere love and veneration. It is with these two sentiments that the present Pope seems to inspire all those who come in personal contact with him. All seem to be conscious of the charm of his sweet personality, which is displayed in the hundred and one little things which go to constitute personality, and which one often finds it so difficult to define or to describe in detail.

Leo XIII. inspired the mind with a feeling of profound respect—something almost akin to fear. In his presence one became vaguely conscious of the gulf which separates the supreme guardian of the Church from the ordinary mortal. He seemed to be something quite apart and distinct—some being from another world, living a life and entertaining ideals to which the ordinary man must always remain more or less a stranger. One carried away the impression that a spiritual giant, especially formed and moulded for his gigantic task, was watching over the destinies of the Universal Church.

Pius X. does not inspire impressions and sentiments of the same kind. He seems to be a more tangible part of our common humanity, a man made of stuff such as we are and touched with the feelings of our infirmity. There is about him that exquisite charm which characterizes men of simple and humble mind and which attracts us toward them and constrains us to love them.

How much greater is this love and veneration when we meet with these characteristics in one who wields such vast and unique powers and in whose life all the circumstances combine to develop the very opposite qualities.

There is surely not a more touching and pathetic sight in the world than the picture of this simple and humble-minded Pope, standing in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation which is devising and employing every artifice calculated to destroy him and to minimize and discredit his authority, and yet with the steady and unerring hand of a divine faith firmly grasping the wheel which controls the great rudder of the Church and watching its slightest and apparently most insignificant deviations.

It is not every man who can preserve his manifest simplicity and singleness of heart under similar conditions and in a similar position. That he does preserve it and that he continues to possess these qualities becomes obvious to every person who approaches him and who has the privilege of spending some little time in his presence.

I have had the honor of several private interviews with Pius X.—one of them of exceptional length—and if I were asked what impressions I carried away from these interviews, I should reply: The Pope's transparent and utter sincerity and what I may call his directness. It is these two qualities and characteristics that have impressed me most of all.

It is impossible to sit opposite the Pope, observe the interest with which he listens to what one may have to tell him of one's work and aims, consider his questions and the manner in which he receives their answers, weigh his suggestions and his counsels,

without feeling that one is in the presence of an entirely honest man, who means every word he utters and who is far too simple and true to affect an interest which he does not feel. When he declares that it will be the supreme aim and purpose of his life "to restore all things in Christ," one may be absolutely sure that this is no mere official and conventional phrase, but the burning desire of an entirely sincere and truth-loving heart. It is impossible to connect with the Pope the very notion of mental reserve or simulation or the attempt to disguise what he really feels and thinks. And he manifestly assumes sincerity and uprightness of purpose on the part of those who approach him, for it is with utter sincerity that he deals with them. His words are simple and straightforward and direct, and there is no prevarication. Would that the words of some of our rulers in Church and State had similar directness and sincerity! The world would be the better and happier for it.

I have always felt that if I had become a priest and had by any chance found myself in some kind of trouble—either with my Bishop or with my people, it is to this Pope that I would have gone, it is to him to whom I would have opened my heart. I would have felt that my cause would be safe with him, provided I could give evidence of loyalty and sincerity of purpose and of the singleness of my aim. I cannot understand why priests who may happen to be in such trouble do not more frequently adopt this course. The Pope, it seems to me, is more easy of access, more ready to lend an ear to the sorrows of his people than many of our Bishops and superiors.

When the Prince Max episode occurred, a little while ago, the papers reported interviews which the Prince was supposed to have had with the Pope. Nearly all of them described a scene in which the Holy Father was depicted as exhibiting severe wrath and threatening the Prince with the most dreadful punishments. It was even reported that the Prince had resented this treatment and had abruptly left Rome without having made his submission. Little, I thought, do these wretched scribblers know the characters of the Pope and of the Prince. For I can so well imagine what the real interview was like. For who knows better than Pius X. how easy it is for the best of men to make mistakes and with the best intentions in the world to fall into error. What the Pope would insist upon, I imagine, would be sincere regret and sorrow and the desire, as far as may be possible, to amend the fault. But where this disposition prevailed there could surely be no shadow of doubt as to his attitude.

It seems to me to be very evident that Pius X. is a Pope such as the times in which we live require and need. The world has

seen much of intellectual achievement, and, in the matter of its highest interests, is beginning to distrust them. In the spiritual sphere they have never done very much for the world. They will most certainly never bring it back to God. What we need to-day is the simplicity of Christ, men holding and proclaiming the truth in sincerity and manifesting it in the form of an attractive and holy and consistent personality. Such a personality is the best argument for the truth of the Gospel and is a living letter of Christ to the world.

Other Popes have inspired men with zeal and enthusiasm which have led them to risk life and limb in their cause and even to take up the arms of flesh in the defense of their ideals. Pius X. inspires them with love and affection, which lead them constantly to pray for him and to coöperate with him, in however humble and obscure a degree, in his efforts to win men back to God and to restore all things in Christ.

#### THE POPE AND SPIRITISM.

When last I was in Rome I had come in response to an intimation which had reached me from a prominent personage who had long been keenly interested in my writings and my work, and who realized the difficulties under which I was laboring. It is not easy for a layman to make his voice heard in the matter of a grave peril slowly but steadily invading modern society and undermining the faith of thousands. Ignorance and misconception and the suspicion of a misdirected zeal and of possibly imperfect knowledge, exhibited often even by those whom one might reasonably expect to know better and to be a help rather than a hindrance, are apt to bar the way and to paralyze progress. I suppose that every layman who has some great cause to defend has met with these checks and has been called upon to exercise tact and circumspection and patience; I had been called upon to exercise these qualities in an exceptional degree and for years have had to patiently abide my time.

I had now been informed that the Holy Father had become keenly alive to the dangers threatening the religious life in the present age from unfavorable inferences hastily drawn by scientific students of modern psychical science and by the increasing interest taken by the masses in spiritistic phenomena. It had been explained to the Pope and to His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val that while I had an experimental knowledge of the subject (gathered in my non-Catholic days), I held correct and Catholic views respecting it, and had, in books and lectures, warned against the steadily growing danger.

I was personally anxious, I need not say, to secure for my work the approval of the Pope and the support of the Holy See.

When I came to Rome I had the honor of a long and, for my cause, truly important interview with His Eminence. I was delighted to find him keenly interested in and acquainted with my subject. This interest was evidently due to the development in psychical matters which had then taken place in Italian scientific circles and to a lecture on the subject which had been delivered under the very shadow of the Vatican. It was impossible for a man such as he not to realize the significance of such a movement and its influence upon religious thought.

I felt at the close of this interview that I had gained a strong friend and supporter in the Cardinal. He kindly undertook to prepare the way for me, and a few days later I had an audience with the Pope. My learned Roman friend accompanied me. I had come prepared to make a detailed statement, and I had brought with me much documentary evidence which, in the course of years, had come into my hands. And I had so prepared it that its presentation might occupy the least possible time. But imagine my delight when I found that, although the Pope carefully listened to and inspected all my evidence, he was really very accurately acquainted with the subject. There was no need in his case, as in the case of so many priests and even Bishops, to convince him of the reality and objectivity of spiritistic phenomena. He knew only too well that they existed. A very load was off my mind when I discovered this fact. And although I have for many years past, and in many lands, in the dioceses of the northern world and on the shores of the Pacific, discussed this subject with men and women in all conditions of life, have explained it in seminaries and universities and have answered questions innumerable put by thoughtful inquirers, I have never discussed the subject with so great a sense of satisfaction with any person as it was discussed with the Supreme Pontiff. Our audience lasted over an hour, and my friend and I both felt, when we came down the steps of the Vatican, that a great point had been gained and a great victory won. I feel, said my friend, a profound scholar of world-wide reputation, that this is really a red-letter day in the history of Catholic thought. What a wonderful man the Pope is! How clearly we can recognize the action of Divine Providence in placing him where he is.

In what light Pius X. regards Spiritism and the assumptions of some scientific men respecting the moral value of what one may term the modern psychical movement is best illustrated by a story which the Pope told us in the course of this interesting audience. It was told simply and in the manner in which an Italian alone can

tell an interesting story and with that touch of humor which, I am sure, is one of the many charming characteristics of the Holy Father's disposition.

A lady, he told us, had repeatedly requested a private audience with him. It had been explained to her that the Pope was a busy man, and that in order to secure a special interview it would be necessary for her to state what the purpose of her visit or mission was. She had declined, however, to furnish any such statement, explaining that it was to the Pope alone that she could unbosom herself. After repeated and unsuccessful attempts to obtain this audience, the matter had finally been mentioned to the Holy Father, and he had at once and most kindly expressed his willingness to receive the lady.

When she was brought to him he inquired the object of her coming and what he could do for her. The lady explained that she had come to complain to the Pope personally of her confessor. He had refused to give her absolution.

The Pope, of course, expressed his surprise at this procedure and sympathetically inquired after its cause. He requested the lady to tell him what it was in her life that could have brought this about. Did she commit sins different from those to which the generality of mankind are subject? Did she frequent company of which her confessor disapproved? Did she hold ideas and beliefs contrary to the creed of the Catholic Church?

All these questions, it seems, were emphatically answered in the negative.

Upon the Pope pressing her for further information she told him that she was the favored subject of special revelations and disclosures. Important and valuable information had come to her from the spirit-world. Deceased friends and relatives had communicated to her truths of the utmost significance to mankind. Quite recently Pope Pius IX. had spoken with her and even the great Leo had made his appearance. She explained that these appearances were now well known and understood and increasingly admitted and recognized by science; the priests alone were hopelessly ignorant of the matter and either did not believe in the reality of these visitations or, when they did believe in them, went so far as to forbid all such intercourse.

Throughout the interview the good lady had not mentioned the word Spiritism or had given any clue as to how these visits of the departed were induced. She had evidently assumed ignorance of the subject on the part of the Holy Father. When she had concluded her statement, the Pope put some searching questions to his visitor, to which he desired accurate and unevasive answers.



I will give in substance what was said, quoting from notes taken immediately on my return from the Vatican.

Pope: Yes! What you have told me is very interesting. You have evidently been shown some signal and exceptional favors. You have had visits from Pio Nono and even from the late holy Pontiff! But now tell me how do you obtain these privileges? Do these personages come to you unbidden, or do you adopt any kind of means to bring about their appearance?

Visitor: They are always near me, Holy Father. But, of course, they cannot become visible or communicate with me unless I furnish certain aids and facilities.

Pope: I see. I see. To facilitate their appearance you take a certain initiative; you form what is called a spirit circle.

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: And you employ the services of a certain person called a medium or a sensitive?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: And this medium or sensitive, after a time, passes into a state of unconsciousness or trance?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: And it is when these conditions have been created that the spirits you have named make their appearance?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: And you have told your confessor that you are practicing this kind of spirit-intercourse?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: And he has forbidden you to continue these practices?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: But you have disobeyed him in the belief that he is ignorant while you have a superior kind of knowledge?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: And you have in spite of your disobedience gone to confession to him and asked for absolution?

Visitor: Yes, Holy Father.

Pope: I see. I see. Well now, my child, go back to your home and tell this worthy priest that you have been to see the Pope and have told him your story. Tell him that the Holy Father is delighted with his firmness and his accurate theological knowledge. Tell him that he blesses him and thoroughly approves of all that he has done. And tell him also that if he continues on this course and thus loyally serves the Church, the Holy Father may some day make him a Bishop.

I have nothing to record that could in anywise throw light upon the feelings and state of mind with which the Pope's visitor left

his presence. And I have been wondering what she said to her confessor!

#### LAY CO-OPERATION.

A great deal has been said in recent times by our Bishops respecting the Church's increasing need of lay coöperation and many a pastoral has dealt with this no doubt very important subject; but it seems to me that, so far, no very clear and well-defined scheme has been proposed or suggested. When one comes down to the ultimate practical question as to the how and when and where all seems vague and misty and undefined. It would be difficult to put in concise form what it is precisely that our Bishops desire and how they think their desires can most effectually be carried out. And the matter manifestly bristles with innumerable difficulties.

In the non-Catholic bodies excellent and extensive use is made of lay agency. There are the active church wardens, relieving the clergyman of much of his financial burden; there are well-organized bodies of church workers and district visitors; there are specially trained and authorized lay readers, who conduct minor services and in some instances really do a good deal of clerical work. The same system is scarcely applicable to Catholic conditions and needs. The circumstances are so very different. There is, in the first place, no money for the systematic maintenance of any kind of lay agency. And there is, in the second place, no desire on the part of our Catholic people to accept lay ministrations. It is the priest and the priest alone whom our people want when they are in domestic trouble or in spiritual difficulties. I should like to know what would happen to the lay person who visited an Irish family on a spiritual mission as the representative of the priest! I doubt very much whether he would repeat his visit. The circumstances and the entire point of view are so very different. The Anglican clergyman, as I have so often said, is really a social and a moral force; the Catholic priest is a spiritual and supernatural one, and for the well-instructed Catholic the former can never by any possible chance perform the duties and functions of the latter, quite apart from the matter of distinctly sacramental ministrations.

But it seems to me that our Bishops and clergy would greatly ease some of their burdens if they made larger use of the responsible lay element in the temporal administration of their parishes, if they entrusted laymen of standing more extensively with offices filled in the Anglican Church by the time-honored church warden. Something like this system is in operation in some parishes, I know, and is working well; but it seems to me that it admits of

infinitely greater extension and development. "We clergy," said a priest to me not long ago, "are often regarded by our people as possessing unique opportunities of cultivating our spiritual life and of increasing our knowledge of the things in God. There never was a greater mistake. All that I can think of from morning till night is how to raise the money to keep things going and to pay the interest on the debt of my church." It should be possible, it seems to me, by the display of a greater confidence in the laity and a readiness on the part of the laity favorably situated to free the priest more effectually from some of his galling burdens.

Unfortunately, some laymen do not seem to realize that the undertaking of any such systematic work requires the willing sacrifice of time and leisure. The clergy have often told me that while they have numerous laymen in their parishes always willing to figure on committees and councils and to take part in debates, there are few ready to render serious and systematic and self-denying service. They let the ultimate burden of the work fall upon the priest.

There is, of course, the field of literature, in which a layman can serve his Bishop and the Church. And much has been said and written on this subject of late. But here again there are difficulties, which those who speak about these matters seem to be leaving entirely out of sight.

Literary work demands for its production time and leisure. The man who undertakes it must either possess means or he must produce such work as will enable him to earn a livelihood. Most of our Catholic writers are not persons of means, and our Catholic people cannot be said to be a reading people. Catholic literature, therefore, is badly paid and receives little encouragement and less compensation. It is only one writer here and there who can venture to make a profession of it. It is only one in a hundred who is, by peculiar and exceptional circumstances, brought to the front and who succeeds. Some publishers drive hard and merciless bargains, which make many an author shrink from a second attempt. There is no fund supporting any kind of literary work and helping a man over his initial difficulties. There is in this respect nothing in the Church in any sense approaching organization. The matter, therefore, remains an interesting subject for discussion in Bishops' speeches and pastorals; it never assumes a practical and concrete form.

Early in my Catholic life I was earnestly warned off the ground by several experienced and sensible persons. If I have persevered and in some measure succeeded in spite of this warning, it is solely owing to the circumstance that I have a special and peculiarly

interesting subject to deal with, which is increasingly commanding the attention of thoughtful men.

A good many years ago I had an interesting conversation on this subject with the late Cardinal Vaughan, who was keenly conscious of the disadvantages under which we Catholic laymen labor in this respect. He begged me very earnestly to make suggestions. I had written some articles for the *Dublin Review* which had met with his approval. I suggested the formation of a Catholic publishing company, with some funds to back it, paying Catholic authors a fair wage, assisting them while they were arranging for publication or creating fresh work and earnestly inviting the coöperation and aid of the Catholic public. He liked the scheme and thought it feasible and practicable; but unhappily he fell ill and died before anything further could be done in the matter.

Years before the initiation of the American Catholic Encyclopedia I realized the urgent need of some such work. Encyclopedias of every kind could be found on the shelves of the British Museum and in our public libraries; the Catholic Encyclopedia alone was non-existent. A Catholic author had to search laboriously and in separate volumes for authoritative information.

I proposed to adapt the great German *Kirchen-Lexikon* for English readers and students and obtained permission from Herder to carry out the work. It required a little money and an English publisher with a little spirit. Neither the first nor the second could be found, and as a consequence the scheme fell through. These are some examples of the difficulties which beset the Catholic writer anxious to serve the Church and by that service to secure his livelihood.

What is really wanted in respect of this matter is much less talk and a little practical action and organization, so that the Catholic writer can look to at least a little support and is not wholly at the mercy of the publisher whose interest in his work is of a purely commercial and financial character. With the very limited public to which Catholic books appeal in England such support cannot possibly be done without.

I certainly believe in the immense value of sermons and lectures, but I have good reason to value still higher the missionary possibilities of a really good Catholic book. While the first speaks to hundreds, the second often speaks to thousands, and its influence, in some instances, reaches to the uttermost ends of the earth.

All this, of course, applies with equal force to journalism, where the difficulties are often still greater, since the lack of technical knowledge and experience and the wretchedly bad pay often effectually bar the way to success and usefulness. I have written numerous

articles for Catholic papers. I have seldom received pecuniary compensation for my work.

Again, there is the lecturing field; but how very limited and circumscribed is this field here in Catholic England! In the Anglican sphere scientific men of repute are apt to concern themselves with religious questions and seek to aid the Church in its conflict with antagonistic thought.

The scientific men engaged in similar work in our sphere can be counted on our fingers. I do not know whether they do not exist or do not care to come forward. In any case, we hear little of them. It may be urged that in the Catholic sphere some of our priests are our scientific men, and this is no doubt very true; but can we really maintain that in this particular field the priest carries more weight than the layman? Is there not the vague consciousness in the educated mind that his are foregone conclusions, since for him only one solution of modern difficulties is thinkable?

Is it not the man who fearlessly conducts his researches in the independent scientific sphere and who, in spite of a thousand influences pulling him in the opposite direction, sees no cause whatever to forsake Catholic ground who carries most weight.

We have to remember that we are living in times when the most loyal Catholics will, in many matters of grave import, think for themselves and when all non-Catholic literature bristles with difficulties in respect of matters of faith. I am speaking from an extensive and in many respects unique knowledge when I say these things. I receive letters sometimes from Catholics asking questions with respect to modern discoveries in my own particular sphere of research which would surprise many a Bishop and priest.

I have a vivid recollection of an interview which I once had with a grand knight of a local body of Knights of Columbus in America. He was a prominent lawyer of much local influence and a leading Catholic layman of the town. I found that he was very fully and accurately informed respecting the most recent discoveries and conclusions in the matter of psychical science and expressed it as his own opinion that the Church's view of the matter was an erroneous one; he stood on the side of her opponents. He thought the scientific attitude of mind to be by far the more intelligible and reasonable one.

We are, I am persuaded, indulging in this respect in a false and somewhat dangerous security, and I am inclined to think that there will be a painful awakening some day. Our Bishops are apt to take too much for granted. They trust too much in the appearance of things. It would be well, I think, if they could succeed in increasingly drawing the scientific lay element into the service.

of the Church and secure its active aid and coöperation. There is for it here most certainly a splendid field of useful activity. And money devoted to this purpose would most certainly be well invested.

What we require in our days is not general information on the great subjects affecting religious thought. Such information is constantly and freely given in magazines and newspapers. What we require is full and really accurate information founded upon full and accurate knowledge of specific subjects.

A good lecture by a scientific man on some of the burning questions of the day which can scarcely fail to puzzle the mind may tend to remove a mountain of difficulties and may save many a truth-loving Catholic from losing his faith. One is sometimes distressed at witnessing the intense activity which reigns in the non-Catholic field and our own indifference and inactivity. This is no doubt in large measure due to that instinctive and very proper sense that nothing can seriously affect our position; but it is possible to carry this a little too far. I think it was our present Pope who once said that one of the greatest perils of our day was the apathy of the good, and there is a very great truth in this. Scientific knowledge, it is true, cannot give us supernatural faith and save our souls, but it can most certainly remove those barriers which prevent the effectual exercise of that faith and which are apt to keep the soul in the bondage of doubt, or at least of misgiving. "The Catholic of the nineteenth century," writes Archbishop Ireland in his introduction to "The Life of Father Hecker," "all the world over is too quiet, too easily resigned to the will of God, attributing to God the effects of his own timidity and indolence."

"If this modern movement," said a thoughtful spiritualist to me not very long ago, "is really due to the activities of the devil, as your Church seems to teach, all I can say is that the devil's intelligence department is far better equipped than yours. You give little evidence to the world that you really believe the doctrines that you proclaim."

The layman, on the other hand, if the Church honors him by making use of his knowledge and his services must act with tact and discretion. He must keep to his own sphere of work and research. He must not invade the sphere which by right is that of the priest and the theologian, except perhaps in the way of drawing very general inferences and conclusions. He must not indulge in unsafe and illegitimate theories and speculations. He must give evidence to his Bishop that he can be trusted entirely and unreservedly.

My experience has taught me that it is often this feeling of a

perhaps justified misgiving on the part of our Bishops with regard to the layman and a certain lack of tact and discretion on his part which hinder much useful service and coöperation. The times are too dangerous, and religious and scientific error, in their most attractive forms, are too rampant to admit of any but an absolutely safe course.

And in the present state of our knowledge it seems to me to be a *sine quâ non*, too, that the layman who thinks he has a message for educated Catholics should be a specialist in his department, a man thoroughly well up in the particular subject with which he ventures to deal. It is impossible for any man in our days to know many subjects well; if he makes any such attempt, he is only likely to lose himself in vague generalities and in unconvincing inferences. Serious men ask for truth and for facts, carefully collected and patiently examined and verified and supported by incontrovertible evidence; they care little for personal views and theories.

The days of the lecturer who carries his audience by the tricks of rhetoric or by appeals to the imagination or emotions clearly are over. These things are despised and seen through by really thinking and educated men, however much they may impress and move the masses.

I cannot help feeling that some kind of organization on practical and common sense lines and corresponding to the needs of a particular diocese would lead to some very useful and practical results. It is difficult to see how any such results can be achieved without it.

For the work of the Catholic lecturer an infinitely better and wider field, of course, exists in the United States of North America. Lecturing there is organized in the sense that it really constitutes a recognized profession. The specialist lecturer may be met with in all parts of the country and in all kinds of institutions. And if he has really some specific and interesting information to impart, there is probably no man in the world who receives a more kindly and hearty welcome. And his services are in most instances generously remunerated.

The American of thoughtful and studious temperament has a craving for information on subjects not perhaps immediately and easily accessible to him and he will spend his money and put himself to much inconvenience to satisfy that craving. I can in this respect speak from considerable personal experience. I have delivered lectures on psychical research in various parts of the world, but I do not think that I have had anywhere such keen and appreciative audiences as in the educational institutions of America. It is there not merely a question of spending an interesting evening; the

American student *wants to know* and does not let one go until he does know. He has always a host of questions to ask and he will ask them one way or another—either personally at the end of a lecture or by letter, or by seeking an interview on the following day. And woe to the man who has not his subject at his fingers' ends and can give good and solid reasons for the assertions he has made. All subjects bearing on the problems of human destiny and religion seldom fail to secure his whole-hearted interest. One sometimes wishes with all one's heart that the interest in the greatest of all the subjects that can occupy the human mind were equally keen in the Old World.

#### THE IDEAL PRIEST.

There is, I suppose, no Catholic who does not carry in his heart and mind some picture of what he regards as the ideal priest. It is no doubt true that this picture is, in most instances, a vague and ill-defined one, lying deep down in the depths of the subconscious life; but it is when one meets the priest who does not in any sense correspond to one's ideal that one becomes conscious that the picture exists.

I have often in the course of my Catholic life tried to define for myself what my own ideal priest is like; but I have again and again abandoned this attempt with a distinct sense of failure and dissatisfaction, fresh experience and observation constantly rectifying and modifying my views. I have only in later years come to a clear and what I believe to be a final definition.

One is, of course, necessarily affected in such a matter by one's own temperament and religious ideals as well as by the peculiar influences which some particular priest may have exercised over one's life. Now, it seems to me that the marks and qualities which characterize the ideal priest are plainly indicated in the Holy Scriptures and may also be traced in the entire life-history of the Catholic Church throughout the centuries.

The ideal priest would seem to be the man whose character and life and the mode of whose activity are fashioned according to the pattern presented by our Divine Lord Himself and by the Apostles after Him, and who presents divine truth to the world, not so much by the correctness of his creed or by the conformation of his life and practices to certain accepted standards as by the exhibition of a *divinely-formed personality*—that personality becoming the all-constraining witness to and living proof of the truth and correctness of the creed professed. The thought is perhaps best and most forcibly expressed in the familiar formula: "*Sacerdos alter Christus*" (the priest another Christ).

But are we not apt in our study of this deeply interesting subject



to lose sight of the great truth which underlies this pregnant statement? We read the formula in books and we repeat it in our writings and our conversation; but we seldom stop to inquire what it really means and whether we have grasped its deep import. We allow our judgment to be affected and impressed by current ideas as to the priestly life and priestly ideals, which may be good and excellent in their way, but which cannot be said to be in keeping with what the Gospels so plainly and unmistakably set forth. And my impression certainly is that one reason why the influence which the Catholic priest exercises upon the world of our day is not greater than it is to be ascribed to this cause. We are apt to emphasize the significance of certain forms of external activity and affirmation without sufficiently realizing that these are of no great value apart from that something behind them, which distinguishes them from those of all other men and which is the all-important thing.

It is not easy to define in accurate terms in what this something exactly consists, since the fact of its presence is not conveyed to others by word of mouth or by personal example, but by a peculiar influence exercised by a certain impression which leaves upon the mind of the percipient no doubt of its existence. It is perhaps best expressed by the term *personality*. It is, at any rate, included in that term. And we may, therefore, say that the ideal priest is a man possessed of and manifesting to the world a divinely-formed and Christlike personality. He is a supernatural man: a man, in the first place, as God meant and designed him to be and as he would be to-day but for sin and the falling away from Him; and a suitably-moulded instrument, in the second place, by which God can efficiently operate upon the human soul and by which the life-forces of the supernatural order can be made to manifest themselves in the world of sense. But I will state more fully what is in my mind.

When our Lord first began to proclaim the truths of the supernatural order, He did not merely confine Himself to the bare declaration of those truths, leaving them to find their way to the hearts and minds of His hearers. The central element in all His teaching was Himself—His own marvelous and transcendental personality. It consisted in a peculiar power and influence which radiated, as it were, from that personality and constantly witnessed to the truth of the teaching conveyed.

In the very early stages of His ministry our Lord, we read, "made that twelve should be with Him,"<sup>1</sup> in order surely, as all the after-development shows, that they might learn that He Himself really was the Gospel, since the truths which He had come to

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<sup>1</sup> St. Mark iii., 17.

disclose could not be disclosed merely by word of mouth, but needed the accompanying forceful and unmistakable witness of the Personality which disclosed them. And it was evidently the force of personality rather than the truths disclosed which first of all arrested the attention and wonder of the Disciples. It was through it that He secured their devotion and allegiance. It was by its means that He finally forced home to them the truths which He declared. (I am not, of course, speaking in this connection of the miraculous side of His ministry.)

And it is here, it seems to me, where we discern the gulf which separates Christianity from all other religions. It is this purposeful preaching of truth through personality which we trace throughout the entire Gospel record. Our Lord always and everywhere identified Himself with His teaching and in some instances even pointed to Himself as illustrating the truth of that teaching. He was not a recluse, who from some hidden place cast into the world the religious system which He had constructed, leaving the discovery of Himself and of His system to chance or circumstance. He did not, with a view to guarding Himself and His truth, confine Himself to select places or to spheres of human life where it was most likely to meet with acceptance. He was, as it were, the living embodiment of the truths He taught, the force of His personality constantly playing around them and manifesting itself through them. And He consequently made no abstract pronouncements respecting the worthiness or unworthiness, in view of the truths taught, of any kind of human business or avocation, or even of any kind of human pleasure or pursuit. He moved a living truth in the world. He was to be found in the market place amongst the multitude, in the rich man's house and at the marriage supper, as well as in the Temple and the synagogue and in the company of the fallen woman. He denounced the hypocrisy of the Pharisees and chased the money-changers from the courts of the Temple, as well as commended the humble gift of the widow and rewarded the faith of the man stricken with the palsy. He frequented the company of the rulers of the Jews and of the rich, no less than that of the poor fishermen and the publicans.

And He did not merely declare to these various persons the truths which He had come to convey and then left them to make of them what they could; but He held converse with them. He explained and illustrated those truths and helped them to view them in the light of the ordinary commonplace relations of life. He weaned His Disciples, as it were, from the fatal error of conceiving of divine truth in a merely abstract and mechanical way.

I often think that a great mistake is made when certain of our

Lord's statements are interpreted as justifying or not justifying a priest's participation in some of the world's recreations or amusements. This clearly is not the primary lesson contained in any one of these statements, no explicit law or rule regarding this matter having been laid down anywhere. For it is surely not the circumstance of our Lord's presence at any particular occasion or in any particular place which is emphasized, but the *manner* in which He behaved at such places or on such occasions—what He did and said and what the impressions were which He left upon those with whom He came in contact by these means. It is the play of personality which is exhibited to us in these various incidents and which seems to me to be the essential lesson.

Our Lord did not say: Do not go to this place or to that; do not frequent such or such a house or assembly, but "into whatsoever house you enter"<sup>3</sup> say so and so. "When thou art invited to a wedding,"<sup>4</sup> do so and so, etc., etc.

He would seem to say: Do not shun any particular place or any one particular house or assembly; but when you come to it, be careful how you act; do not hide your light under a bushel, but put it upon a candlestick; let all the world see what kind of men you are; "be wise as serpents and simple as doves,"<sup>5</sup> and "whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God."<sup>6</sup> In all cases and places, and amongst all kinds and classes of persons, acquit yourselves as "the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."<sup>7</sup>

All the Apostolic writings surely breathe this thought and principle. They went from place to place to convey their life-giving message; but they constantly appealed to themselves and their transformed lives as the witness to the truth of that message, and it is quite evident that the message itself would not have arrested the attention of its hearers had not this living witness constantly and everywhere accompanied it. It was the supernatural truth, as it expressed itself in the personality which it had shaped and formed, that brought the pagan world into the obedience of faith; and it is the truth, presented in this form, which can alone accomplish a similar miracle to-day.

The thought is very forcibly expressed by St. Paul in the first Epistle to the Corinthians.<sup>7</sup>

Some Disciples, departing from one city to another, had evidently

<sup>3</sup> St. Luke x., 5.

<sup>4</sup> St. Luke xiv., 8.

<sup>5</sup> St. Matt. x., 16.

<sup>6</sup> I. Cor. x., 31.

<sup>7</sup> I. Cor. iv., 1.

<sup>8</sup> Chapter iii.

asked for letters of commendation, such as a priest to-day would give to a member of his flock moving to some other part of the country. But the Apostle considered that they had no need of such letters, since the Disciples themselves who asked for them were his letters and the best kind of letters which he could possibly write—which could be “known and read by all men.” In such living letters all the world would be able not only to read the divine message itself, but also the transforming effect which its acceptance is able to produce. “You are the Epistles of Christ,” he exclaims, “ministered by us and written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God: not in tables of stone, but in the fleshy tables of the heart.”

It is indeed a happy simile which the Apostle has chosen in order to express the thought which is in his mind. And that the age in which the Apostle wrote needed just this kind of living witness and evidence few of us will be inclined to doubt. Nothing less than it was in the least likely to impress it. Philosophic thought and speculation had exhausted themselves. They had left the world much as they had found it. The bare presentation, therefore, of a new set of truths, declared to have been revealed, would but have been regarded by the thinkers of the day as the attempt to popularize some additional and recently-invented system of philosophy or of ethics.

The world, on the other hand, had learned to distrust and even to despise certain external acts and practices, such as long prayers and bodily mortifications. It knew only too well that they did not stand in any *necessary* relation to nobility of character and aim and to a really good and virtuous life. Something altogether different was needed to impress a world which had wandered far from God. What did impress that world, and in the course of time turn it upside down, was the appearance of men exhibiting no eccentricities, but living a simple, ordinary life, yet a life utterly changed and transformed, whose meanest act and duty was conformed to some lofty standard and in whose every manifestation the world could trace some transcendental aim or purpose.

The needs of the present age, it seems to me, are very similar in character. I doubt very much whether *anything* is likely forcibly and permanently to impress it in the Christward direction, except the exhibition of a really Christlike and supernatural personality. All other methods are manifestly imperfect and inadequate and have been attended by comparative failure. Most thoughtful men are interested in religious controversy, and some of us have read extensively on the subject. But it seems to me that we have almost reached the end of religious controversy. That

large class of men who are committed to no creed, but who are following the movements of human thought and are perhaps vaguely searching after truth take little if any interest in it. They look upon the strife of creeds with a kind of contempt. They have a sort of feeling that along those lines the difficulties are endless and that no tangible result is likely to be reached. They are content to leave these matters to the theologians. The difficulties and problems perplexing their minds are far deeper and more fundamental than all this. Does God exist? they ask. Has a revelation been given? Is Christianity that revelation? What finally is the incontrovertible evidence that *any* form of Christian doctrine is true and is from God? The best of men, claiming to hold the most correct creed and to believe in the supernatural, are negating their beliefs by their lives. They are chasing after worldly and temporal possessions and distinctions. They exhibit little if any conformity to the ideal which they proclaim. That ideal seems to have little influence upon their conduct and character and upon the manner in which they deal with their fellow-men. Their creed, in spite of its correctness, appears to have left them much as they were. Where, therefore, ultimately is the real evidence for the truth of their belief and of Christianity?

Again, it is pointed out to us times without number that there are numerous persons in our midst who claim to be living the supernatural life and who are very diligent in their attendance at religious services and functions. They obey the letter of the law, say many prayers and conform to many prescribed rules, yet their character and conduct are little changed. They do things in much the same way in which other and so-called irreligious people do them. They talk scandal and gossip and abuse their neighbors like them and show little inclination to make real sacrifices for their humbler and less fortunate fellows. Their many prayers and their diligent use of the sacraments do not seem to even sweeten their tempers—to make them less irritable and bitter and aggravating.

Where are the saints of whom we read in the history of the Church, the men and women who, for the sake of the supernatural truths which they hold, are prepared to strip themselves of all and to surrender all for Christ's sake?

I am thus not speaking of a state of things as it can in fairness be said to actually exist in the Catholic sphere. I am formulating phrases and expressions which reach one's ear incessantly as one moves about amongst men in the larger world. Whether quite justified or not, they are most certainly expressive of the impressions which this larger world has formed and is forming from what it sees and observes. They would seem to point to the circumstance

that something is wrong somewhere, and that in the presentation of Christian truth or in the exhibition of the Christian life some great principle or element is being left out or set aside. And may it not be that it is just the setting aside or forgetting of this principle which is responsible for the indifference of the great multitude to spiritual truth to-day?

For the Catholic it is, of course, of the utmost importance that his creed should be correct, expressing as it does not what his fancy selects, but what God has revealed. He must hold and profess it in its integrity and fulness, so that his right relation to God and to the supernatural order may be maintained. He cannot *under any circumstances* make concessions or compromises with respect to anything that the Church has authoritatively declared. He must be earnest and conscientious in the defense of the truth of his creed.

And it is equally certain that the spiritual life of his soul cannot be maintained without the diligent use of the sacraments, without much and earnest prayer and an employment of all those numerous aids and observances which the Church has ordained and sanctioned with a view to binding the soul to the supernatural order.

But are we not sometimes in danger of forgetting that both the holding of a correct creed and the use of the sacraments are, after all, not ends in themselves, but means to an end, that end being the sanctification of the soul and the conforming of the character as well as of the life to the pattern presented by Christ? Do we not often make the means the end and as a consequence present Catholicism to the world in a form which is bizarre and unattractive and which we cannot in reason expect the world to embrace and accept?

The Catholicism which ultimately reduces itself to a mere attitude of thought, however correct, or to a series of external observances and practices, however good in themselves, has nothing in it to arrest the attention or interest of the modern mind and may in the end hinder the Catholic cause rather than advance and promote it.

I am inclined to think that painful experiences in the matter of the religious life have made that world exceedingly cautious and critical, causing it to distrust every form of religious manifestation; which does not express itself in a radical transformation of character and in a life involving manifest self-discipline and self-control, real visible sacrifices and surrenders in the temporal order and the building up of a personality which is radically different from that which is constructed and exhibited by the world.

And I am certain that it is that priest alone who holds fast this ideal, in the realization of which he becomes the "alter Christus," reflecting and perpetuating the personality of Christ and the new

humanity created by Him, who is the priest that effectively and incisively influences the people of the time in which we live.

It is remarkable how strangely this principle is sometimes left out of sight by the very best of men who, while officially setting before the world the true Christian ideal, seem to be quite unconscious of their own inconsistencies and of the circumstance that they are presenting to the world a mere caricature of that ideal.

It is often brought as a charge against us Catholics, for instance, that some of our clergy are brusque and discourteous and that they lack many of those characteristics which graced the Saviour, their Master. We have to admit that this charge is sometimes well-founded. One does meet this type of priest in all parts of the world, and one wonders how they square their manners with the principle which they proclaim and profess to believe. Have they not, moreover, embraced a state of life which is supposed to place them a good many degrees *above* the level of the ordinary mortal? Such priests are unhappily often quite unconscious of the unfavorable impression which they are making upon the non-Catholic mind and of the harm which they are doing to the cause of Christ in the world.

I have sometimes been amused at the manner in which the fellow-priests of such an ill-mannered divine are apt to deal with this difficulty and at the effort which they make to hide the unpleasant fact from themselves and others. They will tell one "that the good father's manner must not be taken seriously." "He is in reality a very excellent and well-meaning man—is, in fact, quite a saint." "He is strenuously seeking to hide this fact from the world," etc., etc.

It does not seem to occur to those who say these things that they are but aggravating the case, since an habitually rough and discourteous person, whether he be priest or layman, can never by any chance be a saint, seeing that he is offending against a fundamental law of the Gospel and is daily exhibiting the contrast between himself and his Divine Master. It is not necessary to quote Scripture in confirmation of what I am saying; our very instincts as Christians determine such a matter for us.

I am not, of course, speaking of that state of mind, that irritation and annoyance to which we are all subject, but of a formed habit and a chronic display of ill humor—of that tendency to let oneself go and to forget those obligations to which the Christian, but the priest in particular, is pledged.

This, it may be said, is, after all, a very small matter. But it is only apparently so. Judging it by its effects, it is a very great matter indeed, great enough, in any case, to undo the better part of the good work which a priest may be doing and to neutralize the influence which he may be exercising upon his people. I am

speaking of what I know from actual experience. I know, moreover, from intercourse with the Catholic clergy that I have the best of them with me in what I am saying.

It is remarkable how very seriously the simple and uneducated masses, who seem to be guided by a kind of instinct rather than by deliberate thought and reflection, are affected by this kind of thing. They positively shrink from religion when it presents itself to them in this unsavory form, this contradiction between the faith professed and the character and disposition displayed. They have very little respect for the flagrantly inconsistent Christian.

There is a charming American novel entitled "The Virginian," the hero of which is a man who possesses a wonderful power of seeing things as they are and who judges of them by a natural and unpervverted standard. "I'll tell you this," says he. "A middlin' doctor is a pore thing and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing; but keep me from a middlin' man o' God!" There are, I know, many Catholics who will heartily endorse this statement of the Virginian.

It seems to me, then, that it is in this direction, to the truly ideal, the apostolic priest, that we must look for the real power in the Church of God to-day—for the setting in motion of those life-forces which radiate from the sacred person of Jesus Christ and which alone can restore joy and gladness to a sorrow and sin-stricken world.

Books and documents may convey to us the record of the external events of the work of redemption—their influence upon the world and on other human lives; gorgeous temples and the works of men's hands may vividly express how fervently nations and individuals have believed; the charm of oratory may fascinate the mind and tend to dispose the heart. But what are they compared with the living witness to the truth of the Gospel as it is displayed in the personal life and in the personal influence of the man on whose heart and soul Christ has engraved His message and His image, with the priest who is in deed and in truth "another Christ!"

We have—thank God!—many priests in the Church of God to-day who are thus bearing engraved upon them the lineaments of their Master, and in whose presence the soul is elevated and constrained and brought nearer to God. Such priests are God's best and noblest gifts to man, for they are not only the bearers of the divine message, but they are also its witnesses, and there radiates from their persons something of that magic power which radiated from the person of the Redeemer. They bring into life something of the world unseen of that divine atmosphere in which the soul senses the things that are eternal.

It is the breathing of this atmosphere, the conscious contact with



the eternal through personality, the living evidence of the transforming power of the Catholic religion; which is, in my opinion, the kind of evidence most calculated to convince the modern world that our religion is true and that it has God for its author.

J. GODFREY BAUPERT.

London, England.

## A SUMMER TOUR OF BRITISH AMERICA.

**A**N expatriated Genoese, John (Giovanni) Cabot, sailed from his English home of Bristol in 1497 and cast anchor, as stated by some historians, in the vicinity of Cape Breton Island, Province of Nova Scotia, and by other writers near Labrador or Newfoundland; but it remained for Jacques Cartier, in 1534, to place upon the vast territory above us the name of Canada, derived from "kanata," the Indian interpretation of which means a village. The French adventurer immediately unfurled the Gallic ensign, and it flew aloft until 1759, when the British, under the leadership of General Wolfe, decisively defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, a short distance from the city of Quebec, the Englishman dying in action, the French leader on the succeeding day. Reaching 3,500 miles from coast to coast, 1,400 miles from north to south, fully one-fourth of this vast area of 3,700,000 square miles (about the size of Europe) lies within the frigid zone, and is therefore not suitable for permanent habitation; but it is quite fallacious to assume that Canada as a whole is a mound of perpetual snow. Indeed, Ottawa, the capital, and Montreal, the metropolis, are far below our own northwestern line of demarkation, and an army of men are now driving steel highways five hundred miles above Washington, Montana and Idaho. Seven and one-half million people, many of them Americans, find climatic conditions generally healthy—warm and pleasant in summer, cold and dry during the winter solstice; let us recall that the British Isles are in the same latitude as "inhospitable Labrador." International commerce of \$800,000,000 and bank deposits of over \$1,000,000,000 lively attest the energy and thrift of our cousins beyond the border; to these figures should be added 26,000 miles of railroad, valued at about \$1,600,000,000. Our destination was Montreal, but the vacation period presented an opportunity to travel via Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, swinging leisurely down the St. Lawrence to the ancient and modern city of Quebec.

The 570-mile sail from New York to Halifax consumes about two days, and after passing York Redoubt and the Spion Kop

fortifications at the entrance of the island-dotted harbor, tourists find the town to be quite English in many ways, for a large percentage of its people are of transplanted stock, though the Gallic race and the ubiquitous Celt are well represented. Built on the slope of an isthmus, the city reaches up to the Citadel, erected by the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father) one hundred years ago, and when it is understood that the "Canadian Cronstadt" contains less than 50,000 souls, we should not be too censorious in our estimate of the Maritime capital. It is perfectly true that soft coal has cast its stamp upon the community, nor can it be denied that the frame habitations of the working classes (many of the older buildings are constructed entirely of wood) might be vastly improved by a few coats of light-colored paint; but ancient English ideas are deep-rooted, and it may be many years ere the Halifaxians are fully abreast of modern customs. However, plans involving the expenditure of fifty million dollars are now under way for improvements of various kinds, chief of which is a handsome transcontinental railway station, as trains will soon be running from the far-distant Prince Rupert, British Columbia, to this "Gibraltar of the West." Tram car lines take the visitor to every point of interest, amongst which should be noted the Open Air Market, where twice a week we find the last remnants of the old-time Micmacs, who were converted by the French missionaries in the sixteenth century, displaying their products side by side with Negro farmers and the thrifty agriculturists of Gallic origin; mention may also be made of the beautiful Public Gardens, and a fine sweep of the ocean is had from the lofty Citadel towering above the town. It is an agreeable sight to watch the gaily-garbed soldiers of His Britannic Majesty march to finely-constructed All Saints' Anglican Cathedral and St. Mary's Cathedral, two of the forty churches in the city, which is not at all bad when the faithful, who comprise one-third of the populace, possess but four edifices. Dalhousie University is the principal seat of learning, and it is stated that St. Mary's College is preparing to erect several buildings, which will make it the equal of any institution in that section of the country. The Sacred Heart and Mount St. Vincent Convents are the most prominent female seminaries; Holy Cross Cemetery is noted as being the sleeping place of that distinguished convert and statesman, Right Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson, one-time Premier of Canada. Several of the public buildings are of dignified mien, but are most sadly in need of an exterior rehabilitation. While the town is pronouncedly British, successful efforts have been made to introduce American customs, and perhaps this is one reason why some shops and office buildings are of modern design. Reveilles and bugle calls

are the order of the day in this so-called impregnable city, and at every turn we meet red-jacketed, brass-buttoned gentry, with accents not unknown to the Embankment along the Thames, whose tiny little caps always seem to be falling from their skulls as they haughtily strut along Argyll and Duke streets, as if parading the might of their English monarch; then a full-panoplied warrior looms to view, caparisoned in all the habiliments and accoutrements germane to Balaclava and Ladysmith, whose clanking sword and awe-engendering headgear at first strike terror to the hearts of unsophisticated travelers; but these dress-parade heroes of 'Arriet's heart are as innocuous as a five-year-old dreadnought and hugely enjoy the admiring glances cast upon them by the fair American tourists. Of course, the opulent ones have deemed it necessary to emulate their kinsmen beyond the seas, so we find high gates and towering fences surrounding some homes of the aristocracy. A boast is made that the large and magnificent Bedford Basin, which is frequently the scene of many animated regattas, can hold all the cruisers and men-of-war of the imperial navy, and it is officially recorded that ten thousand big and little ships arrive and depart annually from the numerous well-ordered docks along the shore. Halifax is a port of call for vessels in need of fuel, "New Scotland" raising to the surface some 7,000,000 tons of soft coal yearly, or over fifty per cent. of the entire Dominion; iron, copper and gypsum are also extensively mined. Manufactures are rapidly forging to the front, being valued at over \$70,000,000 every twelve months. Fishing is also the pastime of 25,000 "Scotians," who have \$5,000,000 invested in nearly 1,000 smacks, results annually reaching upwards of \$12,000,000; archaic vessels are gradually being superseded by modern gasoline motorboats, which are proving quite beneficial to both fishermen and fish market. Farming assists very materially in aiding the people to thrive, the entire value of lands and products in 1912 being placed at \$147,000,000. Fruit growing has been brought to a high state of development in the Province, apple orchards alone exporting some 2,000,000 barrels to England; and when it is known that a vast array of sightseers frequently throng the handsome Hotel Halifax and other inns, it is understood why the half-million people of this land twice the size of Belgium, enjoying absolute political and religious liberty, are as happy as those of other nations.

Cautious hands directed the English Exchequer in the olden days, for the entry, "To hym who founde the New Isle, 10 Pounds," appears in the early history of Newfoundland—perhaps for the purpose of allowing Cabot to build another flotilla of caravels to plant the Union Jack on other regions of the unknown world toward

the west; but if the able Italian mariner was not fairly reimbursed for his explorations, those who visit "Terra Nova" during the summer season are benefited in many ways. St. John's is about 550 miles northeast of Halifax, and at sunrise of the third day the "ship" was flashing tiny opera glasses and powerful binoculars on the distant cliffs rising sharply from the ocean's floor. As seaborne travelers know, it is difficult to distinguish between clouds and islands when the air is misty, and, of course, several heavy wagers of cigars and sweets were made that the gray-clad promontory dead ahead was merely a heavy Newfoundland fog, while several world-girdlers prophesied that it was in reality the first colony upon which was planted the flag of England; but as the screws drove us on at top speed across the Banks, we had all been quite positive in the beginning that any one should have known the rocky fortress was none other than the "Norway of the West" itself. We were prepared to view precipitous steeps and gorgeous barricades equal to the storm-ravaged terraces of the Scandinavian coast, and as the engines slowed down to take aboard the husky pilot, there towered immediately above our larboard side a series of gigantic cliffs that seemed to pierce the firmament on high; but still no human habitation was perceptible to our vision. And to the right a hundred grotesque, red-sailed smacks were busily engaged in hauling from the deep codfish and crustaceans of many varieties, amounting to \$12,000,000 yearly and ranging from herring to whales, the latter numbering perhaps 500 and frequently exceeding seventy feet in length; fine specimens of the cod are occasionally brought ashore measuring nearly six feet and weighing about sixty pounds. A little later we discern the lofty Cabot Tower, and a swing to the left brings to view a great aperture in the rocky barricade they call "The Narrows"—and now we are steaming along to the metropolis of Newfoundland, named in honor of St. John the Baptist. The hardy men who spend their lives on the undulating waves of the North Atlantic go out to the sea in dories and sixty-tonners, and all with the laudable desire to maintain the 250,000 folks left on terra firma; after many days they return to unload their haul, and quite a few to spend a night or so in the whitewashed cottages that cling to the cliffs encircling the bay. Perhaps the lofty homes of these "cliff-dwellers" are not as gaudy as those of our *nouveau riche*, but their altitudinous humility is suffused with an air of coziness not germane to many mansions of the noble. When springtime arrives, the greatest sealing fleet on the globe leaves the bay for the Arctic seas, to eventually bring back a hundred thousand pelts, valued at nearly \$1,000,000; from this northernmost city on the Atlantic coast start explorers bound

for the frozen wastes above. As illustrating the enormous "catch" yearly brought into the harbor, it is stated that not less than *two hundred million* cod are annually hauled up from the Atlantic's bed, the bulk being consigned to seafood merchants in St. John's.

It would be hyperbole to compare St. John's with a Seattle or a Calgary, the ancient town still retaining many idiosyncrasies characteristic of a distant era; every one seems contented with life, and the cry of "there's millions in it" has not as yet invested the gigantic bastion hurled skyward from Neptune's hotte. Religion has a deep interest for the populace, Methodist and Presbyterian churches being numerous, and the Anglican Cathedral (costing \$750,000) is a handsome edifice; but the principal building of the island is St. John's Catholic Cathedral, which, together with St. Bonaventure's College, towers above the hilly metropolis. To the rear of the great sanctuary, which is said to seat between seven and eight thousand people, are the homes of those of exalted social station, the luscious cod, rich timber and mineral lands having created an élite of superior rank. The capital has its well-equipped theatre, rich-appearing homes, homes not so elaborate, an electric trolley system, moving-picture halls and fine office buildings, while on busy Water street are found numerous business houses and shops of modern style; indeed, from the harbor, which bears a striking resemblance to New York Bay, the sightseer considers the seat of legislation to possess more than 35,000 souls. The town boasts one good hotel, and very fair accommodations may be had for \$2.50 per day at inns that make the epicure a gourmand as he partakes of the various courses of aquatic products prepared by the cunning hand of a Newfoundland *chef*. Peculiar-talking jehus are familiar with all the interesting spots and driveways leading to Outer Cove or Torbay, and it may remove a doubt by stating that several of the well-kept country lanes are as charming of vista the most æsthetic eye might wish to view; nor should it be thought that all the islanders are a good-natured but bad-mannered people. Indeed, the majority are as intelligent and refined as the residents of any community in the States; in fact, it would be somewhat inconsistent if it were otherwise, for the "Half-way House of the Atlantic" is daily and nightly flooded with tons of those mysterious dots and dashes the nine cable stations draw from fathomless depths that wash the boundaries of many lands. Independence is also a striking characteristic of the populace, and this is one of several reasons why they have steadfastly refused to consolidate with the Canadian Confederation, which event occurred in 1867. In religious affairs Catholics lead the island with 80,000, Anglicans 75,000, Methodists 62,000, "others" 11,000. Schools are supported by the

State, the Christian Brothers maintaining St. Bonaventure's College, the Sisters of Mercy conducting St. Bride's Academy.

Unfortunates addicted to the reprehensible use of alcoholic beverages will find it advisable to prepare themselves in advance, for "public houses" are but little frequented by the abstemious residents, who have enacted a drastic rule to the effect that liquors shall only be dispensed between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M.—a drastic rule that would prove highly beneficial to human society in other sections of the earth.

Men who worship at the shrine of the early fathers are now prominent politically, socially and materially, but in 1757 Governor Edwards, a very pious son of the Anglican Church, and one of the ablest financiers of his time, needed money to complete the Episcopalian edifice, so he issued this order to the magistrates: "Whereas, the church in this place has been carried on by the subscription of *well-disposed Christians*, and it being highly necessary that it should be covered in as soon as possible, you are therefore required and hereby directed to cause the *evil-disposed persons* mentioned in the margin to repair to work to the 4th of Nov. next, as it appears that they are livers in this place who have not subscribed, or to cause them to go to work till that time." His Excellency's method of building the church was simple, direct and efficient, for the Nonconformists, Catholics, Jews and "livers" in general were to be incarcerated in an iniquitous institution styled a "gaol" if they meditated regarding their immediate line of procedure.

Saxon blood is still predominant, but the peregrinating Celt has long been known to "Terra Nova," and he has succeeded in breaking down the insularity of other days, with the result that the growing Church of Rome enjoys the respect and esteem of men professing various creeds. In 1907 Sir Edward Patrick Morris (the first Catholic to hold the position in fifty years) was elected to the Premiership, and during his tenure of office many improvements have been inaugurated for the well-being of the colony; in fact, it is generally conceded that he and Sir Robert Reid, the railroad and steamship magnate, are the ablest men the island has yet produced.

When Newfoundlanders were of lesser rank, they delighted in the ancient cognomina bestowed upon various places, but prosperity and education have somewhat transformed their ideas of things, and now we find Archbishop Howley, who has Suffragans in Harbor Grace and St. George's, acting as chairman of the Nomenclature Board, and his perspicacity has transmuted Dark Tickle to Brighton, Cat's Cove to Avondale, Dog Bay to Horwood and Ragged Harbor to fragrant Melrose. His Grace for the nonce holds in abeyance decisions regarding Blow-Me-Down, Cock and Hen Cove, Come-

by-chance, Dead Lobster Bay, Pat Powers Cove and several other embryo cities on the list of the Postmaster General of old Newfoundland. Though sunstroke is somewhat extraneous to the home of the "Bankers" during the season the auriferous orb is beaming on Magellan Strait, it is a grievous mistake to regard the island as merely the habitat of the polar bear. Winters are cold, but not too severe for comfort, and the natives find many diversions to while away their evening leisure. Ice hockey and skating are favorite pastimes, and caribou hunting is familiar to many of the inhabitants. When Old Sol comes north, the weather is delightful, long diurnal hours allowing open-air games until two hours ere the silver-throated chimes announce the birth of another morn; for it should not be forgotten that in this northern latitude the sovereign luminary does not slip beyond the western circle until 8 o'clock; then comes an hour of twilight, and perchance those empurpled phantoms whose rendezvous lies many leagues beyond the glaciers of Labrador may deign to emblazon the supernal bay with those golden shafts of "merry dancers" no mundane pen, no grandiloquent tongue can well portray—the auroral precursor of another day.

Harbor Grace (population 5,000) is an anti-strenuous city on Conception Bay; no one has ever been known to die of heart disease, though the town contains a couple of small shoe factories, two oil plants, four churches, cliffs that should inspire the soul of Poe or Daly, two cable landings, quaint cottages and quainter natives, while the roads and lakes roundabout make one resolve to return when the heart and body of man are languid from the hurly-burly assiduity of modern life. The 26,000 Catholics of the diocese are ably directed from an attractive cathedral by His Lordship Bishop John March.

Curious people have often inquired why the various species of fish congregate in such large numbers around the shores of this little-known, much-maligned, self-governing colony, one-third larger than the Emerald Isle. Those who follow the sea assert that the answer is found in the presence of myriads of jellyfish, those most peculiar "sea-nettles," as our friend Aristotle was wont to call the enriching provender of aquatic animals of predaceous mould. Of course, finnyfolk in general, and codfish in particular, is the mainstay of the people, many of whom are engaged in salting and drying the product for export to Catholic countries; but agriculture is looming up of late years, while mineral and timber lands are also undergoing great development. Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher, has invested \$6,000,000 in the Grand Falls paper mills, driven by water power and said to be the most modern in the world. Over 200 tons are daily produced and shipped by the company's railroad to

Botwood, to be later laid down in London twenty-five per cent. cheaper than it can be secured elsewhere, for it will be recalled that St. John's is only 2,000 miles from the British metropolis. It is also interesting to note that 10,000,000 feet of lumber is yearly shipped to other lands, much of it going to erect the cities of far-distant Argentina, 7,000 miles to the south. Reid's Newfoundland Railway was put into operation in 1881, and from that year may be dated the development of the country's treasures. The trunk line runs far to the north, then zigzags down to Port aux Basques, 550 miles to the west; the sleepers are superior to those of Europe, while the parlor cars and dining service are equal to the best on the English lines; various branches bring the trackage up to 1,000 miles. Much of the scenery along the route is of a wild and charming nature, and here and there are seen many well-tilled and prosperous-looking plantations. Indeed, the army of tourists who yearly come to visit the gorgeous prospects by land and sea are quickly disillusioned of prejudices long entertained of this isolated empire now preparing to take its place among the nations of the world.

Sightseers will enjoy a day or two at Port aux Basques, a rapturous spot where the Vikings of old made their habitat. Surrounded by tall and captivating hills, the rock-rimmed basin, with its fiords and trawlers, cozy little cottages and quiet-spoken natives, reminds the visitor of those wave-lashed coves along the Trondheim coast. Moreover, the residents are a happy group of mortals, kindly of nature and devoid of those frills and furbelows prevailing in lands not remote.

"As bleak as Labrador" is familiar to every schoolboy, who imagines Newfoundland's dependency to be perennially surrounded by walrus and towering icebergs. The resident population numbers 4,000 "liverys" (live heres), but this is augmented every summer by 15,000 fisherfolk—men, women and children—who return in the fall with 1,200 schooners loaded to the rails with cod of various sizes. The world has probably nothing so unique as this annual migration of these Newfoundland anglers to Labrador. In the merry month of May they close their cottages, pack their chattels aboard their floating habitations and proceed to spend a vacation in the northland; in September they return to the fatherland. Labrador is now chiefly noted for its fisheries and scenery, but geologists assert that minerals of many strata are lodged in its subterranean vaults; in fact, several experts have placed themselves on record as saying that a future generation will find precious ore in sufficient abundance to make it rank as one of the great gold fields of the world. Sir William MacGregor traveled far and wide in this unknown land, and states that the timber area is practically



inexhaustible. At one lumber camp the mill was handling trees seven feet in circumference and containing as high as 240 rings; this means that the trees in question were perhaps 240 years old. Dr. Grenfell, of the Deep Sea Mission, proclaims the scenery along the coast as equal to the famous fiords of Norway.

When we crossed Cabot Strait to North Sydney, Cape Breton, a twin-screw steamer rushed eastward in a frenzied haste to England. Treacherous bergs or misty palls, little dories or largest trawlers were but picayunes in the path of this proud annihilator of space and time—and then we understood why countless anguished hearts and fatherless children in the vicinity of the Grand Banks cry out for a cessation of this maddened flight across the fishing grounds of Newfoundland. What a vast array of noble, weather-beaten men have been consigned to gruesome, unhallowed tombs—to save a few tons of coal and a few hours of time!

Innumerable deep-sea fishing smacks were passed all the way up to Anticosti Island, at which point began the 300-mile sail along the St. Lawrence, skirted on the south by the Notre Dame Mountains and on the north by the rugged Laurentian Range. A stiff north-wester sent the whitecaps tumbling in all directions as the retrospective mind involuntarily paused to honor the memories of those dauntless navigators, the French Cartier and the Italian Cabot, who braved those treacherous reefs two hundred years before George Washington was born—and in little sixty-tonners a few feet longer than a modern lifeboat. Stadacona, as Quebec was known to the Indians, is a good-sized city of 80,000 people, and has made much progress in recent years. It now contains many small factories and is also a prominent port of call for various lines of steamers; tourists materially assist in making the natives opulent. Quebec has the distinction of being the oldest bishopric north of Mexico, having been erected in 1674; the first Bishop was François de Montmorency Laval. Originally the diocese embraced all of Canada and about half of the United States. Church properties are insured in an archdiocesan institution to the extent of \$8,000,000; the vast bulk of the people profess the ancient creed, but all denominations receive an equal division of the school funds. Laval University (founded in 1663) is a massive structure six stories high, and has the reputation of having graduated more famous men than any other college in the realm; female academies are also plentiful in the city; the Ursuline Nuns were the first Sisters to found a noble charity on Canadian soil, the Hôtel Dieu, begun under the superintendence of Mme. de la Patrie in 1637.

Of course, every community proclaims its unrivaled attractions in glowing phrase, but Quebec is perhaps the one and only spot

beneath the skies that transports the sightseer from the sixteenth to the twentieth century within the twinkling of an eye. Divided into two parts, the Upper Town and the Lower Town, we behold from the heights of the stupendous cliff (180 feet deep) the unique and picturesque houses and passages of the little habitations that first saw the light when Samuel de Champlain and his Gallic associates founded the quaint and curious place in 1608; from broad and lengthy Dufferin Terrace the tourist looks down on a labyrinth of alleyways which for the sake of courtesy are known as streets; then we gaze upon the single spire of the humble Chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires, built in 1688, and as we turn there soar heavenward the outlines of a vast and majestic basilica; a limousine of regal make rolls swiftly along the well-kept boulevard, and down below we see the ancients of old Rouen sitting and chatting at the feudal doorways; slowly drifting towards the town, her sails lazily flapping in answer to the gentle breeze, we descry a galleon of Norman build, and gracefully plowing the placid waters, her giant funnels belching skyward vast plumes of jet, a great leviathan speeds onward to the Atlantic lane; to the left the gorgeous Chateau Frontenac haughtily surveys the grandeur of the Laurentian Hills and the breakers that roll perennially toward the east, then we view the microscopic inn of the mediæval age; on the Citadel above us glistening but gruesome guns stand prepared to fling far and wide their shells and shrapnel; from the depths of the great escarpment ascend the echoes of some old rhyme sung in the distant long ago.

Such is the ancient and modern city of Quebec; but the antiquary would view with grave consternation the horseless vehicles and electric cars that roll so incongruously along the highways of this most antique relic of another age. It is indeed a noble prospect, for as the glass sweeps up and down and across the buoyant stream, we scan a panorama difficult for a human pen to faithfully describe. In the Lower Town are found the banks and places of general business, and, of course, the humble but honest proletariat; in the Upper Town dignified statesmen formulate the laws for the Province in a handsome House of Parliament that was built and furnished by architects and artisans of local fame; and along the sides of Grande Allee there repose palatial homes of the proudest patricians of all the land—a land that speaks the tongue of France while gazing at the English ensign flapping from the halyard above. Of course, in order to be truly archaic, the natives deemed it imperative to erect two exquisitely designed “gates” similar to those in vogue in fallen empires, and both archways, “Kent Gate” and “St. Louis Gate,” lend an air of mediævalism to the surroundings that makes

is less difficult for the visitor to imagine himself viewing a portal in some dead and buried empire of the old régime.

Perhaps Robespierre was not a very saintly personage, but he proved a kindly benefactor to the metropolitan church, for herein are found a group of noble paintings, among them "The Christ of the Cathedral," by Van Dyke, and the "Ecstasy of St. Paul," by Maratti, smuggled away from France to escape incineration during the animated days of the Revolution, when to believe in God was a treason that called for decapitation. It is a recognized fact that cynics frequently accompany the 100,000 pilgrims who annually visit the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, patron saint of Canada, but there seems to be irrefragable evidence to substantiate many marvelous cures rendered through the intercession of the holy saint. Inside the entrance of the new and beautiful edifice we find countless crutches and braces left by those whose ailments have undergone improvement and perhaps have been entirely cured. Twenty miles east of Quebec and reached by electric cars, the sacred spot has an interesting history. A few years after the founding of Quebec, a crew of Breton sailors, buffeted around by a wicked storm, vowed to build a shrine in honor of St. Anne should she guide them to safety. After landing at the site where now stands the handsome basilica, they built a modest little chapel in fulfilment of their promise. In 1660 it became necessary to rebuild the primitive edifice; in 1670 the Chapter of Carcassonne, France, sent out a relic of St. Anne, to be kept in the new shrine. Rich presents have come from the Court of Louis XIV., and the Queen Mother, Anne of Austria, embroidered a chasuble for the service of St. Anne's new altar; in 1889 Cardinal Taschereau consecrated the present church, now in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers.

The Province of Quebec covers 230,000 square miles (over twice the size of Italy) and contains a population of 2,100,000, the increase of 21 per cent. in ten years being almost entirely due to the very high birth rate, families of twelve children being common; Catholics claim 85 per cent. of the inhabitants; it should also be understood that 10,000 French-Canadians annually emigrate to the United States and the Far Western Provinces. Immense forests are found in the northern section, and mining products last year totaled upward of \$15,000,000; the asbestos mines are amongst the most productive on the globe; the fisheries are a very important asset, but agriculture is the principal mainstay of the people. Fourteen divorces have been recorded in the Province since 1906. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the world's foremost statesmen, Premier from 1896 to 1911, is a native of Arthabaska.

For some reason not intelligently explained, the river trip to

Montreal (180 miles) may be made only at night, and we at first regretted the necessity of entraining for Montreal; but after crossing to Lévis, on the southern bank, the picturesqueness of Quebec looms high above us in all its grandeur. We leave on the Government-owned Intercolonial Railway, and from time to time have an opportunity of learning how and why the *habitants* (as they call the French-Canadians) manage to bring up very large families and acquire much material prosperity. A century ago, let us say, a farmer became possessed of 100 acres; at his death the ground was equally divided among his children; in turn, each child subdivided his holdings among his offspring; and this is why we find so many lengthy strips of land, together with comfortable cottages, on either side of the track. Some of these plots may be only 500 feet wide and 1,000 feet deep, but they are intelligently worked and little is allowed to remain idle. In a word, the *habitant* is as loyal to his farm as he is to his faith, while his good wife counts her young ones by the dozen—a slight contrast with conditions obtaining in the former home of these healthy, virile people.

When in 1535 Jacques Cartier first gazed at the eminence towering above the island of Hochelaga, upon which stands the flourishing metropolis of Canada, he named it "Mont Royal," in due time to be debased to Montreal; and even if the voyagers did not have at their disposal the inclined railway that ascends the hill to-day, they were well rewarded for their arduous climb of 1,000 feet to the apex as they scanned the strange and primitive huts of the aborigines, the bending landscape of the island and the intrepid Indian daring death as he skilfully swung his shell-like bark down the boiling vortex of the Lachine Rapids. In those days the whites and reds swapped their wares while fondling the ramrod and the bow, and it is a matter of history that the Iroquois and Mohawks greatly perturbed the equanimity of the explorers; let us not forget, however, that all these chronologies were penned by men of Caucasian blood. "Canada's Gateway" contains 500,000 inhabitants, and a week could be spent with profit in visiting the various points of interest. The home of the ubiquitous La Salle is still in evidence down at Lachine, and, so it is stated, he declared it to be the way to China; this is why it is styled "à la Chine." All banks of national importance are represented in the financial district, and these institutions are generally of costly and dignified appearance; Victoria Square, St. James' street and the Place d'Armes are lined with handsome buildings; department stores are up-to-date and the street car system takes the visitor to several interesting communities on the outskirts of the city. The Royal Victoria Hospital, costing \$2,000,000, is one of the most beautiful and most richly endowed

institutions in the world; the Grey Nuns have been conducting a very large hospital since 1755, while the Hôtel Dieu (inaugurated in 1644) is an immense structure and contains over 400 beds; McGill University and the Royal Victoria College for women are noble Protestant seminaries; Laval University has a large and substantial branch here; St. James' Cathedral, on Dominion Square, is modeled along the lines of St. Peter's, Rome, but an untutored eye found the side walls entirely too sombre for a metropolitan church; interiorly it is a place of grandeur, the services being conducted with great dignity; statues of the Twelve Apostles surmount the façade of the edifice; \$3,000,000 is said to have been expended upon its embellishment. Notre Dame is an immense sanctuary, with two galleries, and is said to seat 10,000 people, making it the largest church north of the Rio Grande; there are a score of side altars, at all of which priests may be offering up the Holy Sacrifice simultaneously; on Sunday the people move in and out the great doors like regiments of soldiers; the organ is said to be one of the finest in the world, costing \$50,000, and the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, in the rear of the great basilica, contains paintings and hand-carved statuary that far surpass anything to be found on American soil. Of course, the sons of Loyola maintain two colleges and a beautiful church; the children of Erin have spent a fortune on elaborate St. Patrick's. Our separated friends are well represented, too; St. James' Methodist Church seats 3,000 people and cost \$500,000; Presbyterians have several fine structures, while the Bishop of the Anglican Church presides over a small but attractive cathedral. Hotels are numerous in the city, the principal inn, the Windsor, having few superiors in the States. On Sherbrooke street are located the substantial buildings of Montreal College, under the direction of the Sulpicians, and out toward Mount Royal we find the homes of the wealthy, and they are generally of rich design; however, there is no excuse for the thousands of "flats" which dot the municipality, land being abundant and low in price. In the older sections are the relics of other days, but the general tone of the city is modern in every respect, both languages being used, English predominating in the business district. Many visitors spend fifty cents to "shoot" the Lachine Rapids in one of the Richelieu river steamers. The trip is something out of the ordinary, and the keen-eyed navigator needs to keep cool and collected, ready at any moment to swing the flying boat clear of the treacherous boulders to the right and left; in fact, it is one grand manoeuvre from the moment we leave the pier until we roll safely beneath the span of the great Victoria Bridge, costing \$8,000,000. It is nothing short of remarkable that so few accidents have occurred in the onward gallop of the foaming

"White Horse of the St. Lawrence" down this exhilarating, death-dealing declivity to his future home in the Atlantic Ocean. Montreal is displaying much sagacity in the development of manufacturing and shipping facilities, and there is good reason for believing that it is destined to become an international mart of great importance. Thanks to the curvature of the earth, Liverpool is only 3,000 miles distant; by this means products of the Far West can be placed on board light-draught ships at Port Arthur, on Lake Superior (2,400 miles from the sea), and reach Montreal at a fraction of the rates by rail for the same distance. Duluth, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland and other lake ports are all accessible to the island of Hochelaga.

We Americans are justly proud of our exploits in the engineering field, but the route from Montreal to Toronto by steamer displays much ingenuity and energy on the part of our northern neighbors; and the trip is one of rare interest, for in order to clear the Lachine Rapids, we pass through the Lachine Canal (10 miles long) to the river, later making a detour about the Coteau Rapids through the Soulanges Canal (12 miles), around the Long Sault Rapids through Cornwall Canal (11 miles), and later on we steam through the Iroquois Canal and on to Prescott, at which point we change to the large steamers of the Richelieu Line, which continue on past the Thousand Islands to Toronto. From the deck we secure a bird's-eye view of an interesting landscape, dotted here and there with well-tilled farms and cozy villages of the *habitants*. All these canals are strongly constructed and operated and lighted by electric power.

At Brockville, exquisite isles of every conceivable size begin to sever the rushing waters; some are heavily wooded and some are clothed with swaying grass; charming hillocks tower above a few and cozy farms stand high on others; here and there a regal chateau flings its haughty cupola far beyond the sloping lawn, while all about us are comfortable bungalows of the well-to-do. When the sun has set, the "searchlight ramble" manoeuvres in and around an enchanting archipelago torn from the pages of the "Arabian Nights." The Thousand Islands are worth traveling far to view.

Canada buys more from the United States than from all other nations combined. In spite of tariff preferences, Britain's share of the market has steadily declined before the advance of American goods; geography has been too much for tariffs. The bulk of Canadian imports is furnished by Americans, and the United States would also take the bulk of the exports except that our friends have little to sell that we do not produce, and we require Canada's exports only to relieve a shortage here. We take almost the entire output of Canadian minerals, the bulk of its forestry, over one-

half of the exports of manufactures and a third of its fisheries. Britain is the principal market for its agricultural and animal products; the larger takings of Canadian wheat constitute the principal factor that makes England loom larger in exports, and the prospects are that we will take a larger proportion of this article. The Dominion is a country in the making and requires large amounts of iron work for buildings, railroads, bridges, factories and farms; the main exports from the United States to Canada consist of manufactures of iron and steel; next come coal and coke, of which our neighbors are the largest importers in the world, and purchases from this side of the border yearly amount to \$41,000,000.

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### PAINLESS MARTYRDOM.

WHEN thousands of our Catholic people are frequenting shows and moving pictures portraying the life and trials of the early Christians, and when this year many hundreds of Catholic pilgrims will commemorate the Peace of the Church under Constantine by visiting Rome and the tombs of the martyrs, the question must often arise in pious souls: Did the martyrs suffer very intensely? Did they all feel pain? If so, how could delicate, tender girls, even mere children, bear their trials so bravely? And if they did not feel the rack, the fire, the beasts, what softened or prevented these pangs? While unable to answer in most cases, and while ready to believe that they did often suffer keenly, yet, if accredited authors are to be trusted in this case, we may conclude that a considerable number of martyrdoms were painless, and that this preternatural fact was the effect of God's merciful grace.

And if everything supernatural arouses a special interest, surely the facts (if such they can be shown) about these painless martyrdoms cannot but be doubly so.

Now, just as most facts of Christian lore have roots, or prototypes, in the Old Testament, so with this remarkable fact of painless torture. For Daniel's account (chapter iii.) of Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago, confessors of the true God, who were not hurt by Nabuchodonosor's fiery furnace, though it was heated seven times, forms a fitting prelude to the cases of immunity from pain enjoyed later by certain Christian martyrs. That this is the true sense of Daniel's record we are taught by that early Christian codification of laws, the "Constitutions of the Holy Apostles," which says: "Let him that desires to be His disciple earnestly follow His

conflicts: let him imitate His patience, knowing that even though he be burned in the fire by men, *he will suffer nothing, like the three children.*"<sup>1</sup>

But it is not question of such miracles as this, where the sufferers, so to speak, escaped death; nor of such as that of St. John, who is said to have suffered no harm from his bath of hot oil; nor of that of St. Boniface, who had a like treatment at Issus from Galerius and Maximinus, A. D. 307, for these all *survived* their trials. Neither do we refer to those martyrs who seemed to awe the wild beasts let loose upon them into fawning and cringing pets, as did St. Tyrannus.<sup>2</sup>

No, but we speak of martyrs who *suffered death*, though they seemed exempt from pain. About such "there has ever existed throughout the Church an earnest desire to learn in what frame of mind her faithful members encountered martyrdom: how they felt and acted in that solemn hour, from the mere contemplation of which our nature shrinks. We long to know—all, at least, who share the spirit of the martyrs—how faith fared when so hardly beset by sense, and what measure of infirmity adhered to the soul already standing at the gate of heaven."<sup>3</sup>

As St. Paul encouraged his Corinthians and wrote that "He who is faithful will not allow you to be tempted beyond that which you can bear" (I. Cor. x., 13), surely there is some special strength vouchsafed to those who enter upon the martyr conflict. Tens of thousands have lapsed at the sight of the tribunal; one or two have begged a respite from torture and gained strength to confess afresh, but of those who have been suffered to fall away after entering upon the trial the number is small indeed."<sup>4</sup>

But let us hear the cases in evidence of our thesis. A well-known example is that of St. Polycarp, disciple of St. John the Apostle, martyred at Smyrna about A. D. 167. The account of his martyrdom, which has come down to us as a precious heirloom, says of him and his companions: "Not one of them let a sigh or a groan escape them, thus proving to us all that those holy martyrs of Christ, at the very time when they suffered such torments, *were absent from the body*, or rather that the Lord stood by them and *communed with them*. The fire of the savage executioners appeared cool to them."<sup>5</sup>

There are in our Patrologies and Menologies a number of cases recording not only painless martyrdoms, but stating the *reason why*

<sup>1</sup> Bk. V., Sec. I., par. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Butler, "Lives," February 20.

<sup>3</sup> Maitland, "Catacombs," second edition, p. 118.

<sup>4</sup> Maitland, "Catacombs," p. 106.

<sup>5</sup> "Martyrdom of Polycarp," Ch. II.



the martyrs were exempt from pain. In A. D. 202 a strong, tender "Letter of the Church at Lyons and Vienne" was sent to the Church in Asia, and Pontus, recording how "the blessed Blandina, last of all, having, as a noble mother, encouraged her children and sent them before her victorious to the king, endured herself all their conflicts and hastened after them, glad and rejoicing in her departure, as if called to a marriage supper, rather than cast to wild beasts. And after the scourging, after the wild beasts, after the roasting seat she was finally inclosed in a net and thrown before a bull. And having been tossed about by the animal, *but feeling none of the things which were happening to her, on account of her hope and firm hold upon what had been entrusted to her and her communion with Christ*, she also was sacrificed. And the heathen themselves confessed that never among them had a woman endured so many and such terrible tortures."

Again, half a century afterwards, under the Emperor Decius, A. D. 251, an Asiatic merchant, St. Maximus, was martyred. To Optimus, the proconsul of Asia, Maximus, being bastinadoed in his martyrdom, boldly declared: "*Neither your clubs, nor your iron hooks, nor your fire give me any pain, because the grace of Jesus Christ dwelleth in me.*"<sup>6</sup>

Only a few years later, and in Carthage, where St. Cyprian lived and died for Christ, as did so many martyrs, a certain Flavian, who suffered A. D. 259, "in a vision asked St. Cyprian whether the stroke of death is painful, and the martyr (St. Cyprian) answered: '*The body feels no pain when the soul gives itself wholly to God.*'"<sup>7</sup>

If the persecutions under Decius were indeed dreadful, they were scarcely more rigorous than those which followed under Diocletian, from A. D. 284 to A. D. 306. Therein one Romanus, a deacon and exorcist of Caesarea, a native of Palestine, suffered at Antioch. He "endured with fortitude (having his tongue cut out) and showed to all by his deeds that *the Divine Power is present* with those who endure any hardship whatever for the sake of religion, lightening their suffering and strengthening their zeal . . . and he seemed insensible to his sufferings, as if he were without flesh or body."<sup>8</sup>

About the same time suffered St. Victor of Marseilles, when Jesus Christ appeared to him on the rack, and holding a cross in His hands, gave him His peace and told him that He suffered in His servants and crowned them after their victory. *These words dispelled both his pains and his grief.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Butler's "Lives," April 20.

<sup>7</sup> Butler's "Lives," February 24.

<sup>8</sup> Eusebius, "Martyrs of Palestine," Ch. II.

<sup>9</sup> Butler's "Lives," July 21.

Three remarkable cases occurred in the year A. D. 304, when St. Quirinus, Bishop of Hungary, was martyred, but declared: "*I feel not the blows which my body has received; they give me no torment.*"<sup>10</sup> Four months later the verbatim "passio" of St. Probus, who suffered before Flavius Clemens Numerianus Maximus, Governor of Celicia, tell us that when Demetrius, the centurion, applied heated bars to Probus' feet, Probus said: "*This fire is without hurt; at least I feel none.*"<sup>11</sup>

The same year in Spain St. Vincent was roasted, and "the melted fat dripping from the flesh nourished and increased the flames, which, instead of tormenting, seemed, as St. Austin says, to give the martyr new vigor and courage, for the more he suffered the greater seemed to be the inward joy and consolation of his soul."<sup>12</sup>

Seven years afterwards St. Peter Balsam, a native of Palestine, suffered martyrdom, and while on the rack the people implored him: "Obey the emperors; sacrifice and rescue yourself from these torments." Peter replied: "Do you call these torments? *I, for my part, feel no pain.*"

Few martyrs are better known or held in more affectionate regard than St. Laurence and St. Agnes, yet probably not many know that of the former St. Augustine says that in comparison with the fervor with which his breast was burning the external flame of his persecutors was cold.<sup>13</sup> While of St. Agnes that other great doctor of the Western Church, St. Ambrose, wrote that her body, which had overcome the fires of lust, found a cool resting place in the middle of the flames.<sup>14</sup>

Under Julian, in the second half of the fourth century, persecutions raged. Then it was that Sallustinus, the prefect of Daphne, "arrested a young man (St. Theodore), hung him up before the world in stocks, lacerated his back with scourges and scarred his sides with claw-like instruments of torture. And this he did all day."<sup>15</sup> And he only released him from further punishment when he thought he could not possibly outlive the torments. Yet *God preserved* this sufferer so that he long survived that confession. Rufinus, the author of the "Ecclesiastical History," written in Latin, states that he himself conversed with the same Theodore a considerable time afterwards, and inquired of him whether in the process of scourging and racking he had not felt the most intense pains. His answer was that he felt the pain of the torture to which

<sup>10</sup> Butler's "Lives," June 4.

<sup>11</sup> Butler's "Lives," October 11.

<sup>12</sup> Butler's "Lives," January 22.

<sup>13</sup> See Sermon 304.

<sup>14</sup> Sermon 43.

<sup>15</sup> Theodore's "History," Bk. III, Ch. VII.

he was subjected for a very short time, and that a young man stood by him, who both wiped off the sweat which was produced by the acuteness of the ordeal through which he was passing and at the same time strengthened his mind, so that *he rendered this time of trial a season of rapture rather than of suffering.*<sup>16</sup>

The next year, A. D. 362, when Julian, the uncle of Julian the Apostate, was Count or Governor of the East, of which Antioch was the capital, he seized and racked Theodore. After having him stretched so that his body seemed eight feet long, Julian derided him and said: "I perceive you do not sufficiently feel your torments." The martyr replied: "*I do not feel them because God is with me.*"<sup>17</sup>

When Julian the Apostate, A. D. 363, ordered SS. Bonosus and Maximilian to be beaten with leaded thongs three several times, and "said to the executioners, 'Exert your utmost strength; give them no respite,' *the martyrs felt not the least pain.*"<sup>18</sup>

In the next decade, A. D. 372, there lived in the country of the Goths a young man named Sabas, who delighted in serving about the altar in church. The son of one of the local kings, Atharidus, had Sabas arrested and tortured. "One of the slaves of Atharidus, incensed at the words (of St. Sabas), struck the point of his javelin against the saint's breast with such violence that all present believed he had been killed. But St. Sabas said: 'Do you think you have slain me? Know that *I felt no more pain than if the javelin had been a lock of wool.*'"<sup>19</sup>

What is one to think of these wondrous facts? To say that they are not credible is to be materialistic. To hold them unhistorical impeaches some of our fathers of Church history. Perhaps the most one could concede is that not all the details of all the cases instanced above are based on first-class historical grounds; this could be granted. But that a large proportion enjoy the guaranty of original sources and contemporary and accredited historians is equally true.

What is done, and daily, by God's mineral or rational creatures can surely be done by His grace.

If by either one can be so deadened as to feel nothing of the surgeon's knife; if by hypnotism another's sensitiveness can be so arrested as to allow of surgical operations, cannot the same Creator of the forces of matter and of mind work similar and even greater effects by His grace? St. Theresa has taught this very theory in her "Relations," where she is explaining visions, trances, raptures

<sup>16</sup> Socrates' "History of the Church," Bk. III, Ch. XLX.

<sup>17</sup> Butler's "Lives," October 23.

<sup>18</sup> Butler's "Lives," August 21.

<sup>19</sup> Butler's "Lives," April 12.

and, more particularly, "impetus." She says: "He to whom it ['impetus'] comes, has enough to do in enduring that which is going on within him, *nor do I believe that he would feel if he were grievously tortured*; yet he is in possession of all his senses, can speak and even observe."<sup>20</sup> Under cover, then, of this great mystic one may well hold not only that martyrdom was sometimes painless, but that this occurred by the intervention of the gracious goodness of God, who has so deigned to soothe those who have loved Him perfectly, after His own norm: "No man hath love greater than this: that he should lay down his life for his friend." (John xv., 13.)

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## THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY

**I**N the opening months of 1879 Bismarck entered upon an entirely new economic policy. He considered that times and circumstances had so altered since the birth of the German Empire that a policy of protection would now be best suited to its internal progress. This change of policy brought about a big discussion in the ranks of his own party. Dr. Falk was one of those who protested most strongly against the change. By his side were ranged the very men of whom Bismarck was most anxious just then to get rid. For the followers of Falk were now reduced to a number of men who were professed atheists or whose Christianity at best consisted in a thorough hatred of the Pope and the Catholic Church. These were, of course, exactly the men who stood in the way of the settlement which the Emperor was so anxious to arrive at. The chance was, therefore, a good one for getting rid of them without resorting to a blunt dismissal, so when Dr. Falk offered his resignation once more, it was accepted by the Emperor, and the bigoted, dogmatic, unpopular author of the May Laws disappeared from the field of politics, in which his efforts had been so unhappy. And with Dr. Falk gone, the greatest obstacle to religious pacification was removed.

But the change in Bismarck's policy was one which brought him into close and friendly contact with the leaders of the Centre. The Catholic Deputies had always supported a policy of protection, and their doing so had often brought them into heated discussions with Bismarck, before the latter had declared himself in favor of it. As a result of his change, however, Bismarck saw that, on economic questions at least, the Deputies of the Centre would in the future be his most prominent supporters. A conference was

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<sup>20</sup> "Relat.," VIII., 14.

consequently arranged between himself and Windthorst. At this meeting the latter made it quite clear that, outside economic questions, the Centre would reserve absolute liberty to vote for or against the Government as it thought fit. And the promise to support it on economic questions only held good while Bismarck continued to favor his present policy, which had always been the policy of the Centre.

With even this very conditional promise of support Bismarck seemed content. It must be said to his credit that he very soon gave the Catholics something in return for their support. For the post of Minister of Worship, fallen vacant by the resignation of Dr. Falk, was, on Bismarck's recommendation, given to Herr Puttkamer, a man whose conciliatory disposition towards the Church was well known. He was not a man of lax religious principles, nor was he likely to court the sympathy of the irreligious rabble, as Dr. Falk had done. But his religion was nevertheless most orthodox Protestantism; he had a profound distrust of the Pope, entirely believed in what we in this country know by the name of Papal Aggression, and thought that in every country the State should be the predominant partner in all matters. The clergy in consequence should be on merely the same footing as any of the other officials of the State; they were to receive their salaries, but in return were to do everything that their paymaster, the State, may command.

Still, in spite of his orthodoxy from the Protestant point of view, Herr Puttkamer does not appear to have been a bigot, or Bismarck would not have appointed him to this important post at a moment when he was most anxious for Catholic support to tide him over his political difficulties. Nor would the appointment have been received with such favor by the Catholics, if they did not expect many more concessions from Puttkamer than they had been accustomed to from Dr. Falk.

Chaotic indeed was the condition of religious affairs in Prussia at the time when Dr. Falk disappeared from public life. Out of twelve dioceses, only four had managed to retain their Bishops; among the clergy almost twelve hundred curates and more than six hundred parish priests had either died, been banished or imprisoned and their posts left vacant. In the elementary schools the influence of the Church had been crushed. Religion had not, it is true, been altogether banished, but it had been reduced to a farce. For the religious instruction had been taken out of the hands of the clergy and had been handed over to servants of the State, who were always laymen and sometimes even professed unbelievers in revealed religion. When it was not quite as bad

as that, they were orthodox Protestants or perhaps Old Catholics, but never under any circumstances was a loyal Catholic appointed to such a post.

No sooner was Herr Puttkamer firmly established in his new office than petitions began to pour in on him from all sides. In these was set forth an account of the injuries which the Catholics were subjected to during the ministry of Dr. Falk. To all their appeals Herr Puttkamer devoted careful attention. As regards religious education in the schools, what is happening at the present moment in England was happening then in Germany; there was a growing alliance between Catholics and the most religious section of Protestants. They, who otherwise would have been most bitterly opposed, seemed to draw together at the approach of a common foe. Now, of this class of Protestant Herr Puttkamer was a type. He was anti-Roman, it is true, and no doubt he believed a certain amount of the wild stories which are constantly being spread about the Pope and his aspirations. But however badly he may have thought of the headquarters of the Church, he did not shut his eyes to the many virtues of most of its subjects. He recognized that a good Catholic was a man of virtue, and religion, in any shape or form, was more to the new Minister's taste than atheism. As a result, religious instruction was in many cases entrusted once more to the clergy, and the galling restriction that it should be subject to State supervision was, in almost all cases, abolished.

Late in the summer of 1879 negotiations were once more begun between the Government and the Curia. On this occasion Bismarck held a few conferences with Mgr. Jacobini, who was at this time the Papal Nuncio at Vienna. The meetings were of no great importance, nor were they intended to be. The Chancellor and the Nuncio met merely to discuss the lines upon which future and much more important negotiations should be carried on. The two things which were, of course, of the highest importance and likely to cause most discussion were the points which Bismarck had already discussed with Mgr. Aloisi-Masella. The Catholics wanted the May Laws abolished root and branch, that was certain. Bismarck, on the other hand, was haunted with the suspicion—most Protestants are—that full liberty to the Church meant danger to the State. The Catholics would plot, the Pope would plot, the Jesuits would plot, and by such internal dangers the external progress of Germany would be greatly retarded. Consequently, he found it hard to come to terms with the Catholics, who regarded all these fears as nonsense.

The negotiations were resumed at Vienna in the November of this same year. Bismarck himself did not, however, conduct them

in person this time, nor did he send Herr Puttkamer. But the State was well represented by Dr. Huebler, an attaché of the Ministry of Worship, while the Catholic claims could not have had a better champion than Mgr. Jacobini. Bismarck's argument, voiced by Dr. Huebler, was this: If the May Laws are not enforced in practice, why are the Catholics so obstinate about having them abolished, even in theory? It does not matter to a Bishop to know that for something which he has done he could have been fined fifty pounds, provided he is not fined. And for this reason Bismarck was strongly disinclined to promise any substantial change in the May Laws and would not listen to any suggestion of their being abolished, but would only promise that the more objectionable of them would not be enforced at all, and the others as clemently as possible.

Mgr. Jacobini was not long about finding an answer to this reasoning. In coming to terms with the State, he pointed out, the Church was bound to take into consideration not merely the present, with its hard, determined facts, but also the future, with its many possibilities. Were there only question of the present, the Church would be quite content with what Bismarck proposed. The Pope was fully convinced that, while Bismarck and Puttkamer remained in office, there was no more to be feared. But what about the future? The present rulers would have to go sooner or later, and who was to guarantee that their places would not be filled by men anxious to injure the Church as much as ever they could? If that possibility were verified, these men would find in the May Laws, if they were allowed to remain on the statute book, justification for all their attacks on the Church. They could truly say that they were only enforcing the law of the land. It was not, therefore, any distrust of Bismarck that dictated to the Catholics the attitude they had taken up, namely, of fighting till the last of the May Laws had been abolished, not only in practice, but in theory as well. Dr. Huebler left Vienna in December with the intention of returning there early in the new year, but Bismarck offered some objections, and negotiations were suspended for a time.

One of the first acts of Herr Puttkamer in the year 1880 was to obtain from the Reichstag discretionary authority in the administration of the May Laws. This was a very important concession, for it really meant that he could practically do away with at least the very objectionable portions of the measures. The power was accorded to him by the Reichstag without very much opposition. Meanwhile diplomatic negotiations were renewed with the Vatican, as the result of some words written by Pope Leo to Mgr. Melchers on February 24. In this letter the Pope said that, for the purpose

of hastening the treaty between the Holy See and Prussia, he would be willing that the names of parish priests should be submitted to the Government before they were officially appointed. All the Pope meant by this was, of course, that he would give the civil power an opportunity of pointing out any serious and reasonable objection to the appointment of any particular candidate. It was never intended that the State could oppose an unreasonable refusal to any appointment or that before any such dogmatic *non possumus* the Church would recoil. The Pope only showed himself willing to do in Prussia what he is willing to do everywhere, that is, to ensure that his priests are not merely upholders of the divine law, but of the civil law as well, when the latter is of such a kind that obedience to it does not do violence to the Catholic conscience.

On March 23 Cardinal Nina, in a letter to Mgr. Jacobini, pointed out at greater length how far the Pope was willing to permit the interference of the State in the affairs of the Church. The Pope, he said, could not possibly allow to the State the right to stop any appointment, unless it could show that it was one which was calculated to impede the administration of the civil law, neither could he advise his priests to obey their civil superiors in the carrying out of laws which were manifestly detrimental to religion. Furthermore, the Pope could not cease to protest against the action of the Government in keeping so many Bishops and priests in exile and thus leaving whole districts of Catholics deprived of the consolations of religion.

But these declarations were entirely insufficient for Bismarck. He had expected that a word of conciliation from him would have brought the Roman Curia and the Catholics of Germany to their feet at once. Then, he thought, the whole terms of peace could have been dictated by himself, just as he had dictated his own terms to the Emperor Napoleon III. a few years before. He was in consequence very dissatisfied with the manner in which things had worked out. Even after his conciliatory advances he found the Pope still determined not to advance beyond a certain limit, while, on the other hand, the Catholic Deputies absolutely refused to sell their freedom of action to him. He saw clearly that, instead of dictating, he was having the law laid down for him, and this was a state of things to which, very naturally, he would not give in without a fight.

So once more the Chancellor plunged into a bitter campaign against the Church, which was now guilty of the most unpardonable of crimes—it was winning the day. Berlin, he said, is being fooled; it will not open its eyes to the fact that it is retreating step by step, while the Vatican has not given in on a single point. Against



the Catholic Deputies he was particularly bitter. They were, he said, ready to ally themselves with any one, Socialist or atheist, who promised to fight the Government. They were supported in this nefarious work by the Bishops and priests; they sought recruits everywhere, among the rich and poor alike. "Nor can it be said," he wrote at this time, "that these men have been led into error by a few agitators, in view of the fact that ecclesiastics of all ranks support them and that a powerful nobility is on their side. It must be attributed to the influence of confessors on the men, and still more on the women. A single word from the Pope or from the Bishops would bring to an end this unnatural alliance between nobility and Socialism."

In spite, however, of the Chancellor, the cause of peace went ahead. The Pope wanted it, the Emperor wanted it, Germany wanted it; in fact, the world wanted it. The Bishops began to come back and the vacant parishes were being steadily filled up. The May Laws, though still in existence, were being ignored on all sorts of pretexts, and their infringement was now followed by no penalty. In the teeth of all these forces Bismarck could not hold out. He was unconverted, unconvinced, but he was conquered. Great, therefore, was the jubilation all over Catholic Germany when it became known that Bismarck had expressed his determination to reestablish the Prussian embassy to the Vatican and maintain an accredited representative at the court of the Pope. This he did during the course of the year 1882. Whatever may have been Bismarck's ulterior motive for this action—and many historians have attributed to him the most sinister of motives—does not matter much now. Be that as it may, the Catholics at the time saw in it the certainty that the diplomatic negotiations between Rome and Berlin were not merely to be continued, but were to be carried out on more ordinary lines. Hitherto they had been sporadic and fitful, being carried on sometimes with the Nuncio at Munich, sometimes with Mgr. Jacobini at Vienna, but never with a man specially deputed for that purpose only. Just a little before this time, Mgr. Jacobini, whose conduct during the preliminary negotiations had won for him the entire confidence of the Catholics, as well as the good will of the Government, had been promoted to the important post of Secretary of State to the Pope, and was therefore the man who, after the Pope, would have most to do with the carrying on of future arrangements.

The discretionary powers which had been granted to Herr Puttkamer in July, 1880, came to an end in January, 1882, but they were, without any difficulty, renewed in the March of the same year. The new law passed on this occasion gave the Minister of

Worship power to allow the exiled Bishops to return and to dispense the young priests from all examinations conducted by the State. Two Bishops alone were exempted from this concession, Mgr. Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, and Mgr. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen. Mgr. Melchers was objectionable, because his loyalty to the Pope was more conspicuous, or perhaps more demonstrative, than that of any of the other Bishops. What the objection to Mgr. Ledochowski was is not certain. He was Polish by birth, but very little in sympathy with the national aspirations of the Poles, and one would have thought that for this reason he should rather have been a *persona grata* in Germany. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that he was still forbidden to return to Germany when an amnesty had been granted to his colleagues. In the November of this same year the Emperor made practically his first public reference to the great conflict which had been going on for so many years in his empire. In his speech from the throne he expressed his deep gratification that diplomatic relations had once more been established between his Government and the Holy See. A short time after, in an autograph letter to Pope Leo, he declared himself anxious to push forward the arrangements which would lead to a filling up of the vacant parishes.

On July 18, 1883, the Prince Imperial Frederick, then on a visit to Rome, made a state journey to the Vatican to pay his respects to Pope Leo XIII. The audience lasted an hour and a half, but what subjects were discussed during it were not known, as no details were supplied to the outside world. It was rumored, however, that the conversation was not about the religious crisis in Germany, but that, nevertheless, the Prince had declared that his efforts would be given unsparingly to the bringing about and maintaining of religious peace in the Fatherland.

Practically the only factor that now held out against peace was Bismarck. It was not exactly that he did not want the struggle ended, but he did not consider that it was being ended in the right way. He seemed to think that the Government should have got all sorts of concessions for repealing the May Laws, just as, almost a century ago, some members of the English Cabinet thought that the Catholic Church in these countries should have become a sort of State foundling in return for the repeal of the penal code. He furthermore objected to having the initiative in any measure of repeal taken by the Catholic Deputies, and whenever that did happen the measure was invariably defeated. When a Conservative administration came into power in 1884, several of its most prominent members were open advocates of the total abolition of the May Laws. Bismarck was pressed for a declaration of his policy, and

stated that he was ready to proceed to a substantial revision of the legislation as soon as he was sure that Rome meant something practical and not merely theoretical in granting the civil power a veto over ecclesiastical appointments. He softened fair-minded Protestants by assuring them that after a while, under the influence of mild administration, Catholics would grow sick of the struggle to wipe out laws which were not, as a matter of fact, enforced.

It is generally the rôle of extraordinary men to do extraordinary things, and Bismarck was no exception to the general rule. And just at this period, by one of those extraordinary acts, he saved Germany from a very unpleasant situation. The Germans had long been dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to their fellow-countrymen in the Caroline Islands. They held that they were denied the ordinary commercial concessions granted to other nations. As the easiest method of remedying their grievance, Germany, in 1885, calmly proceeded to take possession of the islands and expel the Spaniards. Spanish pride was at once aroused, and wild meetings were held at Madrid to demand the declaration of war against Germany. And war was actually on the point of being declared when, to the utter astonishment of the whole world, the Cabinet of Berlin, on the motion of Bismarck himself, proposed that the whole matter should be submitted to the arbitration of Pope Leo XIII. Spain, needless to say, immediately agreed, knowing that, as far as the rightful ownership of the islands was concerned, there was really only one side to the question.

Pope Leo did not see how he could accept the position of judge in a matter about which his opinion had already been formed. He agreed, however, to act as mediator and to propose terms which, rendering justice to both parties, would avert the drastic and unsatisfactory remedy of warfare. This part he carried out with signal success, and an agreement was drawn up which, while recognizing the right of Spain to the possession of the islands, gave to German subjects protection and the commercial advantages to which they were justly entitled. This agreement was signed in the Vatican on December 13, 1885, by the representatives of Spain and Germany, and the whole trouble came to an end. The satisfactory settlement of this very contentious question must have been forgotten by those who deliberately and maliciously managed to have the Pope refused a representation in the International Peace Conference held at The Hague. The Cabinets of Europe can claim to have spent much money, built a magnificent conference hall and made many speeches on peace, but the whole of them together cannot claim to have accomplished as much practical pacification as did Pope Leo, without money or speeches, in the dispute of 1885.

As a token of esteem for what he had done in the interests of peace the Emperor William sent a magnificent pectoral cross to the Pope and letters of a most cordial nature were exchanged between them. Letters were also exchanged between the Pontiff and Bismarck, who was created by Pope Leo Chevalier of the Order of Christ. It is said by many that the ultimate object of the Chancellor in inviting the mediation of the Pope was to induce the latter to bring the religious struggle to an end by not insisting on a formal repeal of the May Laws. If such was really his intention, he was doomed to disappointment, for Pope Leo, in his letter to him, hinted very plainly that the friendly relations established between them by the incident of the Caroline Islands should conduce to rather than lead away from that end.

"Your political genius," wrote the Pontiff, "has, as the whole world knows, contributed much to the creation of the great and powerful Empire of Germany, and it is natural that the solidity and prosperity of that Empire should be the chief object of your concern. But it cannot have escaped your foresight that much can also be done in the cause of law and order by the power with which we are invested, more especially if that power enjoys without hindrance its full freedom of action. We may, therefore, be excused for looking forward in spirit and for regarding that which has already been done as a prelude of still greater things to be done in the future."

The determination of the Pope to maintain an attitude of unshaken resistance to any attempt at interfering with the unquestionable rights of the Church was made still more clear in a letter which he addressed to the Bishops of Prussia in January, 1886. Having praised the loyalty of the hierarchy during the whole crisis and once more expressed the hope that peace was now close at hand the Pontiff continues: "But though we are animated by a sincere desire to bring about peace, nevertheless it is impossible for us to interfere in any way with the established law of God, and to defend this we, after the example of our predecessors, shall not hesitate to proceed to the utmost limits."

It was a very happy omen for the Catholics that just at this moment the Emperor called to a seat in the upper Prussian Chamber—corresponding to the English House of Lords—Mgr. Kopp, at that time Bishop of Fulda, now the Cardinal Archbishop of Breslau. At the same time the Government took its first step backwards and began the drawing up of a series of laws which would have the effect of directly abrogating the May Laws.

Long and arduous were the debates to which these changes in the legislation gave rise. On one point Bismarck showed himself

thoroughly consistent; he would listen to no advice from the Catholic Deputies. He would have preferred to begin the whole struggle over again rather than have it said that his hands were forced by any section of the assembly of which he regarded himself the dictator. This treatment was in no way resented by the Catholic members; provided peace was made, they were indifferent as to who made it, and they knew, moreover, that even if Bismarck had sought their advice, the last word would have to be pronounced by the Holy See.

The only one concession in this way which the Chancellor made to the Catholics was to appoint Mgr. Kopp one of the commission charged with the formulation of new laws. He felt it absolutely necessary that some Catholic should have a part in the negotiations, to keep them in touch with the Pope, and he chose Mgr. Kopp from the fact that he owed his position to the nomination of a Protestant Emperor and not to the votes of Catholic electors. After a while the main provisions of the new legislation began to be widely known and discussed. One article suppressed what was known as the State examination for the clergy and authorized the reopening of the old ecclesiastical colleges. These colleges were, moreover, to be practically freed from the police supervision to which they had formerly been subject. Another decree conceded to the Church the right to judge all matters of ecclesiastical discipline, but granted the right of appeal to any priests who may have been deprived of their stipends. Further provisions rendered it no longer illegal to say Mass in public or to administer the sacraments without any authorization from the State. Then, in conclusion, the decrees against the religious orders were relaxed and freedom was given to all, with the single exception of the Jesuits. On the other hand, however, the State clung tenaciously to its old theory that all ecclesiastical appointments should first be notified to the State, and should receive the sanction of the civil power before being put into force.

With regard to this latter point, there were serious differences of opinion among the Catholics. Many were inclined to think that it should not be granted. The Government, they said, will be compelled to come to terms with us sooner or later, and it is foolish to pay a heavy price now for what we will get for nothing in a few months' time. They held, moreover, that this partial veto would subject ecclesiastical appointments to all sorts of official wire-pulling, so that finally it would mean that the less principle a man had the more sure of promotion would he be. Others, on the contrary, were entirely in favor of granting it. These took more into consideration the fact that hundreds of parishes were without a priest,

that thousands of Catholics all over the empire were dying without the consolations of religion and were being buried like pagans, and they were willing to pay almost any price to have this state of things ended.

Between these two extreme opinions the Holy See, mindful of its high responsibility, steered a middle course. It could not shut its eyes to the large amount of truth which there was in both arguments. While the present state of things was undoubtedly deplorable, yet it was not at all impossible that too high a price might be paid for its alleviation. A cunning politician might easily work his plans so well that what seemed to be a charter of emancipation for the Church might in reality prove to be a means of placing it in still greater subjection. But Pope Leo XIII. was not the man to be easily duped. Through the medium of Cardinal Kopp he proposed three amendments which, if they were accepted, would settle the matter as far as the Church was concerned. In these it was stipulated that the Church could not bind itself to promote only those ecclesiastics who should be actively supported by the State. The Pope, however, was willing to promise that no one should be promoted to any influential position against whom the State was able to prove disloyalty to the established régime. And for this reason and in this sense he was willing to submit the names of ecclesiastics to the State before they were promoted to any position of importance. But he insisted that before this would be done the Government should undertake a complete revision of the May Laws and remove from the statute book any law which a priest could not conscientiously obey. The reason for this demand was quite evident. In undertaking to promote no priest but one who would promise loyal obedience to the laws of the State the Pope was bound to see that none of these laws was contrary to the doctrine or discipline of the Catholic Church. Had he not done this, he would have placed his priests in an impossible position; he would be commanding them to obey and resist the State at the same time.

To these conditions the Government at length agreed, and the new measure passed safely through the upper house and became law in May, 1886. In April the Pope had authorized the Bishops to make the necessary notification to the Government before making any appointments. The horizon looked very bright, and all that was now awaited was the final revision of the May Laws, when an incident arose which threatened to throw the Catholics back once more into the wilderness of strife and persecution.

The relations between Germany and France had been of the very worst kind since the war of 1870. Yet no one regarded a renewal of hostilities between them as very probable. But in the middle

of the eighties the bad feeling became still more accentuated. There was in France at that time a man who seemed then to be about to make history. This was General Boulanger, a fiery demagogue, without much ability, without much courage, but of tremendous influence with the rabble all over France. During the year 1886, when he was at the zenith of his power, some trouble arose between Germany and France over the arrest of a spy. The menacing tone which Boulanger adopted and the manner in which he denounced the Germans threw all Germany into a ferment and both countries in alarm began to prepare for war.

The scare produced by this event put the religious question into the background for a moment. At the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1887 Bismarck pointed out the grave danger to which Germany was exposed, a danger which would be the more augmented the more Boulanger's power increased. To guard against this crisis the Chancellor introduced a bill for raising considerably the standing army and making the term of compulsory military service seven years instead of three. The Socialists raised an immediate outcry against the measure. The decision of the Catholic party was awaited with the greatest interest, and a howl of rage went up from the Government when Windthorst declared that his followers were determined to resist the measure. This decided its fate, and when a vote was taken on January 4, Bismarck's bill was defeated by a majority of 26.

The defeat of the Government created a sensation throughout the whole of Germany. The Chancellor denounced his opponents in the strongest language and was especially hard on the Catholics. He branded Windthorst as an enemy of the State and declared publicly that the action of the Catholics was directly in opposition to the wishes of the Pope. Nevertheless, the Catholics showed no signs of yielding, and, no other course being possible, the Parliament was dissolved on January 14.

In the meantime great disorder was spread throughout the Catholic ranks. Bismarck's remark, it soon became evident, was not mere wild speculation, but had something behind it. And what that something was quickly came to light. While the general election was pending, some letters, of their very nature confidential and private, were published in one of the Government journals. How they came into the possession of this journal is not known, but there certainly must have been great indiscretion on the part of one or more of the leading Catholics. The first document was a letter from Cardinal Jacobini to the Papal Nuncio at Munich. In this letter the Cardinal exhorted the Nuncio to use his influence with the Catholic Deputies that they might vote for Bismarck's measure.

This, he said, was the wish of the Holy Father, who hoped that, if the Catholics adopted this attitude, the concessions obtained from the Government in the revision of the May Laws would be still greater. Furthermore, the proposed change seemed to be founded on very just grounds. France was undoubtedly in a ferment, and there was no knowing when she may rush into war with Germany. "If by accepting this measure," the Cardinal concluded, "the peril of war can be avoided, the Centre, by supporting it, will have merited well of the country, of Europe and of humanity."

The text of this letter was very probably not known to the Catholic Deputies before the vote on Bismarck's measure was taken. But for the appearance of the letter in a public paper there would have been no more about it. Its public appearance, however, changed matters entirely. Protestants made mountains out of what they termed the disloyalty of Catholics. Many Catholics were enraged because they thought that their representatives had really snubbed some advice received from the Vatican. So great was the storm raised that one of the leading members of the Catholic party—the Baron de Frankenstein—wrote to the Nuncio at Munich, calling for a definite decision as to how far they were bound to obey the injunctions they had received.

"I need scarcely repeat," he wrote, "that the Centre was always prepared to carry out the orders of the Holy See when there was question of ecclesiastical laws. But as far back as 1880 I had stated that the Centre could not undertake to promise obedience with regard to laws not connected with religious affairs. In my opinion it would be a calamity for the Centre and a source of serious trouble for the Holy See if the Centre was to seek instructions in measures which are entirely unconnected with the rights of our Holy Church." The letter added that, if the Pope laid it incumbent on them to vote for this measure, they were prepared to resign their places to other candidates who felt themselves able to comply with the order. In times of struggle, when men's passions are roused to a high pitch, there is a tendency to pick quarrels without any great reason. Men do not stop to think or to reason; they are too much inclined to regard themselves as bullied when in reality they are merely cautioned by some one who is not aroused to such a pitch as themselves. Sensible Catholics know quite well that, in a question of politics, the Holy See would never attempt to dictate. Even the greatest Catholic layman that the modern world has known—Daniel O'Connell—declared on one occasion that he would as soon take his politics from Constantinople as from Rome. For the great Irish Liberator knew quite well that the Pope had about as much intention of dictating to him in questions of politics as had the Sultan of



Turkey. But neither O'Connell nor any other Catholic leader did or ever would refuse to weigh deeply any words of advice that came to him from the lips of the Roman Pontiff. They may not act upon them, but they certainly would not despise them as valueless. And neither did the German Catholics when they came to understand the Pope's action in the present case.

To the Baron de Frankenstein's letter a reply was immediately returned by Cardinal Jacobini. He first disposed of the suggestion that the present Catholic Deputies should resign and paid a high tribute to the excellent work which they had done in defense of their religious liberties. With regard to the advice which the Holy See had seen fit to tender them, the Cardinal explained that the one object the Pope had in view was to prevent the giving of any excuse to the Government for refusing to carry out the promised revision of the May Laws. The action of the Centre party in opposing the Government might be seized upon by an unscrupulous opponent to raise a popular agitation, which would have the effect of delaying indefinitely the peace which now looked so near. And hence the Pope was in reality only anxious to point out that a question of politics might have a direct and disastrous bearing upon a religious question of the highest importance.

The explanation of the Cardinal and the gravity of the reasons which he alleged for the Pope's action made a deep impression on the minds of the Catholics. The more prudent among them began to see that they had been rather hasty in construing the words of the Pontiff unfavorably and in taking up an attitude of opposition to him. A great Catholic meeting was in consequence convened at Cologne, at which Windthorst presided. The old Catholic leader did not fail to touch in the happiest of manners on the recent friction.

"The letter of Cardinal Jacobini," he said, "sets forth the desires of our most beloved Holy Father, Leo XIII. We most gladly welcome, with the greatest joy for the future and, above all, for the present anything that comes to us from our Holy Father. We would be heartless children if we did not experience a lively pleasure at knowing the wishes of our father. Our opponents pretend to believe that in these wishes there is something which we do not like, and on every side we hear it proclaimed that our action has been condemned by the Pope. But if any one should rejoice, it is we ourselves. In the letter of Cardinal Jacobini the Pope acknowledges that the Centre deserves well of the Church for having skilfully defended its sacred rights. The Holy Father gives it as his opinion that the Centre should continue to exist. What more could we ask for? Could we, in our electoral manifesto,

say to you anything better than this: It is the Holy Father himself who sends us to Parliament?"

He then proceeded to dispel the idea that the Catholic Deputies were in revolt against the Holy See. Cardinal Jacobini's letter was written on January 3, so that it could not have reached Munich until January 5, or very late on January 4, the day on which Bismarck's bill was defeated. The Catholics, therefore, were entirely unaware of the wishes of the Pope when they voted. But now that they did know them, there was not the slightest intention of despising them.

"I promise that, after the opening of the new Parliament," declared Windthorst, "the members of the Centre party will give the most serious attention to the letter of Cardinal Jacobini, and will do all they can in the direction pointed out in that letter."

Immediately after the reopening of Parliament the bill for the additional military service was again introduced and this time passed. The Catholic members, with seven exceptions, abstained from voting, and thus gave the Government a majority. The Government then proceeded to the promised revision of the May Laws. As before, the chief point of contention was the accurate defining of the limits of the veto possessed by the State over ecclesiastical appointments. This was treated of in the second article of the new code, in which it was laid down that the State would only look into the civil virtues of any candidate and leave to the Church the right to judge him from the point of view of orthodoxy. But one very important side of the question was left untouched. That was as to what proof should be judged sufficient to have a man vetoed, and, in the event of a difference of opinion between the two parties, how matters were to be arranged.

To many Catholics it seemed that such a measure would, to a certain extent, leave the Church at the mercy of the State. If the Church, they argued, agrees to this, it will have bound itself to recede before an arbitrary *non possumus* of Protestant and prejudiced officials. So serious did the situation appear that the majority of the Catholic journals did not hesitate to declare that it was the duty of the Centre to vote against it. Even Mgr. Kopp declared that, though he would vote for the measure, he hoped to see it considerably amended, and intimated that this was the opinion of the other Bishops as well as of the Catholic people of Germany. It finally required the voice of the Pope himself to direct and unite the Catholics. In a letter to the Archbishop of Cologne Pope Leo expressed his mind on the subject. That he regarded the question as rather complicated is evident from the fact that he says that, before writing, he had consulted several of the Cardinals on the

point. As a result of these careful deliberations, he declares that the contemplated measure is a remedy for many evils which have caused friction, that it is by no means useless and should not be rejected, since it opens up the way to the peace which has been so long looked for. He therefore exhorted the Catholics to trust to the vigilance of the Holy See for future events, and vote for this measure when it was put before them.

It was during the course of the debate on this measure that Bismarck gave expression to perhaps the most remarkable tribute that has ever been paid to the Papacy by a Protestant politician, speaking before an audience predominantly Protestant. He had been severely censured by some of the Deputies for permitting what they regarded as the interference of the Pope in the internal affairs of the empire, and they ventured to prophesy that, though it had been to his advantage in the military service bill, he would yet deeply regret having tolerated such a precedent. "As to the action of the Pope with regard to our internal affairs," he said in reply, "I doubt very much if we can regard the Pope as an outsider. In my capacity as representative of the Government, I affirm that the Papacy is not merely an outside and universal institution, but also a German institution for our Catholic fellow-citizens. I would indeed injure the country's best interests if, through national vanity, I rejected the help of so conscientious and powerful a ruler as the Pope, for no other reason than that he resides in Rome."

The Chancellor then earnestly begged the members to accept the measure, threatening, if it should be rejected, to resign his position.

"My political honor," he said, "is pledged to this measure. We are at the present time exposed to grave peril from internal and external revolutionary parties, and I consequently regard it as essential that all domestic feuds should be healed before these dangers come about."

The advice of Pope Leo XIII. had, of course, already settled the matter for the Catholic Deputies, who voted unanimously for the measure. No serious opposition was offered to it, and as early as April 28 it received the signature of the Emperor and became law.

It would be vain to pretend that even this further measure of relief restored to the Catholics their full rights or placed them on terms of equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. There is no one who has not heard of the great Act of Emancipation by which the Catholics of the British Isles were liberated from the penal laws which had enslaved them for centuries. Yet even after the passing of that act it took measure after measure to complete the emancipation, if it can be said to be complete even now. It

would no doubt come as a surprise to many to hear that, although nearly a hundred years have elapsed since the Catholics of Ireland are supposed to have been emancipated, no Catholic is allowed to hold the post of Lord Lieutenant in that country. His Majesty's first lieutenant in Catholic Ireland may be a Jew, he may be an atheist, he may be even a pagan—but he must not be a Catholic.

Difficulties and inequalities of the same kind still existed in Germany after the revision of the May Laws in 1887. But, nevertheless, the measure was a distinct relief, and, as such, to reject it would have been absurd. As it stood, much, of course, depended upon whether it was worked in a friendly or in a hostile spirit. But Pope Leo knew quite well that the Government, as well as the Curia, wanted peace and not war, and he consequently regarded it as certain that its present imperfect state would, bit by bit, be improved. The most important concession granted in the new bill was the full and entire recognition of the Papal authority over the clergy in all matters of discipline. Its weakest point, from the Catholic point of view, was the very limited power it conceded to the ecclesiastical authorities in the matter of education.

In spite of many defects, the new bill was undoubtedly a great come-down for the man who had set himself, as so many others have done, to the task of putting the Catholic masses at variance with the Pope and to establish that absurd contradiction—a National Catholic Church. If the whole of Pope Leo's pontificate had been confined to that one struggle, he would still deserve a niche in the Temple of Fame for having wrung such a concession from the most able and the most powerful of modern statesmen, at the head of the mightiest and perhaps the most Protestant State in the world. Not even his bitterest opponents made any attempt to deny that the victory was almost entirely due to the skill and the firmness of Pope Leo XIII. M. Geffcken, a man who will certainly not be accused of any great partiality for the Papacy or the Catholic cause, gave his opinion of the Chancellor's come-down, soon after the passing of the new law.

"The great Chancellor," he wrote, "has never understood the nature of the conflict into which he blindly rushed. Rome and the Centre accepted every concession as a stepping-stone to something more; but they on their side conceded nothing. At last the Chancellor, who, as recently as 1880, in a dispatch to the Prince de Reuss, the Ambassador at Vienna, had declared that the revision of the May Laws was an absurd idea which had never received the least encouragement, was obliged to beg the upper chamber to assist him in casting off the last shackles of the May Laws. Behold what a pass the Man of Iron has come to!

"Facts have proved that the distinction between fighting Popes and conciliatory ones is likewise meaningless. It is simply a question of tactics. The anathemas of Pius IX. against this modern Attila only had the effect of rousing him still more. The calmness of Leo XIII., as obliging in questions of method as he was firm in those of principle, his determination and his patience, have been too much for even this doughty adversary. So much so that recently Prince Bismarck, to cloak his defeat, has been pretending that he himself had never desired anything but a harmonious adjustment of the relations between Church and State, but that 'other hands' had frustrated his great design."

Every one knows how unstable is the equilibrium of a country, in which a civil war has raged, for many years after peace has been proclaimed. As far as can be judged by an outsider, America has not yet fully recovered from the evil effects of the terrible civil war which desolated her plains more than fifty years ago. And the very same is true of Germany. From 1887 onwards there have been several occasions on which it seemed certain that the smouldering embers of the Kulturkampf would burst into flame once more. But they never have done so, nor, we think, are they very likely to in the present squabble over the Jesuits. Two individuals, generally speaking, become friends when they abandon their quarrel; but this is not at all the case in disputes between two nations or between two masses of the same nation. Externally they may maintain a friendly attitude, but it takes very little to set them at each other's throat once again. And consequently, for some time after the peace of 1887 there existed in Germany an atmosphere of suspicion between the two parties who had so recently been at war. One of the greatest guarantees of peace, however, was the disposition of the old Emperor William. Every one knew that the empire would not engage in any prolonged conflict to which the head of the State was opposed, and there was no doubt that the Emperor was determined to crush any attempt at reviving the Kulturkampf. Nor were any fears entertained by the Catholics as to the views of Prince Frederick, who was to succeed him. To a man of his cultured mind and refined tastes the idea of conflict was abhorrent, while his well-known adherence to Liberal principles was sufficient guarantee that he would not persecute in the name of religion. Beyond him the people did not look. They little thought that within the space of a few months the destinies of Germany were to be guided by a man to whose disposition or character no one devoted a thought at the time.

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## CHRONOLOGY OF OUR LORD'S LIFE.

**T**HE chronology of Our Lord's life is a very difficult subject. At first sight it would seem impossible to develop this question, seeing the great difference of opinion there is as to the age of Jesus when He died. Some authorities fix His age as thirty, others as thirty-three, while some say that He was forty, and still others even fifty years old. "Sententias vero has non argumentis, nec verbis S. Scripturae (Stephanus) confirmavit: sed testimonius tantum, ut scriptor putavit, variorum patrum . . . Dominus noster Jesus Christus tricesimo aetatis anno crucifixus est, et non tricesimo, sed tricesimo tertio. Et non tricesimo tertio, sed quadragesimo; et nec trigesimo tertio nec etiam solum quadragesimo, sed amplius, non multum a quinquagesimo distans."<sup>1</sup>

This modest work gives first a short review of the different opinions of the fathers on the subject; then it establishes the true historical and traditional chronology of Christ, confirming it with prophecies, and shows the original occasion of erroneous chronologies.

The widespread and practically unanimous opinion of Catholic writers for many centuries (beginning with Dionysius Exiguus in the earlier part of the sixth century) agreed in assigning the birth of Jesus to the second year of the lunar cycle, in December, A. D. 1: "Tenet ergo vulgus Latinorum quod Dominus fuit natus secundo anno cycli decemnovennalis;"<sup>2</sup> His baptism to January, A. D. 31, and His death to March, A. D. 34: "Denique anno ab ejus incarnatione juxta Dionysium septingentesimo primo, indictione quarta-decima fratres nostri qui tunc fuere Romae, hoc modo se in natali Domini in cereis sanctae Mariae scriptum vidisse, et inde descripsisse referebant. A passione Domini nostri Jesu Christi anni sunt 668. 532 annis circulus paschalis circumagitur, his adde 33 vel potius 34, ut illum ipsum quo passus est Dominus attingere possis annum, fiunt 566. Ipse est ergo annus dominicae passionis. Sancta siquidem Romana et apostolica Ecclesia . . . tempus dominicae passionis in memoriam populis revocans, numerum annorum triginta semper et tribus annis minorem quam ab ejus incarnatione Dionysius ponat, adnotat."<sup>3</sup>

In the fourth century Eusebius, however, having fixed the year of the birth of Christ as the 42d year of Augustus A. U. C. 751 (i. e., B. C. 2): "Annus agebatur XLII. regni Augusti . . . et ab Antonii Cleopatraeque morte annus XXVIII,"<sup>4</sup> attributed the

<sup>1</sup> Photii Bibliotheca, Stephani Cobari Trithemitaë liber.

<sup>2</sup> Bacon R. Opus Majus IV., 4, 15.

<sup>3</sup> Beda Ven. De Tem. ratione c. 47.

baptism of Our Lord to the ending of what was called A. C. 30, the 15th of Tiberius, A. U. C. 780; (i. e., A. D. 27) and the death of Christ to A. C. 34, the 19th of Tiberius, A. U. C. 784 (i. e., A. D. 31). The duration of the ministry of Jesus, extending over three years, was suggested to Eusebius by an historical argument: "Cum ergo ab Annae pontificatu exorsus ad Caipha pontificatum docere perstiterit, vix hoc temporis intervallo quadriennium integrum continetur."<sup>6</sup>

Afterwards S. Jerome ascribed the birth of Jesus to the 42d year of Augustus (i. e., B. C. 2). He dated the baptism as occurring in January, A. C. 31, the 16th of Tiberius; (i. e., A. D. 29), and His death in A. C. 33, the 18th of Tiberius; (i. e., A. D. 31): "Scriptum est in Evangelio secundum Joannem, per tria pascha Dominum venisse in Jerusalem, quae duos annos efficiunt (In Joann II., xiii)."<sup>7</sup> "Jerome, no doubt, because he allotted to the ministry only two to three years, and not like Eusebius, three to four, substitutes Tiberius 18." The opinion of St. Jerome corresponds to that of the following fathers: "Tiberius Cæsar regnavit annis 22. Decimo vero octavo anno regni ipsius, expleto redemptionis opere, Salvator crucifixus surrexit a mortuis."<sup>8</sup> "Juxta Joannem Evangelistam (II., VI.) per tria paschata duos postea implevit annos."<sup>9</sup> "Trium annorum spatio miraculis celebratus est;"<sup>10</sup> "Post haec erat festus Judaeorum. Quod festum? Pentecostes ut mihi videtur."<sup>11</sup> "Per totum enim biennium. . . . evangelicam praedicationem tradidit."<sup>12</sup> "Omnino tria (Paschata) sint toto illi praedicationis temporis tribuenda."<sup>13</sup> "Mense X. ad Joannem accessit . . . anno a nativitate sua XXX. . . . annos habens absolutos XXX. . . . Anno ab Incarnatione sua XXXIII. . . . passionem . . . subiit."<sup>14</sup>

Origen, Ps. Tertullian and St. Augustine assigned the birth of Christ to about A. U. C. 752, His baptism to A. U. C. 781, His death to A. U. C. 782, coincident with A. D. 29: "Statuerunt illi triginta stateres quantos annos Salvator peregrinatus fuerat;"<sup>15</sup> "Anno enim et Aliquot mensibus docuit."<sup>16</sup> "Quae passio perfecta

<sup>6</sup> Hist. Eccl. I., V.

<sup>7</sup> Eusebius, Hist. I., X., 2.

<sup>8</sup> Hieron. comm. in Isaiam 1, IX., cap. XXXIX.

<sup>9</sup> Hastings, A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospel Art. Chronology.

<sup>10</sup> Basilii Seleuciensis Oratio XXXVIII., 5.

<sup>11</sup> Apollinaris Laodiceus in Hieronymo comm. in Dan. IX.

<sup>12</sup> Chrysostomus Hom. XXI., 2.

<sup>13</sup> Chrysostomus Hom. XXXVI., in Joann. V., 1.

<sup>14</sup> Cyrillus comm. in Isaiam, I., III., 29, v., 1., 4.

<sup>15</sup> Epiphanius Adv. Haer. I., II., 51, 22.

<sup>16</sup> Epiphanius ibi 51, 25.

<sup>17</sup> Origenes Tract. 35 in Matt. 5.

<sup>18</sup> Origenes peri archon IV., 16.

est sub Tiberio Cæsare Coss. Rubellio Gemino et Rufo Gemino . . . annos habens quasi triginta quando pateretur."<sup>17</sup> "A Nativitate Domini hodie computantur ferme anni 420; a Resurrectione 390:"<sup>18</sup> "Mortuus est duobus Geminis Coss."<sup>19</sup>

According to Ps. Cyprian and Hilarianus, Jesus died after completing thirty-one years, in the sixteenth year of Tiberius; "Passus V. id. April . . . passus est luna XV. . . . Anni XXX. quibus expletis Dominus Jesus a nativitate sua baptizatus est a Joanne anno XV. Tiberii Cæsaris: cujus anno XVI. passus est et resurrexit."<sup>20</sup> "Uno proinde anno Judaicæ genti . . . prædicavit . . . usque in annum XVI. Tiberii Cæsaris . . . eo anno passus est . . . luna XIV., VIII. Kal. Apr."<sup>21</sup> According to Orosius, Jesus died in the year of Tiberius XVII.; "Anno U. C. 752 . . . Augusti emenso propemodum anno 42 natus est Christus . . . deinde anno XVII. ejusdem Tiberii . . . se tradidit passioni."<sup>22</sup>

The Valentinians referred the birth of Jesus to the 28th year of Augustus and A. U. C. 759, and His baptism as well as His death to the 15th year of Tiberius and A. U. C. 788; "Duodecimo autem mense eum passum, ut sit anno uno post baptismum prædicans."<sup>23</sup> "Colliguntur autem omnes anni a Romulo qui Romani condidit usque ad mortem Commodi anni 953 menses sex. Natus autem est Dominus noster XXVIII. anno cum primum jusserunt censum Descriptione fieri tempore Augusti . . . et quod anno solo oporteret eum prædicare. . . . Quintodecimo ergo anno Tiberii et quintodecimo Augusti sic implentur triginta anni usque ad tempus quo passus est . . . fiunt autem ex quo natus est Dominus usque ad mortem Commodi anni omnes 194, mensis unus, dies tredecim;"<sup>24</sup> i. e., A. U. C. 953 less 194 years=A. U. C. 759, A. D. 6, the year of the second census of Cyrenius in Judæa, which was presumed to be the one mentioned in Luke ii., 1-21. They agreed on the year of Rome 759, the 28th year of Augustus, etc., relying upon Luke iii., 1-23.

Some writers (quidam) attributed the first year of Julius Cæsar to (A. U. C. 953 less years 236)=A. U. C. 717; the first year of Augustus to A. U. C. 720; the 32d year of Augustus and the birth of Christ to A. U. C. 752; the 16th of Tiberius and the death of Christ to A. U. C. 782; "Julius Cæsar annis 3, quator mensibus,

<sup>17</sup> Ps. Tertull. Adv. Jud. VIII.

<sup>18</sup> S. Augustinus Epistola 80 ad Hesychium.

<sup>19</sup> S. Augustinus De Civitate Dei XVIII. caput ultimum.

<sup>20</sup> Ps. Cyprian Computus Paschæ.

<sup>21</sup> Q. J. Hilarianus De die paschæ et mensi XV.

<sup>22</sup> Orosius I., l.; VI., 22; VIII., 2, 3.

<sup>23</sup> Irenæus Adv. Hæc. II., 22.

<sup>24</sup> Clem. Alex. Strom. I., 21, p. 147.



quinque diebus. Post quem regnavit Augustus annis 46 mensibus quatuor die uno. A Julio ergo Cesare usque ad mortem Commodi anni sunt 236, menses sex. Colliguntur autem omnes anni a Romulo qui Roman condidit usque ad mortem Commodi, anni 953, menses sex."<sup>28</sup>

So the different views of the Chronology of Jesus were many. First, the Valentinians held that the ministry of Jesus covered a period of twelve months, or something less; second, Origen Pa. Tertullian, and some others, following the Gospel of St. John, admit a ministry of one year and three or four months; Origen in one place speaks of a ministry of three years, after the Jewish fashion; the first year from January to Nisan A. D. 28; the second year from Nisan A. D. 28 to Nisan (exclusive) A. D. 29; the third year Nisan A. D. 29; third, St. Jerome, St. Epiphanius and others, because of St. John's Gospel, extended the ministry to two years and three months; fourth, Beda to three years and three months. The age of Jesus changed according to the duration of the ministry. The date of His death was variously placed at the 15th, the 16th, the 17th, the 18th and the 19th year of Tiberius.

#### DATE OF THE NATIVITY OF JESUS.

The opinions placing the birth of Jesus in the 28th or 41st year of Augustus (A. U. C. 751) or even in the 42d or 43d of Augustus must be excluded—*a priori*—for Jesus was born at the time of King Herod (Matt. ii., 1) and consequently before the year A. U. C. 750.

Eusebius (Chronicon) refers the first Apology of St. Justin to A. U. C. 142; U. C. 893, that is, to A. D. 139; since St. Justin there counts 150 years of Christ, he would refer the birth of Our Lord to about B. C. 11, which would make Jesus forty years of age.

But Eusebius fixed—*a priori*—the Chronology of Christ, and then we well know how unfaithful he is about those events which have relation to the said Chronology of Our Lord. Also the internal evidence of the dedication of the first Apology is not very trustworthy in its present condition: "The text is probably corrupt."<sup>29</sup>

St. Epiphanius remains the best authority: "Justinus . . . pro Christo martyrio perfunctus . . . sub Rustico praeffecto, Adriano imperante." If St. Epiphanius is right, the Apology of St. Justin must be referred to about A. D. 130 and his account of the birth of Christ to about B. C. 20.

In every case the authority of St. Justin is in favor of an earlier date for the birth of Jesus. Apart from this statement of St. Justin,

<sup>28</sup> Clem. Alex. 1, c.

<sup>29</sup> The Apologies of Justin Martyr, edited by A. W. Blunt, M. A., Cambridge, 1911. Introduction, p. xlviii.

antiquity only professed the birth of Jesus at the time of Augustus, indefinitely. Tertullian, writing about 206 A. D., speaks of the birth of Christ as having occurred less than 250 years before. He was evidently reckoning from the year 44 B. C.<sup>27</sup>; and a very important Synod in A. D. 343-A. D. 344 (three years after the consulship of Marcellinus and Protinus in A. D. 341) referred the birth of Christ to less than 400 years before: "Christum . . . nostram carnem ex Virgine assumpsit, non integris abhinc quadringentis annis;"<sup>28</sup> this is later than B. C. 56.

"Ignorantia consolatus, quo natus est Dominus et quo passus est nonnullos coegit errare ut putarent quadraginta sex annorum aetate passum esse Dominum, quia per tot annos aedificatum templum esse dictum est a Judaeis, quod imaginem Dominici corporis habebat."<sup>29</sup> By this statement of Augustine we learn: First, that some writers have regarded the age of Jesus as forty-six when He died, as St. Augustine affirms; or at some time during His ministry, when He was talking of His future resurrection, as seems more natural, according to the Gospel of St. John (xi., 20), to which this doctrine has reference; second, herein those writers differed from Irenaeus and Clement Alexandrinus, for in none of their works do we find a reference to such interpretation of that verse of St. John's Gospel; third, the idea that the years of the Temple were a figure of the years of the age of Jesus was then much pressed by its defenders, still St. Augustine was not able to deny it simply as inconsistent, but he tried to oppose to it another and a strange doctrine—that forty-six years was a figure of nine months;<sup>30</sup> fourth, this exegesis was probably suggested and sustained by the traditional accounts that Jesus was born as early as the time when Herod began the great work of rebuilding the Temple of the Lord during the eighteenth year of his reign,<sup>31</sup> B. C. 37-B. C. 20.

In the Acts of Pilate and in Sulpicius Severus<sup>32</sup> the death of Christ is attributed to the 18th and 19th year of Herod; this can be an anachronism by which they referred the death of Jesus to the year of Herod in which tradition had put His birth. That is not very much, but is certainly all we have as yet of traditional accounts on this point. All the other ancient accounts of the year of Jesus' birth being evidently false, no one of them can be traditional at all. Let the error be even of a few years only, the evidence remains that the year of Augustus in which they said Christ was born is not

<sup>27</sup> Ad Nationes I., 7.

<sup>28</sup> St. Athanasius Epistola De Synodis 26, 5.

<sup>29</sup> Augustinus in Doctrina Christiana II., 28.

<sup>30</sup> Cfr. Q. 83 c. 56; De Trinitate IV., 5.

<sup>31</sup> Josephus Ant. XV., II., 1.

<sup>32</sup> Chronicle II., 27.

traditional. About that time Herod thought of building "The Temple of God, and making it larger in compass, and to raise it to a most magnificent height . . . and because it seemed incredible to hope . . . the king . . . told them he would not pull down their temple till all things were got ready for building it up again . . . Herod took up the old foundations and laid others, and erected the temple upon them."<sup>33</sup> Now, Jesus was born in time to be presented in the Temple built at the time of Darius Hystaspes.

According to the prophet: "Yet one little while and I will move the heaven, and the earth, and the sea and the dry land, and I will move all nations, and the desired of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts. . . . Great shall be the glory of this last house more than of the first, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place I will give peace."<sup>34</sup> I must note that when the prophet says the glory of this last house shall be greater than that of the first one, such comparison cannot be applied to the place which was always the same, but to the second building itself, in opposition with the first building which had not enshrined the glory reserved to the second Temple. So the prophecy of Aggeus requires Jesus to be born in time to sanctify with His presence the Temple built at the time of Darius, and consequently to have been born about the time Herod began to rebuild the Temple.

Let us consider now the historical accounts. Jesus was born during the first census ordered by Augustus for all the world (Luke ii., 1). The first census of Augustus in Rome took place in B. C. 28, A. U. C. 726.<sup>35</sup> Historical circumstances show well enough how that census had been extended to all the world. Then Augustus "*imperium in suas provincias decennale suscepit, intra quod tempus eas redacturum in ordinem promittebat.*"<sup>36</sup> "*Cæsar cum orationem de ejurando regno, ac dividendis provinciis habuisset . . .*"<sup>37</sup> "*Nam (Augustus) et omnia, ut conveniebat, emendavit, et pecunias aliis largitus est, aliis etiam ultra tributum novas imperavit.*"<sup>38</sup> Augustus "*in Siciliam profectus est ut eam ac omnes alias ad Syriam usque provincias constitueret.*"<sup>39</sup> "*Aberat in ordinandis Asiae Orientisque rebus Cæsar, circumferens terrarum orbi præsencia sua pacis suae bona.*"<sup>40</sup> "*Vere in Asiam perrexit, A. Apulejo, P. Sillio consulibus; ibique et in Bithynia omnia constituit.*"<sup>41</sup> According to Josephus,<sup>42</sup>

<sup>33</sup> Josephus Ant. XV., XL, 2, 2.

<sup>34</sup> Aggeus II.

<sup>35</sup> Th. Mommsen, *Res Gestae divi Augusti*.

<sup>36</sup> Dio *Historiae Romanae* 53, 22.

<sup>37</sup> Dio 1, c.

<sup>38</sup> Dio 1, c. 54, 7.

<sup>39</sup> Dio 1, c.: 54, 6: A. U. C. 732.

<sup>40</sup> Vell. Hist. II., 92.

<sup>41</sup> Dio 1, c.: A. U. C. 734, B. C. 20.

<sup>42</sup> Ant. XV., 10, 3.

Augustus came into Syria, enlarged the kingdom of Herod, and appointed him one of the Procurators of Syria, when Herod had reigned seventeen years, i. e., about March B. C. 20. "Augustus interim subditos ex Romanorum legum praescripto composuit."<sup>43</sup> "De censu denique Augusti, quem testem fidelissimum dominicae nativitatibus romana archiva custodiunt. . . . Sed et census constat actos<sup>44</sup> sub Augusto nunc in Judaea per Sentium Saturninum."<sup>45</sup> Tertullian as a Christian never would have meant to correct St. Luke, and to say that the census had taken place not under Cyrenius, but under Saturninus, Governor of Syria. Sentius Saturninus was Consul B. C. 19, and to Saturninus, Consul, Tertullian refers the census that was finished, sent to Rome and signed by Saturninus in B. C. 19. The census was often regarded as a duty of the consuls in charge.<sup>46</sup>

Our Lord was born at the time of Cyrenius, Governor of Syria, who made then his first census in Judea.<sup>47</sup> Of Cyrenius we know that he took an army against the Homonades in order to subdue them, and also to avenge the death of a certain King Amyntas; "Amyntas itaque Cirennem cepit, progressusque ad Omonades . . . multorum jam locorum dominus, interempto a se eorum tyranno, fraude uxoris tyranni captus est, atque ab illis interemptus."<sup>48</sup> "Cirenius autem eos fame confecit et quatuor millia a se capta in alias propinquas urbes traduxit, regionem vero juventute desertam reliquit."<sup>49</sup> Now, Cyrenius subdued the Homonades after the death of Amyntas, B. C. 25 and before the year B. C. 20: "Nam postquam Romani duce Quirinio effecerunt, quod Amyntas perficere non potuerat, ut (Homonades) domarentur, Cilicia aspera, ut ait Strabo 14, 5, 6, p. 671, regibus tradita est, scilicet a 734."<sup>50</sup> "Sic ergo Archelaus ad Cappadociam accepit asperam Ciliciam;"<sup>51</sup> "In Cilicia . . . maritimis quibusdam . . . quae Archelao . . . donavit."<sup>52</sup> If in B. C. 20 Augustus gave the region of the Homonades to King Archelaus, necessarily the region had been subdued by Cyrenius before that year. And then Cyrenius acted as Legate in Syria:

"Homonadenses angulum ad summum extremum Ciliciae occupantes . . . Ciliciam eo tempore sub praeside Syriae fuisse,

<sup>43</sup> See *descriptio*—Dio 54, 9; A. U. C. 734; E. G. 80.

<sup>44</sup> Luc. II.

<sup>45</sup> Tertullianus *Adversus Marcionem* IV., 7, 19.

<sup>46</sup> Cf. Mommsen *Res gestae divi Augusti* II., 2.

<sup>47</sup> Luca II., 2.

<sup>48</sup> U. C. 729.

<sup>49</sup> Strabo 12, 6, 5.

<sup>50</sup> Dio 54, 9; Strabo 14, 5, 6, p. 671; Tacitus *Ann.* 6, 41. Mommsen *Res gestae Augusti*, P. S. Quirini Titulus Tiburtinus III., 1.

<sup>51</sup> Strabo I., c.

<sup>52</sup> Dio I., c.: A. U. C. 724; B. C. 20.

olim a Baronio propositae . . . hodie vero . . . etiam a Zumptio et Nipperdeio admissae . . . dicendum erit Quirinium Homonadaenses vicisse Syriae legatum."<sup>86</sup>

When Dio<sup>84</sup> says that Agrippa sent the Legates into the Orient, obviously he means that Agrippa commanded the Legates of Augustus, who were traveling in his company, to proceed into the Orient without him. Agrippa, in fact, had no authority to appoint his own Legates. Also Agrippa was sent into the Orient by Augustus to take care of the most important affairs only, and this only to guard appearances, "sub specie ministeriorum principalium,"<sup>85</sup> the true reason being to have Agrippa far away from Rome; so the Legates of Augustus were still to remain in their respective provinces of Asia, at least to take care of all ordinary affairs.

Because it is historically evident that Augustus gave the region of the Homonades to King Archelaus in B. C. 20, it is also evident that at that time Cyrenius had already subdued them.

Tacitus says: "Quirinus . . . impiger militiae et acribus ministeriis consulatum sub divo Augusto mox, expugnatis per Ciliciam Homonadensium castellis, insignia triumphi adeptus,"<sup>86</sup> that is, Cyrenius, after he had done hard work in war and in civil offices, was elected Consul, and soon, by the reason that he had subdued the Homonades, the triumph was allowed to him. In fact, Cyrenius was "homo novus," and before his consulship he could not obtain the honor of a triumph: "Nam legatus . . . neque hac aetate jus ei triumphandi."<sup>87</sup> The Senate twice ordained prayers of thanksgiving, "supplicationes binas,"<sup>88</sup> because of the victories of Cyrenius over the Homonades, once after those victories and again at the occasion of the triumph of Cyrenius.

In B. C. 1 Cyrenius was appointed adviser to C. Caesar, who by a decree of the Senate was obtaining the duty to govern Armenia: "C. Caesar, in Syriam missus, convento prius Tib. Nerone, cui omnem honorem, ut superiori, habuit."<sup>89</sup> "(Tiberius) Privignum Gaium Orienti Praepositum, cum visendi gratia trajecisset Samum, alienorem sibi sensit ex criminationibus M. Lollii comitis et rectoris eius."<sup>90</sup> "Datusque (Quirinus) rector C. Caesari Armeniam optinenti Tiberium quoque Rhodi agentem coluerat, quod tunc patefecit in senatu, laudatis in se officiis et incusato M. Lollio, quen auctorem

<sup>86</sup> Mommsen 1, c. III., 1.

<sup>84</sup> Hist. Rom. 53, 32.

<sup>85</sup> Vell. 2, 92.

<sup>86</sup> Am. III., 48.

<sup>87</sup> Mommsen 1, c.

<sup>88</sup> Mommsen 1, c.

<sup>89</sup> Vell. II., 191.

<sup>90</sup> Suetonius in Tiberium 12.

Caio Cæsari pravitatis et discordiarum arguebat."<sup>61</sup> Now, if Lollius had induced C. Cæsar to pay reverence to Tiberius at Rhodes, Tiberius would not have made the reported accusations against him; moreover, in no way could the conduct of Lollius be compared with that of Cyrenius, had not he (Cyrenius) influenced the feelings of C. Cæsar and induced him to pay reverence to Tiberius at Rhodes. Hence it follows that Cyrenius was the first adviser of C. Cæsar in B. C. 1—not Lollius, as Mommsen says.

It was only about B. C. 26 that Varro subdued a part of the region of Zenodorus which was given to Herod: "Ille (Cæsar) rescripsit expugnanda esse latronum receptacula, et regionem eam ditioni Herodis contribuenda . . . eam regionem postea Herodes accepit a Cæsare, adhibitis ducibus ad eos penetrans maleficia coercuit . . . Zenodorus autem . . . Roman ad accusandum Herodem profectus est. . . . Interea in Asiam Agrippa mittitur (B. C. 23). . . . Zenodorus . . . periit. Cæsar vero et huius portionem, sane non contemnendam, donavit Herodi."<sup>62</sup>

To conclude, the historical evidence is that Cyrenius had to subdue the Homonades no later than B. C. 20; the geographical evidence is that Cyrenius was at that time Legate in Syria; such is also the historical evidence, because we do not know any other office of Cyrenius in Asia, but that he was Proconsul there once and Legate in Syria twice ("iterum"); he could not be Proconsul until after his consulship in B. C. 12; in A. D. 6 he was again Legate in Syria; and in B. C. 20 he only could be Legate in Syria the first time.

Cyrenius was not Legate in Syria in about B. C. 7 or B. C. 5. We have seen by historical evidence that he was Legate there in about B. C. 20, and to admit that he was Legate in Syria again in B. C. 7 or B. C. 5, we should admit that he was Legate there three times, which is not admissible. Also in B. C. 7 and B. C. 5 we know that Saturninus and Varus respectively were Legates in Syria. In the hypothesis that while one was Legate some other could have been sent to make the census, then the civil official in charge of the census in no way was governing the region. It could not disagree with St. Luke if Saturninus or any other was in Syria to make the census; but as to Cyrenius, he was governing Syria; that is, he was the Legate or President. Had Cyrenius been a procurator, he could have governed some particular region of Syria, but he could not have been said to govern Syria.

The hypothesis that Cyrenius was Governor after Varus and finished the census first begun by Saturninus is not only too strange of itself; but in such an hypothesis we cannot understand why St.

<sup>61</sup> Tacitus, *Ann.* III., 48.

<sup>62</sup> Josephus XV., 13.

Luke does not name Varna, who, it is supposed, was the actual Legate, and by whom the Holy Family had been really enrolled.

At the very time of the presence of Augustus in Syria all the world was at peace: "Itaque tunc temporis nullum bellum attigit."<sup>63</sup>

The result is that some old traditional and exegetical accounts, prophecy and history fully harmonize in testifying to the birth of Jesus about the year B. C. 80. From April 14, B. C. 80, to the destruction of Jerusalem in April 14, A. D. 70, are 89 intervening years; there are  $89 \times 365 = 32,485$  days + 22 days of intercalary years = 32,507 days + 202 days counted from September 24, B. C. 21 to April 14, B. C. 20 = 32,709 days:  $7 = 4,672$  weeks and 5 days: 24 classes of Jewish priests = 194 turns and 16 weeks more. At the destruction of Jerusalem the 24th class was serving in the Temple; and the remainder 16 weeks in B. C. 21 the last 16 classes were performing service in the Temple, counting from the 24th back to the ninth class; and the five days over the number of 4,672 weeks belonged to the service of the eighth class, to which St. Zaccarias belonged, and which was serving in the Temple on September 24 until about September 29. At the beginning of October St. John could have been conceived; during the month of March was the Annunciation; and the birth of Christ had to take place between December 4 to about January 4; B. C. 20 is in perfect agreement with the traditional statement of the birth of Christ on December 25.

As far as we know, no one of the fathers ever advanced any historical or traditional statement to prove the true year of the birth of Our Lord. The years 42d and 43d or 28th and 29th of Augustus were calculated from the time of the baptism of Jesus, attributed by those fathers to fifteen years after the death of Augustus.

#### INFANCY OF JESUS.

Jesus went into Egypt after the age of twelve years, as the Blessed Virgin revealed to a pious man about A. D. 1296: "In ea (in His Mother's house) conceptus et usque ad fugam in Aegyptum semper educatus."<sup>64</sup> "In dicta camera nutrit dilectissimum Filium suum usquequo pervenit ad aetatem duodecim annorum."<sup>65</sup> "Ubi ipsum suum Primogenitum . . . lactavit et educavit."<sup>66</sup>

A Jewish tradition relates Jesus had been in Egypt at His early manhood.<sup>67</sup> Agreeing with the same statement is an account of

<sup>63</sup> Dio. 1., c. 54, 9.

<sup>64</sup> A very ancient tablet in the sanctuary of Loretto by transcription of Beato Spagnoli.

<sup>65</sup> The very same tablet by transcription of Teramano.

<sup>66</sup> Julius II., Bulla October 21, 1507.

<sup>67</sup> Jewish Encyclopedia—Jesus in Jewish Legend.

Origen that an occasion of scandal to the Jews, according to Celsus, was the fact that Jesus was poor and even had been in service in Egypt: "And now Our Jesus is reproached with being born in a village, and that not a Greek one, nor belonging to any nation widely esteemed, and is despised as the son of a poor laboring woman, for having on account of His poverty left His native country and hired Himself out as a servant in Egypt . . . He has yet been able to shake the whole inhabited world."<sup>68</sup> Origen repeats several times the Jewish tradition that Jesus was a servant in Egypt. Cfr. *Lamentations* (v. 6, 7): "We have given our hand to Egypt and to Assyrians, that we might be satisfied with bread. Our fathers have sinned and are not, and we have borne their iniquities." In St. Matthew the first verse, chapter 2, can be translated in this way: "Because Jesus had been born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem." This verse refers to Matt. ii., 5, 8. The Gospel of St. Matthew, according to some ancient manuscripts, always calls Jesus "ton paida" (ii., 11, 13, 14, 20, 21: *Novum Testamentum graece curavit Eberhard Nestle*) because Jesus was then a boy. In the same manuscripts, however, Herod calls Jesus an infant (ii., 8), because he believed so; but it might have been a mistake of Herod to argue at first that Christ had been born at the same time as the appearance of His star. Some very ancient images in the catacombs show Jesus a boy sitting on a large throne at the visitation of Magi.<sup>69</sup> Also in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome a mosaic made by order of Pope Sixtus III. represents Jesus sitting on a large throne at the visitation of Magi.<sup>70</sup> Perhaps God did not send the star to the Magi until Jesus was twelve years old. The Magi did not need the star to guide them, were they going to Bethlehem; but they were guided to Nazareth, where, according to St. Luke, Jesus was then living. The reason why St. Matthew avoids saying where the Magi met Jesus seems to be the fact that the holy writer is not willing to explain how the Holy Family was living in Nazareth and how occasionally Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Also because the Evangelist there cares more for what was accomplished of the prophecies. Then the reason why Jesus soon went into Egypt was because Herod could readily receive information from Bethlehem of the wonderful events that happened there at the true date of the birth of Christ and at His presentation in the Temple of Jerusalem, and also that Magi had gone to Nazareth.

<sup>68</sup> Origen against Celsus I., 29.

<sup>69</sup> Cf. Knabenbauer comm. in Mattheum II.

<sup>70</sup> Cf. Garrucci, *Storia dell' Arte Christiana* Roma, 1872, I., p. 363; also Tav. 213.



I wish to note here that the Gospels were not written like all other historical books. Every evangelist wanted to give an account of the knowledge of common Christian people at the Apostolic time, because they wanted to base the historical value of the events related in their Gospels on the testimony of all Christian believers, so that the evidence of those events should remain greater than an historical evidence. Hence one evangelist says that at Jericho Jesus cured a blind man; another that He cured there two blind men on two different occasions; and a third evangelist says that Jesus cured there two blind men, uniting in one account two different events. Because the Apostles in their sermons could not always distinguish all the circumstances, and the Gospels are a faithful picture of the Apostles' sermons, and of the consequences of a little variant knowledge of the faithful. Also what in the Gospels is related is all historical; the form, however, is oratorical, not historical, and the oratorical form requires sometimes a certain carelessness in useless circumstances; sometimes requires a changing of chronological circumstances for the unity of an argument or for any honest purpose of the speaker.

So the tradition that the Magi had come when Jesus was two years old (what in Jewish language only means after the first of Nisan, next to His birth) does not appear very certain. But it can be argued also that Jesus at the first flight from Bethlehem to Nazareth.

At the age of twelve years Jesus remained in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and his answers. . . . And His Mother said to Him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? . . . And he said to them: How is it that you sought me? did you not know that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the words He spoke unto them." If the Blessed Virgin did not understand what her Divine Son had said, this means that she did not hear His words. Jesus apparently addressed His parents, but He wanted to be heard by the doctors, to signify to them that He professed to be the Son of God. And after this manifestation of Jesus it became necessary to fly into Egypt. That St. Matthew does not distinguish the two flights of Jesus there is no wonder at all, as we well know the evangelist did not want to give a full history of the infancy of Jesus, for he shows a clear aim to be brief, his chief concern being how much of prophecies was accomplished.

Jesus remained several years in Egypt: "Dicitur quia septem annis mansit in Aegypto."<sup>71</sup>

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<sup>71</sup> S. Thomas, comm. in Mattheum II.

DATE OF THE BAPTISM.

"Under the high priest Annas (A. D. 6-A. D. 14) and Caiphas (A. D. 16-A. D. 33) . . ." (Luke iii., 2.) "(Plural high priests) is a manifest correction on account of the two names."<sup>72</sup> "In the high priesthood of Annas and Caiphas, yet so that the high priest is spoken of in the singular number."<sup>73</sup> It appears that the name of Caiphas there was first interpolated, and afterwards the reading of the second verse was changed according to that interpolation.

Commentators say here that St. Luke calls Annas a high priest when he was not. But by interpreting the Gospel in this way we shall always remain subject to our own imaginations and never be able to find out the truth. Such is the evidence of the third Gospel, that St. John began to preach at the time of the high priest Annas (Ananus) (A. D. 6-A. D. 14). In the Acts (iv., 6), however, the name of Annas, like a family name, can be attributed not to Ananus himself, but to his son Jonathas, who succeeded Caiphas before the death of Herod Philip, in about A. D. 33, or even at an earlier date, in the hypothesis that Tiberius had sent Gratus in Judea when he received by the Senate the administration of the Provinces in about A. D. 11, according to Velleius, or in A. D. 13, according to Suetonius.

As to St. John (xviii., 24) he always means to refer the title of high priest to Caiphas. 'Et misit eum Annas ligatum ad Caipham pontificem—q. d. Miserat autem Annas Jesum ligatum ad Caipham pontificem. Ita Syrus, Arabicus et Cyrillus. Est enim hystorologia. Nam Joannes quasi oblitus narrare missionem Jesu ab Anna ad Caipham, hic eam interserit, ut indicet quis fuerit pontifex qui examinavit Iesum cujus minister alapam dedit eidem, nimirum fuisse Caipham, non Annam. Caiphas enim erat pontifex, non Annas; quare hic versus recto ordine ponendus est post vers. 13, nam trina negatio Petri et examen Jesus, omnia quae post vers. 13 narrat Joannes, contigerunt in domo Caiphas pontificis, non Annae, ut patet ex S. Mattheo, Marco et Luca.'<sup>74</sup> And also, according to St. John, it is clear that Peter remained always in the same place "warming himself" (xviii., 18, 25).

St. John began to preach, probably, about the first year of Annas, who was appointed high priest by a Roman Legate, Cyrenius, on A. D. 6. It seems most fitting that when Judea was becoming a Roman Province, losing every kind of liberty, God should send the greatest of the prophets of Israel to preach a new-coming liberty

<sup>72</sup> The Gospel According to Luke, by J. J. Van Oostersee, D. D., translated by P. Schaaf, D. D., and Rev. C. C. Starbuck.

<sup>73</sup> The Holy Bible, edited by F. C. Cook, M. A., London, 1878.

<sup>74</sup> Cornelli A. Lapide Comm. In Joannem.

and a new kingdom from heaven. Cf. *Genesis* xli.: "Non auferetur sceptrum de Juda, et dux de femore ejus, donec veniat qui venturus est, et ipse erit expectatio gentium."

St. Luke (ii., 52; iii., 1) states that Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and (in His own) grace with God and men, in the year 15 of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, etc. The evangelist wants to say not that Jesus grew in wisdom and age, this being a natural necessity to every boy. St. Luke refers to the adolescence of Jesus, that He was subject to His parents; then he states that Jesus manifested a doctrine (wisdom), lived with men (age) and had charity (grace) advancing; that is, accomplishing His mission, in the year 15 of Tiberius, i. e., from Nisan A. D. 28 to Nisan A. D. 29, calculating in the Jewish way. The verb to advance is used by St. Luke to signify that Jesus had preached also before that year, and that He progressed in His ministry, preaching His full and clearest doctrine and showing the best signs of love only at the end.

To refer to the year 15 of Tiberius the high priesthood of Annas, the reading of the second verse could be: Annas being high priest, and not as it reads in fact, "under Annas high priest." At Rome they have a letter attributed to Lentulus, Procurator of Judea and predecessor of Pilate, speaking of the features, the fame and the miracles of Christ. This letter, even if not genuine, is an evident testimony of the Christian belief at the time of its composition that Christ had begun His ministry before Pilate was Procurator of Judea, and consequently before the 15th year of Tiberius. St. Justin says: "Ne qui . . . Christum dicant ante annos centum quinquaginta nos asseverare Christum sub Cyrenio natum esse, docuisse autem quæ dicimus ipsum posterius docuisse sub Pontio Pilato."<sup>78</sup>

If St. Justin and the Christians were referring to the time of Pilate the things Jesus had preached at a later time, it means that other things had been preached by Jesus at an earlier time before Pilate was sent to govern Judea, agreeing with the age of Jesus of forty years at least, as was asserted by St. Justin, and has been stated above. Besides, of a man under the age of thirty-five we would not say that he is advancing in age. Also that Jesus advanced in wisdom with men from twelve to thirty years of age cannot be said, because during the obscure life of Jesus men could not acknowledge His wisdom, or rather His advancing wisdom. Such advances must be referred to the teaching of Our Lord and to His later age. The Valentinians were right in saying that St. Luke refers the ministry of Jesus to the 15th year of Tiberius; but they were wrong

<sup>78</sup> *Apologia* I., 48.

in arguing that Jesus was baptized, preached and died during only twelve months, in the year 15 of Tiberius. The word "advancing" can neither imply the very end<sup>70</sup> nor the beginning of Our Lord's ministry. The advancing in the ministry supposes a preceding duration of the same; the advancing in the ministry in the very year 15 of Tiberius means the last year of advance. The more an event is approaching to its completion, the more it is advancing, while the completion itself and the beginning of an event do not belong to its advance. St. Luke also especially shows his purpose of giving the account of the last year of Our Lord's ministry. Accordingly, he speaks first of the imprisonment of St. John and after of the baptism of Jesus; he begins the ministry of Christ at Nazareth, when His fame had already gone through the whole country (Luke iv., 14); and after only a third of his account has been related, he does state that the days of Christ's assumption (i. e., of His death) were accomplishing (Luke ix., 51), and begins to relate Jesus' last journey to Jerusalem.

According to the consecutive order of feasts related by St. John, the ministry of Jesus occupied a year; when he says that the miracle of the multiplication of bread took place near the Passover time, he is relating there what happened at some preceding year. Although the evangelists relate the last year of the ministry of Christ, they take the liberty of reporting miracles from all the effective preaching of Our Lord. The duration of one year belongs to the book, not to the events which the book refers to. In other words, the evangelists give an account of one year, preferably of the last year, of the preaching of Our Lord, as an example of every year of His ministry; and also in the duration of one year they relate sermons and miracles from all the ministry of Christ, so as to give a complete picture of His gradual mission.

St. Mark and St. Matthew relate especially of the ministry of Christ in Galilee; St. Luke the ministry of Christ in Galilee and also an occasional preaching through Samaria. It is not according to the charity of Jesus to presume that He would have denied His grace and doctrine to all the country because those of one village would not receive Him; Jesus went into another village, but He still remained in Samaria. St. John relates especially of the ministry of Christ in Judea.

The date of the baptism of Jesus is near His thirtieth year of age (Luke iii., 23), about A. D. 10. Christian tradition was not silent as to the baptism of Jesus before A. D. 14, that is, at the time of Annas and before the death of Augustus. "*Si modo tueris sectam illam, quae cum imperio educata, et cum Augusto simul inchoata*

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<sup>70</sup> Nisan A. D. 29.

est."<sup>77</sup> Not from the birth, but from the ministry of Jesus, St. Melito can calculate the beginning of the Christian sect.

"Principe Augusto nomen hoc ortum est, Tiberio disciplina eius illuxit, sub Nerome damnatio invaluit."<sup>78</sup> The name of Christ, or better, the name of "Christian sect" arose at the time of Augustus. But Christ had no renown and no followers during His private life; Tertullian, therefore, refers to the first preaching of Christ.

The Gospel is addressed to all mankind. The Evangelists told us sufficiently of the chronology of Our Lord, born "at the times of King Herod" (B. C. 37-B. C. 4), "Cyrenius being Governor of Syria" (B. C. 23 and after); beginning to preach "under Annas, high priest" (A. D. 6-A. D. 14); lasting or "advancing . . . in the year 15 of Tiberius" (A. D. 28-A. D. 29), being "not yet fifty years old." But the composition of all the Gospel is adapted to common people, to whom simplified, short and not numerous accounts is a necessity, as simple geographical references and a plain tale helps their intelligence and remembrance of the facts. You cannot teach the people in church like you can teach pupils at school. I wish to note also how the chief history in the Gospel is the Passion and Resurrection of Christ; all the rest looks more like an introduction and explanation to that history. If chapter viii. of the book against the Jews is genuine (and this is doubtful), the statement there of the age of Jesus of thirty years means that Tertullian changed view after his defection from the Catholic faith.

"Augustus qui imperavit Romae . . . Hoc imperante advenit Joannes Zacariae sacerdotis filius, missus a Deo praedicans baptismum paenitentiae. . . . Exinde coepit Jesus docere populum et facere virtutes et signa magna . . . deinde Tiberius Caesar imperavit annis viginti duobus. Hoc imperante, idest sextodecimo anno imperii ejus . . . Filius Dei passus est."<sup>79</sup> "Cum primum coepit adolescere tinctus est a Joanne propheta in Jordane flumine."<sup>80</sup> Lactantius appears to conclude from Luke iii., 1, that the Baptist began to preach in the 15th year of his age and under the administration of Tiberius. That Jesus was baptized at the beginning of His thirtieth year is evident by the Gospel (Luke iii., 23) as well as by tradition, "Dominus enim Jesus Christus tricesimo anno baptizatus est et coepit docere."<sup>81</sup> The foolish statement of the great Lactantius shows that the tradition of the baptism of Jesus at the time of Augustus was yet strong, and being unable to make his-

<sup>77</sup> St. Melito *Fragmenta ex apologia* cf. Eusebius *Hist. Eccl.* IV., 26; Rufinus *Hist. Eccl.* IV., 24; Nicephorus *Hist. Eccl.* IV., 10.

<sup>78</sup> Tertullianus *Ad Nationes* I., 7.

<sup>79</sup> Anonymi *Libellus De Paschali Observatione*, Migne *Patrologia ser. L.* vol. 59.

<sup>80</sup> Lactantius *Instit. divin.* IV., 15.

<sup>81</sup> *Cono. Neocaes. can.* IX.

torical conclusions agree with both traditions of the first preaching of the Baptist at the time of Augustus and of the age of Jesus as thirty years at His baptism, he decided to retain the first account and renounce the second.

"Doctrina vero (seu praedicatio) Domini per praesentiam (seu in adventu) incepta temporibus Augusti et Tiberii Caesaris, perfectionem obtinuit circa media tempora (Tiberii) Augusti. Apostolorum autem ejus doctrina, usque ad Pauli ministerium Neronis tempore consummatur."<sup>83</sup>

Whatsoever be the difficulty of this passage, it remains absolutely evident that Clement refers the first preaching of Jesus to the time of Augustus. That is the only reason for mentioning the name of Augustus.

The coming of Christ on this earth from heaven was at His Incarnation and at His birth; but the coming of Christ to His mission or to His public ministry, His acknowledged coming, was at His baptism, when He manifested Himself to men. To refer the preaching of Christ to the time of His birth was impossible to Clement, and to interpret in that way would be foolish. To the evidence of all the referred passages of Clement, Lactantius, Tertullian and St. Melito we must note that propriety of language is the only means we have to know the ideas of any writers. In Strom. I., 21, p. 147, Clement attributes to Jesus the ministry of only one Jewish year. Which is his true personal opinion? Clement begins that chapter (21) in the book I. by saying: "Postulat tamen commentarius, ut nos quoque ea percurramus, quae in hoc argumentum (de temporibus) dicta sunt,"<sup>84</sup> and concludes in the following way: "Et quae de temporibus quidem varie a multis scripta, et a nobis exposita fuerunt, sic habeant."<sup>85</sup> Clement, therefore, advances there what other authors had written before him. We must also note that Clement, although he never argued from tradition, in order to fight against heretics with their own arms, his doctrine is always most faithful to Christian tradition. How can we attribute to Clement an heretical doctrine incompatible with St. John's Gospel? If Clement did not reject the fourth Gospel like the Valentinians, and he never did, he never professed the preaching of Jesus as lasting only twelve months.

Christian tradition referred the death of Our Lord to the 15th year of Tiberius after the death of Augustus (A. D. 29).<sup>86</sup> The baptism of Jesus in A. D. 29, then, cannot be traditional at all, and

<sup>83</sup> Clement Alexandrinus Strom. VII., 17, pg. 825.

<sup>84</sup> Strom. I., 21, p. 138.

<sup>85</sup> Strom. I., 22, p. 147.

<sup>86</sup> Origen, Pa. Tertullian, Lactantius, Hippolytus (?), Acts of Pilate, Augustine.

was only inferred by a false interpretation given to Luke iii., 1. The baptism of Jesus at the time of Augustus remains the only date which can vindicate the Christian tradition, as also it is the only one agreeing with the high priesthood of Annas.

#### THE AGE OF JESUS AND DURATION OF HIS MINISTRY.

In the Gospel of St. John (viii., 57) we read how the Jews said to Jesus: "Thou art not yet fifty years old and hast thou seen Abraham?" Now, when somebody denies the age of fifty years, he concedes an age of over forty years. St. John in that verse tells us that Jesus some time during His ministry was over forty years." We are never justified in presuming that words are used foolishly. Unless we take St. John's words in their obvious meaning, must we not say that he remembered sixty years afterwards and noted in the Gospel an idle word? On the other hand, we know that the evangelists had more regard for the real meaning of the word than for the material circumstances.

According to the Gospel of St. Luke (iii., 1, 2), the Baptist preached during the high priesthood of Annas (A. D. 6-14; and Jesus died during the high priesthood of Caiphas (A. D. 17-33).

By the Passovers named in the fourth Gospel, however, we would argue the restrictive number of years Jesus preached. But if we give way to reflection, evidently none of the three Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark nor St. Luke is exhaustive; and this is a right basis from which to argue that neither is the Gospel of St. John exhaustive. The idea that the Passovers named in the Gospel are exhaustive is a presumption; but evidently no presumption has any right against positive accounts, as are in this case the Gospel narrative adduced above.

Again, at the end of St. John's Gospel we read: "There are many other things which Jesus did, which, if they were written, every one, the whole world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written." (John xxi., 25.) If under the figurative meaning this expression conveys a true meaning, we must conclude that the miracles and sermons related in St. John's Gospel are very few in comparison with all the miracles that Jesus worked and the sermons that He preached; and the Passovers related in the same Gospel are only few in comparison with all the Passovers at which Jesus was really present; and in consequence of that expression in the Gospel of St. John, absolutely nothing can be presumed exhaustive. Jesus "appeared in another shape to two of them. . . . And they going, told it to the rest; neither did they believe them." (Mark xvi., 12, 13.) "They went back to

<sup>22</sup> *Of. Irenaeus Against Haereses, II., 22.*

Jerusalem; and they found the eleven gathered together, and those that were with them, saying: The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." (Luke xxiv., 33, 34.) It appears here clearly that St. Luke, according to the custom of the writers of that time, made the Disciples say what the author himself wants to tell the reader. By St. Mark's writing it is evident that they did not yet believe in the resurrection of Christ. This passage of St. Luke is of great consequence to the interpretation of St. John viii., 51.

St. John has another expression also alluding to a long ministry, when Jesus said: "Have I been so long a time with you, and have you not known Me?" (xiv., 9.)

Thence we can conclude that the Gospels (conducted like a dramatical work) give just an epitome of the ministry of Jesus.

Against the Valentinians, Irenaeus argues from John (viii., 57) that (some time during His ministry) Jesus was at least forty years old. Irenaeus also says Jesus had come to sanctify every age; and He had lived and sanctified old age.<sup>87</sup> Again by the tradition that Jesus died in His old age, Irenaeus argues against the heretics that Jesus, when He fulfilled His ministry, was over forty years old, for it is impossible to judge a man old who is under forty years of age. And what is the expression of the tradition is "the (nearly) old age which Our Lord possessed while He still fulfilled the office of a teacher, even as the Gospel and all the elders testify; those who were conversant in Asia with John the Disciple of the Lord, (affirming) that John conveyed to them that information. And he remained among them till the times of Trajan (A. D. 98-A. D. 117). Some of them, moreover, saw not only John, but the other Apostles also, and heard the very same account from them, and bear testimony as to (the validity of) the statement."<sup>88</sup>

This account of St. Irenaeus gives us the first ancient tradition regarding the age of Our Lord and the only one tradition presuming to repeat the thought of the Apostle St. John and also of the other Apostles. This clear statement of a writer like St. Irenaeus, referring to the express relation of elders of his own time, has a high and absolute historical value. The positive and clear account given by all the elders of Asia Minor referring to the teaching of the Apostles, related by the very hearers of the Apostles themselves, is a statement of full philosophical evidence, to which no objection can be logically made.

The expression of St. Irenaeus, "as all the elders testify," cannot mean only two, or only a few elders; but it absolutely implies many

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<sup>87</sup> Against Her. II., XXII.

<sup>88</sup> Irenaeus I., c.



elders. It is also a great mistake to interpret that St. Irenaeus refers to some hearers of the Apostles still living at that time; St. Irenaeus refers there to all the living elders of Asia in general: "The church in Ephesus, founded by Paul, and having John remaining among them permanently until the time of Trajan, is a true witness of the tradition of the Apostles."<sup>80</sup> Of Polycarp, evidently the last of the hearers of the Apostles, St. Irenaeus says: "To these things (taught by Polycarp) all the Asiatic Churches testify, as do also those men who have succeeded Polycarp down to the present time."<sup>81</sup> Of the hearers of the Apostles, no one could be still living at the time St. Irenaeus wrote. The living Christians and Bishops were testifying to the doctrine of the hearers of the Apostles, now dead. The elders of Asia were still able to remember and testify to the express and absolute teaching of the very hearers of St. John, and in this way they were still able to testify that such a doctrine had surely come from the Apostles themselves.

It likewise appears impossible that in the second century the churches in the world would not conserve any memory of the age of Jesus. They had everywhere some tradition of this sort. The tradition of the churches of that time was not of the age of thirty-three or thirty-four years, for in all that century we find no account of it. The opinion that was then common, among other heretical authors, that the age of Jesus at His death was thirty years, such an opinion was so far from being a Christian tradition that St. Irenaeus attributed its origin to only one man, Ptolomæus, saying: "Whom, then, should we rather believe? Whether such men as these (the hearers of the Apostles) or Ptolomæus, who never saw the Apostles, and who never even in his dreams attained to the slightest trace of an Apostle?"<sup>82</sup> The tradition only remains in the churches of the Catholic world of the second century that Jesus preached for a long period until He died under Tiberius and under Pontius Pilate in His nearly old age.

Says St. Irenaeus: "*Ad hanc enim ecclesiam (Romanum) propter potentiorē principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam, hoc est eos qui sunt undique fideles: in qua semper ab his qui sunt undique conservata est ea quae est ab Apostolis traditio.*"<sup>83</sup> "Convenire as signifying motion cannot be applied to a church."<sup>84</sup> Now, if, in the doctrine of St. Irenaeus, every church and every faithful must necessarily concur with the Church of Rome, it is not possible that St. Irenaeus himself professed and defended the nearly old age of Jesus against a contrary tradition professed by the Romans.

<sup>80</sup> *Against Heresies* 2, 2, 4.

<sup>81</sup> *Loc. cit.*

<sup>82</sup> *Loc. cit.*

<sup>83</sup> *Contra Haer.* III, 2.

<sup>84</sup> Kendrick, *Primacy of the Apostolic See*, VIII.

That the age of Jesus was about fifty years was then believed also at Rome.

Were then existing a tradition that Jesus' age was about thirty-three years, this could have supported the Gospel of St. John just the same; then, why did not St. Irenaeus oppose to the Valentinians both the traditions of about fifty and thirty-three years of the age of Christ? But the age of Our Lord of thirty-three years was ignored in the second century. If we give way to reflection, it appears impossible that St. Irenaeus should have ignored the tradition of the Church of Rome, that he should have made it more difficult for the heretics to understand their error while he was going so far from their opinion; that he ventured to depart from the common view and tradition, rejecting and offending every other view, and all because of a mistake he might have read in Papias. But even if such an absurd conclusion be conceded, then Papias, a true hearer of the Apostles, was the only one to ignore the age of Our Saviour. And in this second absurd hypothesis, either Papias wrote that he had learned the age of Jesus as being near fifty years from the very mouth of St. John, and what he said was false, and then he was a liar; or Papias did not write such a thing, and then St. Irenaeus is false, both in distinguishing those hearers who had learned the age of Jesus from St. John only from others who had learned it from other Apostles also; and in affirming that (in the hypothesis) Papias had learned the age of Jesus from St. John and was giving testimony as to the validity of his statement. And this again is absurd, because of the sanctity and seriousness of Irenaeus, and because those of Asia would have surely convinced him of its falsity.

It is important to note that St. Irenaeus always was well known, and never was there a holy writer who assumed the right to oppose his traditional account of the age of Jesus.

They say that St. Irenaeus referred the death of Christ to the year 41st of Augustus. But St. Irenaeus in no way refers this statement to tradition, to which the doctrinal mistake of St. Irenaeus cannot give any prejudice. And St. Irenaeus says expressly that Jesus at His baptism was beginning his thirtieth year of age; and this statement is incompatible with the birth of Christ in the 41st of Augustus, and the baptism, as is supposed, in the 15th year of Tiberius. And then St. Irenaeus was the only one to ignore what every Christian knew, that Christ died under Tiberius. But so many centuries of an historical mistake could not save from few interpolations on this point of the Chronology of Christ.

In a later passage St. Irenaeus appeals (not to all the elders, just) to the elders who had seen John (but who had not seen the

other Apostles: Ag. H. V., xxxiii., 3), meaning their oral account: "Quemadmodum presbiteri meminerunt, qui Joannem discipulum Domini viderunt;" and appeals also to the writings of Papias (V., xxxiii., 4): "Haec autem et Papias . . . per scripturam testimonium perhibet" about the millennium time. It is well known that the doctrine of the millennium was not peculiar to St. Irenaeus, but very popular; and it appears unjust to appeal to this later passage of St. Irenaeus in order to diminish the absolute value of the Apostolic tradition of the old age of Jesus, referred to in the same work of St. Irenaeus and related as above.

As to the millennium, by the wonderful words attributed to Jesus about those happy times, we are only told that the common welfare then will be superior to every human expectation. In a like manner God had called Palestine "a land flowing with milk and honey." (Exodus iii., 8, 17, etc.) The reigning of Jesus means a complete triumph of His doctrine. We must distinguish tradition from doctrine, and not deny the right of tradition, because of wrong doctrine concluded from it.

The long duration of Our Lord's ministry has been variously testified to: 1. St. Irenaeus, interpreting the baptism of Jesus to have taken place in the year 30 of His age, extended the ministry until the age of about fifty years; 2. Clement, Tertullian, our Anonymous, St. Melito, referring the baptism to a period before the death of Augustus Octavianus, extended the ministry through the middle of the period of Tiberius' reign; 3. Lactantius referring the baptism of Jesus to fifteen years, extended the ministry until beyond the age of thirty years; 4. Some writers referred to by St. Augustine extended the ministry from the age of Jesus of thirty years until the age of forty-six, when He died.

#### DATE OF THE DEATH OF JESUS.

According to Valentinians, Jesus preached one Jewish year and died in the 15th year of Tiberius A. D. 35, or He was dead forty-two years and three months before the destruction of Jerusalem,<sup>84</sup> in A. D. 28; according to Origen, Ps. Tertullian, etc., Jesus preached one year and a few months and died in A. D. 29. Ps. Cyprian refers the death of Jesus to A. D. 30. St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, St. Epiphanius, etc., attributed to Our Lord a ministry of over two years and His death to A. D. 31. Dionysius assigned to the ministry three years and three months until the death of Jesus in March A. D. 34. Baron R.<sup>85</sup> again attributed to Our Lord's ministry, the duration of over two years and His death in A. D. 33.

<sup>84</sup> Clem. Alex. Strom. I, 147.

<sup>85</sup> Opus Majus 1, c.

No one of all those accounts can give us the true year of the death of Jesus, for every one of them depended upon the false interpretation that Our Lord had been baptized fifteen years after the death of Octavianus. Nevertheless, the most accredited date of Our Lord's death remains A. D. 29, as the most ancient and the most authoritative views.<sup>96</sup> According to Theophilus, the resurrection of Jesus took place on Sunday, Nisan 15, March 25: "Nam Galli quacunque die viii. Calendas Aprilis fuisset quando Christi resurrectio fuisse tradebatur, pascha semper celebrabant . . . die dominico verno tempore in aequinotio, luna plena."<sup>97</sup> According to Beda, the 15th of Nisa fell on Sunday, March 25, in A. D. 31. "Nam si VIII. calendarum Aprilis . . . et luna fuit XV. non potuit hoc esse, ut Beda scribit libro temporum, nisi fuisset XIII. annus cycli decemnovennalis (A. D. 31); et hoc est verum. Quia secundum hoc oportuit quod aureus numerus fuerit XIII., ut luna diceretur prima in calendario, ubi XIII. scribuntur, quatenus ab illo loco computetur aetas lunae, ut inveniatur XV. in VIII. calendarum Aprilis . . . Dominus fuit natus in secundo anno cycli . . . inveniemus VIII. calendarum in passione esse in dominica."<sup>98</sup>

This statement, however, is absolutely contradicted by the Gospel, which attributes to Nisan 15, "the first day of the Azymes," the Last Supper of Jesus, not His resurrection. Nevertheless, by this tradition we can learn that in the year of the death of Jesus the Nisan 15 fell, perhaps, on Sunday. St. Epiphanius states that Jesus was betrayed on Tuesday, Nisan 11, March 17; He died on Friday, Nisan 14, March 20, and arose from the dead on Sunday, Nisan 16, March 22.<sup>99</sup> From St. Epiphanius we can learn that a few days, perhaps, interceded between the betrayal of Jesus and His death.

Clement of Alexandria says of those who were inquiring (by astronomical accounts) of the exact day of the death of Jesus, attributing it to March 21, or April 20 or April 14. That no one of these accounts were traditional is evident by the fact that Clement of Alexandria equally despised all the three opinions.

The Latin doctors referred the death of Jesus to Friday, Nisan 15, March 25, while astronomy shows that in all the possible years of the death of Our Lord never a Friday coincided both with Nisan 15 and March 25.

I think we can be able to find out the day of the month of Nisan if we read the Gospel with reflection rather than divination. St. John (xiii., 1) can talk of the supper done at Betania on Nisan 13

<sup>96</sup> *Uff. Hastings*, D. D., *A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, Chronology of N. T.*

<sup>97</sup> Beda *De Ordinatione feriarum paschallium*.

<sup>98</sup> Bacon R. *Opus Majus*, l. c.

<sup>99</sup> Ag. *Haereticos*, 51, 26.

(Mark xiv., 3), or he can mean there that the immediate period preceding the pasch was spent by Jesus in particular acts of love, and that at the supper done (not "before the Pasch," but) at "the end" of His life, the washing of the Apostles' feet took place. On Nisan 14, at night when "the first day of the Azymes" had come, was the Last Supper; and during the Nisan 15 Jesus was delivered unto Pilate.

That Jesus was crucified on the same day He had been judged it is not right to say. In fact, it was "the sixth hour" (John xix., 14), i. e., about noon (comp. John iv., 6) and "the parasceve of the pasch" (John xix., 14), i. e., the hour of the effective preparation of the pasch, or Chagighah, when Pilate tried again to save Jesus and did not condemn Him; and Jesus was crucified at "the third hour" (Mark xv., 25), i. e., about 9 o'clock in the morning, and it appears clearly evident that Jesus was crucified on some other day, after He had been judged by Pilate. Also on Nisan 15 Jesus was judged by Caiphas, second by Pilate, third by Herod, and probably on the next day only He was judged again by Pilate, who wanted first to call together "the chief priests and the magistrates and the people" (Luke xxiii., 13), who appear to have retired during the night. Finally the Procurator could hardly send a man to death without the approval of the President of Syria, and probably there were necessary a few days to ask and to receive such an approval. An ancient tradition speaks of three columns venerated as relics because Jesus was fastened to them at different times while in prison; and this suggests that He was confined for a considerable period of time in the same or in separate dungeons. Therefore, Jesus did not die on Nisan 15, but on some day afterward, and He could have remained many days in prison until Friday Nisan 20, when He was crucified; then following the great or solemn day of Nisan 21 (Leviticus xxiii., 7, 15), which coincided in that year with Saturday (John xix., 31; comp. John 37): "The Jews . . . that the bodies might not remain upon the Cross on the Sabbath Day (for that was a great Sabbath Day)" . . . i. e., on the next being a Sabbath Day, the bodies could not be removed from the Cross; and because it was a solemn and great feast day, the Jews did not like to see the bodies on the Cross, the spectacle not agreeing with their joyful feelings.

"Tenet ergo vulgus latinorum . . . quod passus fuit VIII. calendarum Aprilis . . . Hoc magistri dicunt omnes, et Augustinus, Hieronymus (?), Beda dant auctoritatem ad hoc. Contra hoc potenter arguitur . . . nam diligenter haec discussi tam per me quam secundum consensum peritorum in astronomia . . . Quapropter multa secundum scripturam sunt mihi et multis insolu-

*bilis* in hac parte.<sup>100</sup> This very strong traditional statement that the death of Jesus occurred on March 25 has been confirmed by the hand of God Himself.

There is preserved at Andria (Province of Bari, Italy) one of the holy thorns of the crown of Jesus containing some of His blood, in which a wonderful change takes place whenever Good Friday falls on the 25th of March. This miracle has been carefully examined, analyzed and testified to each time by the most competent commissions, and recently in A. D. 1910.<sup>101</sup>

To conclude with, Jesus died in A. D. 29, on Friday, March 25, Nisan 20, which coincidents exactly agree with astronomy, for in A. D. 29 the first new moon was visible on March 5; consequently the first day of Nisan on Sunday, March 6, etc.

From B. C. 20 to A. D. 29 are counted 47 years and 3 months (49 Jewish years) of the full age of Our Lord.

#### THE ERRONEOUS CHRONOLOGIES.

The opinion that Jesus died at middle life, that is to say, below forty, or better, at thirty-three, presents no intrinsical evidence at all; on the contrary, it always meets with serious difficulties, apparently to be harmonized with astronomical results and historical accounts. Therefore, we find so many opinions contrasting with each other, as those of Origen, Ps. Cyprian, Eusebius, St. Jerome, Orosius, Lactantius, Beda, Card. Baronio, etc.

The doctrine of the young age of Jesus, attributed to Him, first, the age of thirty years and His death in the year 15 of Tiberius; second, the age of thirty complete years and His death in the year 15 of Tiberius; third, the age of thirty-one years and His death in the year 16 of Tiberius; fourth, the age of thirty-two years and His death in the year 17 of Tiberius; fifth, the age of thirty-three years and His death in the year 18 of Tiberius; sixth, the age of thirty-four years and His death in the year 19 of Tiberius; seventh, the age of thirty-three complete years, and later of thirty-three years and three months, and His death in the year 18 of Tiberius. To the chronology of the young age of Christ we can give the fitting reproach: Because you are false, you change; and because you change, you are false.

The chronology making Our Lord younger might be arranged in the following way: The birth of Jesus in December, B. C. 5; the 15th year of Tiberius (A. D. 11-A. D. 25) and the first preaching of St. John in A. D. 25; the baptism of Jesus in January, A. D.

<sup>100</sup> Bacon; *Opus Maius* IV., 4, 16.

<sup>101</sup> *Cfr.* Marra *Monografie Andriesi* II., III.; *La Civiltà Cattolica*, Una delle Maggiori Spine di N. S. G. C. 7, Maggio 1910.

26; the first Passover in the 46th year of the rebuilding of the Temple by Herod (St. John ii., 20), B. C. 20-A. D. 26, the death in A. D. 29. But because in B. C. 5 Cyrenius was not governing Syria, this date is excluded by the Gospel of St. Luke (ii., 2). It is wrong to count the 15th year of Tiberius from A. D. 11, because St. Luke does not say in the 15th year of the administration (which began in those provinces in A. D. 11), but he says in the 15th year of the "Empire" of Tiberius, from A. D. 14. Let us translate "in the 15th year of the reign of Tiberius," and we can only understand of the reign of Tiberius over the Roman Empire, otherwise St. Luke would have written—in the 15th year of the reign of Tiberius over the provinces. We have no right, and it would be offensive to the Evangelist, to think that he is improper in his expressions. That in the Orient they used to count the years of Tiberius from about A. D. 11 was never proved, and is false. It is not only odious, but pernicious to fight against historical evidence.

Until the coming of the fourth century the age of Jesus as thirty-three years appears the first time in St. Hippolytus (in Dan. iv.) and is not genuine, either. The Paschal canon of St. Hippolytus attributes to Jesus either one—the age of 29 years and 3 months (31 Jewish years) or 45 years and 3 months (47 Jewish years), because he refers the Incarnation to the second year and the Passion to the last year of a lunar cycle of sixteen years. When St. Jerome fixed the age of Jesus as 33 years (34 Jewish years or 32 years and 3 months) he tried to confirm it with all the historical and exegetical arguments that were in his power.<sup>102</sup> It does not appear possible that he would have overlooked the best argument of Christian tradition if this could be used to advance his opinion.

St. Jerome never meant to profess a traditional age of Jesus. History, as applying to this subject, had been so confused by the preceding chronologists that St. Jerome was unable to defend the Christian tradition of the nearly old age of Jesus, and not to offend the infallible truthfulness of the Gospel. Thence St. Jerome was forced to argue in his mind that such a tradition could not be genuine, that the true age of Christ was ignored by the faithful and that it was necessary to fix it by doctrine.

However, the opinion of the young age of Jesus is contradictory to the statement of the oldest and greatest fathers, like Irenaeus and Clement Alexandrinus: 'Sunt porro hi testes fide dignissimi, quippe qui rectae semper catholicaeque doctrinae propugnatores exiterint: Irenaeum dico et Clementem Alexandrinum.'<sup>103</sup>

The number of thirty-three years as Jesus' age at death is given

<sup>102</sup> Chronicon A. C. 33.

<sup>103</sup> Eusebius Hist. Eccl. II, 31.

in ecclesiastical books as the probable conclusion of learned men, not as an authoritative teaching of the Church. In fact, students are freely questioning the chronology of Christ; modern Catholic books and periodicals profess the age of Jesus of 32 years, or 35 or 38 years, and the Church has never interfered. If the opinion that Jesus' age was nearly fifty years has been overlooked for so long a time, it was a fault of the students, but in no way has our Holy Mother Church shown any repugnance to it. Obviously the age of Christ is a matter of faith, and the liberty of discussion allowed to the students on the subject is a proof of the feeling of the Church that the adopted view of the age of Christ is not infallible and its traditional value at least doubtful. The age of Jesus is also an historical question, and because the Church teaches that there cannot be contradiction between faith and history, she was not able to condemn the opinion of the young age of Jesus, since the age of nearly fifty years seemed historically impossible.

At first the Valentinians held that Jesus was born in A. U. C. 759,<sup>104</sup> that is, at the time of the only census made by Cyrenius in Judea mentioned by Josephus. With those heretics obtained an historical evidence that gave the lie to the traditional age of the Lord; and they interpreted St. Luke (ii., 1) as referring the whole ministry of Christ to the year 15 of Tiberius. Origen considered the historical proof of the Valentinians true, and in order not to reject the Gospel of St. John, argued that the baptism and the death of the Lord were not included within the year 15 of Tiberius.<sup>105</sup> Shortly after, reflection upon historical facts brought to light that the year 15 of Tiberius fell in the year of Rome 781; to maintain that the year 15 of Tiberius was 788 of A. U. C. it would have been necessary to overturn the whole history of Rome. Hence the belief that Christ died in Nisan in 782, and that He was born at the time of the census in 752 A. U. C.<sup>106</sup>

Then Eusebius compiled his "Chronicon," and holding to the year 15 of Tiberius as 781 of Rome, confirmed the unheard of abuse of anticipating the census of Cyrenius by referring it to the period of Herod, and he attributed it to 751 of Rome; he made Herod die three years later, 753 A. U. C.; he dated the end of Annas' priesthood thirteen years later, A. U. C. 781; he put forward the first year of Caiaphas by referring it to 783 A. U. C., and consequently to Nisan A. U. C. 782 he attributed the death of the Redeemer. It was entirely a fantastic chronology. He regarded as true the false evidence that Christ was born at the time of the

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<sup>104</sup> Clement Alex. Strom. I., 147, v. *supra*.

<sup>105</sup> Nisan A. D. 28-Nisan A. D. 29,

<sup>106</sup> Clement Alex.



census of Cyrenius, mentioned by Josephus, which could not be anticipated more than Eusebius had done.

Christian doctors could not have invented a Cyrenius governor of Syria; they did not know how to find the fact of history that Cyrenius had governed Syria. Once before, therefore, they must do violence to Josephus' story; but violence has a limit, and if they knew how to anticipate the census of Cyrenius by eight years to make it agree with the Gospel, they would not anticipate it by twenty-six years to make it agree with Christian tradition.

Such is the origin of the erroneous chronologies on this subject. When, then, with the passing of years, all memory of primitive interpretations was lost of verse i., c. 3, of St. Luke, the error became more incurable.

The common opinion of the doctors on the young age of Christ cannot deserve better attention than that of the apostolic tradition of the second century. If those doctors were mistaken in their historical conclusions, this can in no way hurt the faith of any sincere believer. That the progress of history vindicates to-day the right of apostolic tradition is only glorious to our faith. The meaning of the above said miracle of Andria and the revelation of Our Lady of Loretto as to the age of Jesus at His flight into Egypt are also deserving of attention. To the authoritative teaching of the Church I do humbly submit my conclusions with entire obedience.

#### CHRONOLOGY OF OUR LORD AND THE PROPHECY OF DANIEL.

"Seventy weeks are decreed upon thy people," i. e., from the freedom of the Jewish people after the seventy years of the Babylonical exile; "and upon thy holy city," i. e., and again from the rebuilding of Jerusalem shall be counted seventy weeks, "that transgression may be finished and sin may have an end and iniquity may be abolished." The Prophet seems here to refer to the sanctity that will spread among those Jews who will become followers of Christ; "and everlasting justice may be brought" through the death and resurrection of Christ; "and vision and prophecy may be fulfilled" with all the life of Christ; "and the saint of saints may be anointed" with the Incarnation of the Son of God. Thus the prophecy goes back from the last date to the first one.

'Know thou, therefore, and take notice that from the going forth of the word, to build up Jerusalem again, unto Christ the Prince, there shall be seven weeks and sixty-two weeks; and the street shall be built again, and the wall in straightness of times." The words of Daniel, "and the street shall be built again and the walls in straightness of times," specify the very "word to build

up Jerusalem again" by which the streets and the wall shall be built again in a short time (cf. Nehemias vi., 15). From that word are to be counted seven and sixty-two weeks until (the ending of) Christ the Prince.

"And after sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain; and the people that shall deny Him shall not be His. And a people with their leader that shall come, shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be waste, and after the end of the war the appointed desolation." The prophet, having first related the spiritual benefits brought by Christ, relates now the misfortunes of those who will not follow Him; they will be also rejected by Christ; an evident proof of the anger of God against them will be the destruction of Jerusalem, and after that the appointed desolation.

"And he shall confirm the covenant with many in one week;" if Christ is to be slain after sixty-nine weeks, the confirmation of the covenant after the death of Christ will be performed by His apostles during seven years of their preaching exclusively to the Jews of Palestine; "and in the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail, and there shall be in the Temple the abomination of desolation, and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation and to the end." By the end we must understand until the next coming of Elias; we know that the Jews are to be converted. Cf. St. Luke xxi., 24: "And Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, till the times of the nations be fulfilled;" and St. Paul to the Romans xi., 25, 26, 23: "Blindness in part has happened in Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles should come in. And so all Israel should be saved. . . . For God is able to graft them in again."

I cannot take into consideration here all the objections that are made to the Book of Daniel. For my purpose it will be sufficient to note here that the third year of Joachim ended about March, B. C. 604, while the first year of Nabuchodonosor ended, perhaps, about July, B. C. 604, and so both the third and the fourth year of Joachim coincided with the first of Nabuchodonosor (cf. Daniel i., 1; Jeremias xxv., 1).

In the first verse of chapter ix. the vision of Daniel is said to take place in the first year of Darius the Mede. That verse does not agree with any of the other identical passages in the Book of Daniel. This prophet notes a date always in a most simple manner and never repeats it: "In the first year of . . . in the first year of his reign" (cf. i., 1; ii., 1; vii., 1; viii., 1; x., 1). This is an argument for doubting of the authenticity of that verse. Moreover, only in a later period, when many Dariuses had been kings of Babylon, was the verse i. of chapter ix. possible, which

evidently is ordained to distinguish the Darius of Daniel from the others.

This vision of Daniel in chapter ix. is not in the proper place. In fact, it is extraneous to the preceding vision of the Empire of Alexander (ch. viii.) and extraneous to the vision following there of the Persian Empire (ch. xi). At the beginning of chapter xii., which says of the end of the world, the expression "at that time" must be referred to the ending of chapter ix.: "And the desolation will endure until the consummation, until the end" (ix., 27): "At that time, etc." (xii., 1). The verse 20 of chapter ix. appears to be an interpolation and so also a portion of verse 21. There is a repetition unusual to the prophet: "Now, while I was yet speaking and praying . . . as I was yet speaking in prayer" (ix., 20, 21). In this verse 21 the prophet says: "Behold the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the beginning, flying swiftly, touched me, etc." These words cannot be referred to the first vision of Daniel (ch. vii.), because Gabriel there does not appear; neither can they be referred to the second vision of Daniel, as in such an interpretation Gabriel in no way had been seen in the vision "at the beginning;" it remains to refer the same expression to the beginning of the actual vision of Daniel, arguing that verse 21 and sqq. of chapter ix. is a continuation of chapter x. All that is said in chapter x. shows the very peculiar importance of the following vision of seventy weeks and of the end.

The chronological order of the visions of Daniel can be arranged in the following way: The first vision in the first year of Baltassar (vii.); the second vision in the third year of Baltassar (viii.); the third vision in the first year of Cyrus (xi.); the cries of Daniel, who was counting seventy years from the third year of Joachim, in the second year of Cyrus (ix., 2, 19); the fourth vision in the third year of Cyrus (x., ix., 21, 27; xii.).

Modernists of every degree should feel ashamed of adopting the view of Porphyre in this prophecy's interpretation. To say (as they assume) that Daniel changes seventy years into seventy weeks is an abuse of the worst kind;<sup>107</sup> the prophecy of Jeremiah cannot be taken as the *terminus a quo* of the seventy weeks of Daniel, not only because of the good reasons given by Rev. Pusey,<sup>108</sup> but also because of the words of Daniel himself, "seventy weeks are decreed . . . upon thy holy city," (ix.) that meaning from the time the city will exist again by being rebuilt.

Finally some mistakes in Josephus can easily be corrected by Josephus himself, and this reveals that his dates are not always

<sup>107</sup> Cf. Pusey, Daniel the Prophet.

<sup>108</sup> *Loc. cit.*

genuine. But apart from this, to argue that Daniel had mistaken his number of years in his one chronological account, because Josephus also in his immense work has made some foolish mistakes, this is something different from criticism.

Now let us consider the period of time represented by one and by seventy "weeks." (Daniel ix., 24.)

The Greeks, as we know, were accustomed to grouping years in Olympiads, computing four years in each Olympiad. The Hebrews after Moses in a like manner summed their years in "weeks," allowing seven years to each "week." Six of these years were those of labor, and during them the Hebrews were permitted to work; but throughout the entire seventh year all work was forbidden. This seventh was termed the sabbatical year, or the year of the resting of the Lord. (Leviticus xxv.)

The Hebrews were commanded, moreover, to number seven weeks of years; that is to say, to enumerate seven times seven or forty-nine years. Then they were to sanctify the fiftieth as the year of jubilee, in which every man who had sold his home or his field was to regain its possession; every servant should become free; and, as in the sabbatical year, every one and everything should have rest.<sup>109</sup> "Ego Daniel, in Danielis hebdom. supputatione, non possum notare in aliis, quod post septem, quasque septimanas, annum 50 seu Jubilaeum omittant, contra expressum in Mose Mandatum."<sup>110</sup>

The majority of the rabbis hold that the jubilee year was an intercalation and followed the seventh sabbatical year, making two fallow years in succession. After both had passed, the next cycle began. . . . Judah Ha-Nasa, however, contends that the Jubilee was identical with the seventh sabbatical year. The opinion of the Geonim and of later authorities generally prevails, that the Jubilee when in force during the period of the First Temple was intercalate; but that in the time of the Second Temple, when the Jubilee was observed only nominally, it coincides with the seventh sabbatical year.<sup>111</sup>

In the Holy Bible the year B. C. 700 is called the first year; B. C. 699 the second year and B. C. 698 the third year (of the week: Isaiah xxxvii., 30). A sabbatical year began in October, B. C. 588 in the 10th year of Zedekiah, while on June, B. C. 597, the first year of Zedekiah coincided with the 4th year of the week (Jeremiah xxviii., 1; xxxiv., 8, 13). The twentieth year of Artaxerxes (i. e., Xerxes), according to Nehemias, was a Jubilee

<sup>109</sup> Daniel Angelocrator. *Op. B. D. Matthiae Wasmuthi Hebraismus Facilitati et Integritati suae Restitutus.*

<sup>110</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>111</sup> Jewish Encyclopedia, Sabbatical Year and Jubilee, Fifty and Forty-nine Year Cycle.

year, B. C. 465. Finally, the year of the Greeks 150 in I. Macchabees vi., 53, is called the year seventh; and there is meant B. C. 151, counting 150 years from the first year of the Greeks in Judea, B. C. 300. So from the first year of Jonathan and 152 of the Greeks (I. Macchabees ix., 3, 31, 54) Josephus counted years 82 and  $32=113$  years until the first year of Herod: B. C.  $149+113=B. C. 37$  (consequently he had counted not 125, but 115 years from B. C. 151 to B. C. 37). Lucius, Consul, wrote his letter to the Jews (I. Macchabees xv., 10, 15) in the year of the Greeks 173-174, B. C. 128-B. C. 127.

During the 430 years between B. C. 1016 and B. C. 587 are counted seventy sabbatical years (Lev. xxvi., 34; Ezechiel iv., 5, 6), because a last seventh year occurred in the year 11th of Sedecias, B. C. 587; a first seventh year in B. C. 1016; a first Jubilee year in B. C. 1015, altogether three sabbatical years; the remaining 427 years include 8 jubilee and 59 seventh years;  $59+8+3=70$  sabbatical years. In every way the Bible testifies 50 years for every period of seven weeks.

Therefore, according to Holy Scripture and hence by the law of God, as well as in the practice of the Hebrews, seven "weeks" signify  $7 \times 7 = 49$  years, plus one year extra for the Jubilees = 50 years; the term seven "weeks" indicates, therefore, a cycle of fifty years. 7 weeks = 1 cycle of 50 years; 70 weeks = 10 cycles of 50 years;  $10 \times 50 = 500$  years; or we may say that 70 weeks equal  $70 \times 7 = 490$  years, plus 10 additional years for 10 Jubilees occurring in 70 weeks, this aggregating 500 years. Finally 62 weeks means 9 cycles of 50 years,  $50 \times 9 = 450$  years, less one "week" of 7 years = 443 years (Cfr. Daniel ix., 24-27).

Now, there are counted 70 years from the 9th, 10th and 11th of Sedecias, B. C. 589-B. C. 587 to the year of Darius 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th; Nisan, B. C. 520-Nisan B. C. 517, exclusive (cf. Zaccarias i., 12; vii., 1, 5); and 70 weeks or 500 years are counted "upon the (Jewish) people," i. e., from the freedom of the Jewish people in B. C. 520-B. C. 518 to B. C. 21-B. C. 19, date of the birth of Our Redeemer.

It is now necessary to establish the date of the Decree to rebuild Jerusalem, which is mentioned in the Book of Nehemias.

Therein it is stated that in the month Nisan of the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the King, Nehemias, spoke to the King, saying: "The city of the place of the sepulchre of my fathers is desolate, and the gates thereof are burnt with fire . . . send me into Judea, to the city of the sepulchre of my father and I will build it. . . . And it pleased the king and he sent me."

The date of the Decree to build Jerusalem is the month Nisan

of the twentieth year of Artaxerxes. But who is this Artaxerxes?

Jewish tradition testifies that the Artaxerxes of Nehemias is Xerxes. The very authoritative translation of the seventy of the Book of Nehemias has expressly "in the twentieth year of Xerxes" (Nehemias ii., 1). Josephus Flavius, the greatest of Jewish historians, whom St. Jerome called a miracle of erudition of profane history, refers the decree of rebuilding Jerusalem to Xerxes. The lists of the kings of Persia in the Jewish commentaries on Esdras show the same sentence, "Ibn. Ezra gives five: 1. Darius the Mede; 2. Cyrus the Persian; 3. Ahasuerus, Artaxerxes the First; 4. Darius the Persian, son of Esther; 5. Artaxerxes. Moses ha-Koehn, ha-Sefardi (In Ibn. Ezra) makes six kings; 1. Darius the Elder or the Mede; 2. Cyrus the Persian; 3. Ahasuerus; 4. Artaxerxes; 5. Darius the Persian; 6. Artaxerxes the Rich."<sup>113</sup> In these lists the name Artaxerxes is given to Cambyzes and to the successor of Darius Hystaspes, that is to Xerxes.

It would be difficult, indeed, to believe that Xerxes throughout his prolonged reign did nothing either in behalf of or against the Jews, so that he would not be mentioned in the Bible at all; while it is certain that during his supremacy the Jews tried to rebuild their capital city, and that their enemies tried to prevent the accomplishment of their purposes. Even Xerxes, who had waged war against the Greeks and had suffered violent revolutions also, must have observed the manifest political advantage of gratifying the Jewish people. Now, in the Holy Bible, Xerxes only can be identified with Artaxerxes of the Book of Nehemias and of I. Esdras (vii., 1, 7).

"Themistocles is said to have taken refuge with Artaxerxes;<sup>113</sup> . . . Ephorus; Dinon, Clitarchus, and Heraclides, of whom all maintain that Themistocles fled to Xerxes. . . . Now, the flight of Themistocles to the Persian Court is placed before the year 470 B. C. by such authors as Cicero (Lael. xii.), Diodorus Siculus (xi., 35), Eusebius,<sup>114</sup> Thucydides (i., 136)."<sup>115</sup> Consequently, the flight of Themistocles to the Persian Court must be placed before the death of Xerxes, and from the error of Thucydides we are justified in deducing that Xerxes was named also Artaxerxes in the historical documents. "Historici subinde confundant nomina haec Xerxes at Artaxerxes, quasi sit unum idemque."<sup>116</sup> Says Ctesias

<sup>113</sup> *Anecdote Oxoniensis*, etc., edited by H. J. Mathews, M. A., Oxford, 1882.

<sup>115</sup> *Ofr. Thucydides* I: 132; Plutarch, 27; Cornelius Nepos, Suidas and the Schollas of Aristophanes.

<sup>114</sup> *Chronicon Armen.*

<sup>115</sup> *Christ in Type and Prophecy*, by Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J., C. II., Sec. II., Corollaries.

<sup>116</sup> Cornelius a Lapide Comm. in Dan., C. IX.

(Persika): "Achaemenidem fratrem in Aegyptum misit . . . ad Artaxerxem proficiscitur, quem invenit inaro vehementer iratum, quod is Achaemenidem regis fratrem interfecerat." Now, Achaemenides, not to Artaxerxes Longimanus, but to Xerxes was really brother; and it appears again that the name of Artaxerxes referred to Xerxes in historical documents let Ctesias refer to Artaxerxes Longimanus events that should be referred to Xerxes. Even the name of Longimanus belonged perhaps to Xerxes: "Longimanus-Sic dictus Darius Hystaspes, secundum Polycletum, vel Xerxes, secundum Antileontem, vel Ochus cognomento Artaxerxes."<sup>117</sup> Such identity of names can have caused the mistake of attributing to Xerxes 12 or 21 or 22 years, instead of 31 or 32.

Xerxes began to reign between July B. C. 485-July B. C. 484: According to Herodotus, after the rebellion of Egypt, Xerxes spent four entire years (that is, until the close of the fourth year) in preparing his armies; and at the close of the fifth (of the reign of Xerxes from the death of Darius, which was the close of the fourth year from the rebellion of Egypt) he started out against the Greeks. Herodotus counted five years from the battle of Marathon to the death of Darius (B. C. 488-B. C. 484), six years from the death of Darius to the exit of Xerxes from Sardis (B. C. 484-B. C. 479), altogether ten years according to all authors (B. C. 488-B. C. 479).

The exit of Xerxes from Sardis in B. C. 479 is marked by an eclipse noted by Herodotus and calculated by Keppler (*Chronologia Graeca*). Eratosthenes, too, had counted "a prima alympiade usque ad Xerxis transitum anni 297; inde ad initium belli peloponnisiaci anni 48;"<sup>118</sup> i. e., 297 years are counted from B. C. 776-75 to B. C. 480-79; and 48 years from B. C. 480-79 to June, B. C. 342. August, B. C. 432, the first year of the 87th OI, was the historical eclipse calculated by Keppler.<sup>119</sup> If the Passover, B. C. 479, belongs to the 6th year of Xerxes, the decree of rebuilding Jerusalem in the Passover of the 20th year of Xerxes fell on B. C. 465.

B. C. 465+7 weeks, i. e., 50 years=B. C. 465;

B. C. 415+62 weeks, i. e., 443 years=A. D. 28.

Then one more week is counted from A. D. 29 to A. D. 35, and the middle of the "week" would be A. D. 32.

So, according to the prophecy of Daniel, from the first, second, third and fourth year of Darius to Jesus Christ 70 weeks must elapse; from the decree of Xerxes to the end of Christ's ministry, 7 weeks+62 weeks. During another week God's promise to the

<sup>117</sup> Pollux II., 4, 151; cf. Mullerus, Vol. IV., p. 306.

<sup>118</sup> *Fragmenta Chronologica*; cf. Mullerus, Vol. XXIII.

<sup>119</sup> *Loc. cit.*

Hebrews must be fulfilled; in the middle of this same week the religious rites of the Jews shall be abolished. Forty years before the destruction of Jerusalem (which could be counted from A. D. 31 to A. D. 70) there happened, in fact, at Jerusalem a remarkable event. From this year there ceased forever a beautiful miracle that heretofore had occurred in Jerusalem in the most public way on the feast day of Tishri 15th, by which miracle a tongue made of bright material continually changed color during that day and became white in order to signify on the part of God the remission of sins. In that same year certain other similar events followed.<sup>120</sup>

So far I hope the wonderful prophecy of Daniel is going to vindicate itself for the glory of God and the sake of men.

History testifies to the birth of Christ at the time of the first census taken in Judea in the administration of Cyrenius in B. C. 20; the preaching of John under the high priesthood of Annas, which began A. D. 6; astronomy shows that the death of the Redeemer on Friday, March 25, occurred in A. D. 29.

The prophecy of Aggeus and that of Daniel testify to the birth of Christ in the same year, B. C. 20; the prophecy of Moses foretells the manifestation of the Messiah (with the previous Annunciation of his Precursor) to the total overthrow of the civil power in Judea, which happened A. D. 6; Daniel foretells that 69 weeks of years will elapse to A. D. 28; indicating the death of the Lord some time at the beginning of the following year, 29 A. D.

The tradition of the year of the birth of the Saviour referred to the lunar cycle, and has not come down to us. Tertullian and a Synod of ninety Bishops referred the birth of Jesus to some time after the year 44 B. C. Others indirectly made the birth of Jesus coincide with the beginning of the rebuilding of the Temple, in the year B. C. 20. A letter of Lentulus and St. Justin supposes the baptism of Christ as occurring prior to Pontius Pilate, A. D. 24, and St. Melito, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian and Anonymous, and in some way Lactantius, testify to its occurring prior to the death of Augustus, A. D. 14.

Apostolic tradition has fixed the death of the Lord as occurring at about his fiftieth year.

In order to successfully combat the boasting incredulity of our day, we cannot hold against historical evidence an erroneous chronology which is so intimately connected with the infallibility of Holy Writ; but we must make use of the historical and astronomical evidence which Divine Providence puts in our hands to

<sup>120</sup> G. Jona VI, 8; Juchasim f. 10 and f. 18; Rosh Hachama f. 31; R. Solomon XI, 2.



show the truth of the Gospel, of prophecy and of Christian tradition. Mary the Virgin, ever the holy guide of Christians, in a revelation accredited to her and connected with the miracle of the translation of the Holy House of Loretto, by her having told us that Jesus fled into Egypt after the age of twelve (and necessarily before the death of Herod, B. C. 4) has suggested that at his death Christ was more than forty-three years old.

May God, through the Sacred Heart of Jesus, give us the best knowledge of the truth.

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### MARIA EINSIEDELN.

**A**LTHOUGH not well known to the majority of Catholics in our land, the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits is, after Lourdes, one of the best known and most celebrated on the Continent. Each year enormous numbers of pilgrims visit this sanctuary. In 1861, the jubilee year (one thousand years since the death of St. Meinrad), the number reached more than two hundred thousand, and the ordinary yearly average is between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and seventy thousand.

Many saints have been pilgrims here; among others, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Nicholas of Flue and Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre, the poor man of the Forty Hours, were devout clients of Our Lady of Einsiedeln. The pilgrimages come chiefly from all parts of Switzerland, the Black Forest, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, France, Italy, Austria and Hungary, and although no English *pilgrimage* has yet found its way here, yet English pilgrims are not uncommon, and let us hope the day is not far distant when Our Lady's Dowry shall send a band of pilgrims to offer her their homage at this famous shrine.

Only a very small percentage of the pilgrims come in any hope of receiving temporal favors. True it is that many miracles are worked here, through Our Lady's intercession; but by far the greater number of these are spiritual. They come to pray for graces, they come as an outward expression of their love and reverence and to obtain the blessing of the dear "Muttergottes" on their daily toil and for their humble homes.

Einsiedeln lies on a large fertile plateau, surrounded by hills, half-way between Zürich and Lucerne. The large, compact village, composed chiefly of hotels and "gasthofen" and shops containing a vast selection of rosaries, medals and endless objects of piety, is separated from the church by a large open space, paved with cobbles.

in the centre of which is the fountain. The purest water pours from fourteen jets, and is carried away by underground channels to the neighboring River Sihl. The fountain is a very fine one, with a bronze statue of the Immaculate Conception, and above, a crown, upheld by marble pillars. Pilgrims seldom leave Einsiedeln without first solemnly walking round it, drinking from each jet as they go. This extraordinary custom arises from a tradition that Our Lord Himself drank from one of the jets. No one knows which, so the pilgrims drink from each in turn. Needless to say, this practice is not encouraged by the authorities, but it lives and flourishes as such ideas will. As the peasant believes that once having drunk from the hallowed water jet he will unfailingly return to Einsiedeln, and this being the summit of his ambition, the practice is not likely to die out. A large semi-circle of granite steps leads to the upper portion of the open space, or "Platz," and here, slightly raised above the village, at the foot of the sheltering, dark-green, fir-clad hills, lies the monastery, with the huge church in the middle. Two towers rise from the basilica bearing double crosses on each, showing that Einsiedeln is exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop.

The monastery dates back through more than ten centuries. St. Meinrad, the first hermit (hence the name Einsiedeln, or Hermits), was sent when very young by his father, Prince Berthold of Hohen-zollern, to the monastery of Reichnau, near Constance, to be educated. His uncle, afterwards abbot of that monastery, much struck by the boy's abilities, fostered his growing vocation, and in the year A. D. 822 Meinrad took the habit of St. Benedict. For some time he was a professor at Benken, but later, with his superior's consent, he retired to the Etzel, a hill overlooking the Lake of Zürich, and there, in a tiny cell, built for him by a pious woman from a neighboring village, he dwelt for seven years. But his solitude was constantly invaded by all kinds of people, for the rumors of his singular holiness drew many to his cell, to consult him in their difficulties and to beg his prayers. So he withdrew deeper into the forest, which then covered the fertile plain on which Einsiedeln stands. It was called the "Dark Forest," owing to the fact that it was composed entirely of fir trees.

Here he built his hermitage, a tiny cell, and an oratory containing an altar and a wooden statue of the Mother of God. And to-day the statue before which he prayed, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, is still to be seen on the same spot, for the Holy Chapel of Einsiedeln is built on the exact site of St. Meinrad's oratory. For twenty-six years the holy hermit inhabited his forest cell, until in A. D. 861 he was murdered by two thieves, who believed him to be the possessor of hidden treasures. They searched in vain,

and finding nothing but his chalice and the wooden statue, they fled to Zürich. The story goes that two ravens St. Meinrad had fed all through the winter followed them, flying screaming round their heads and trying to tear out their eyes with their beaks and claws. Do what they would, the men could not rid themselves of the two furious birds, which pursued them into the town. The suspicions of the magistrates were aroused by this extraordinary spectacle, and the assassins were arrested. They confessed their guilt and were executed.

It is in memory of this event that the monastery arms bear on them two ravens. The monks of Reichnau hastened to St. Meinrad's cell and carried the blessed relics to Reichnau for interment, but his heart they buried on the Etzel, near his former hermitage.

In 1039 his remains were brought back to Einsiedeln, where they have reposed ever since. The skull, on which the dents caused by the bludgeons of his murderers can yet be seen, is kept in a small tabernacle in the Holy Chapel, at the feet of the image of the Blessed Mother, which he so loved and venerated in life.\* St. Meinrad's hermitage was not deserted. Some of his brethren among the monks of Reichnau, in imitation of him, built themselves huts in the Dark Forest around his oratory, and by degrees, as more and more monks congregated there, a monastery and a large church gradually arose. They were finally completed in 947 under the direction of the Abbot Eberhard.

Every precaution was taken to interfere in no way with St. Meinrad's oratory. The church was built round it, and it remained, untouched, in the nave of the larger building. In 948 St. Eberhard invited Conrad, Bishop of Constance, to consecrate Our Lady's Shrine. The ceremony was to take place on the feast of the Exaltation of Holy Cross (September 14). On the eve of the feast Conrad, accompanied by St. Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg, the Emperor Otho the Great and St. Adelaide, his wife, and a vast concourse of nobility and clergy arrived to perform the ceremony of consecration. During the night the holy Bishop rose to join with the monks in their midnight office. All present heard the songs of angelic choirs encircling the chapel and heard also the words of the Mass of dedication.

The following day the assistants were waiting, and all was ready for the ceremony, but the Bishop did not appear. At last, weary of waiting, they went to fetch him, but he refused to consecrate the chapel, saying it was already done. The whole company at once began to argue with him and entreated him to commence. At last, persuaded by their earnestness, he consented to begin. He had

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\* See "Description de l'Abbaye et du Pèlerinage de Notre Dame-des-Ermites," Benziger et Cie, Einsiedeln-Suisse.

hardly done so when a loud, clear voice exclaimed, "Cease, brother; the chapel is already consecrated by God Himself." The entire concourse of people, hearing the voice, recognized and confessed that the Bishop was right, and never again has any one attempted to consecrate the Holy Chapel. Our Lord Himself had deigned to bless His Mother's Shrine, and that sufficed. This miraculous dedication is commemorated yearly on September 14. Solemn High Mass is sung in the Holy Chapel in the presence of thousands of pilgrims, and at Einsiedeln that feast (*die Engelweihe*) is one of the greatest of the whole year.

The present enormous church, built in Carocco style, was completed in 1735. Four times have the church and monastery been burned to the ground. The first and second time the Holy Chapel, though built only of wood, escaped, but the third time (1465) it was also consumed by the flames. Rebuilt with stone pillars and an arched roof, it remained until 1617, when the stone pillars were removed and replaced by marble walls.

The basilica itself measures about 370 feet long and 135 feet wide. In it there are fourteen altars, not counting those in the monks' choir, the sanctuary, the penitentiary, or the Holy Chapel—seven on each side of the nave. The first on the left, as one enters the church, is the Rosary Altar, where the parish, or "Rosary Mass," is said, at 6 o'clock on week-days and an hour later on Sundays and holy days. The Rosary is said aloud during that Mass, and it is the one chiefly attended by the inhabitants of Einsiedeln. This, too, is the Communion altar, for though it is shut off from the nave, as are all the others, by magnificent wrought iron grills fifteen feet high, the door in the centre is always open, and on this side of the grill are marble altar rails, at which at least thirty-eight or forty people can kneel together. Every half-hour from 4 A. M. to 10 A. M. Holy Communion is given. At the time of the larger pilgrimages the crowd of communicants is so great that one often has to wait an hour or more for one's turn, and this when two priests are distributing Holy Communion. The next chapel is that of St. Joseph. Here the weddings take place. Hundreds of couples come from all over Switzerland and the neighboring countries. The civil contract is completed in their own parishes, but for the Church's blessing on their union they come in numbers to this mountain sanctuary. All through the summer months it is nothing uncommon to see six or seven couples in St. Joseph's chapel—the brides in the quaintest costumes, with or without veils as their fancy dictates, very quiet and self-possessed; the grooms very shy and being positively led to the altar by their respective brides. One article of dress appears to be "*de rigueur*"—for the brides a large wreath, and for the men a still larger buttonhole of artificial orange blossoms.

No couple is ever seen without this ornament, however soberly they may otherwise be dressed or however elderly they may be!

Further on comes the large chapel of St. Meinrad, and on each side of the centre altar are the two smaller ones, the Sacred Heart on the left and the Most Pure Heart of Mary on the right. Then the chapel of St. Maurice, patron of the basilica, with a marble statue to the right of St. Anthony of Padua. Beyond this are the massive double doors leading to the penitentiary. This is of itself a fair-sized church, capable of holding fifteen hundred people and more. Around the walls are thirty-four confessionals, and at the far end an altar, with a beautiful painting above it of St. Mary Magdalen. It represents the saint in the desert, and is one of the finest paintings in the church. There are no benches here, no chairs, nothing but the confessionals on a slightly raised wooden platform, running round the walls. The rest is bare concrete, on which one may stand or kneel when there is room. During the bigger pilgrimages the latter is frequently impossible. The monks can scarcely force their way through the tightly packed crowd to their confessionals. The penitentiary is open (during pilgrimages) from 4 P. M. to 9.30 P. M., and in the morning from 4 o'clock until 10 or 11. Pilgrims who wait from 4 o'clock until the church is shut at night are often unable to make their confession, and return undaunted before 4 the next morning, prepared to wait another three or four hours. The arched roof rests on marble pillars, and is fairly low for the size of the building. It is covered with paintings representing scenes from the lives of penitent saints and Biblical scenes portraying the mercy or the judgments of Almighty God. Thus, Adam and Eve thrust from the garden by an angel with a flaming sword, the Deluge, the return of the prodigal son, St. Peter weeping, the conversion of St. Paul, etc., etc.—in all, sixteen or seventeen pictures, so arranged on the many arches of the roof that from any position one's eye catches sight of one or other of these graphically portrayed and salutary lessons.

Leaving the penitentiary by the same door, one sees at the east end of the church, below the sanctuary, the altar of Holy Cross and on the opposite side the companion altar, with a bas-relief of Our Lord's prayer in the Garden. The sanctuary, well raised above the body of the church, is screened off by three splendid wrought iron doors, opened for High Mass, processions, etc. The picture of the Assumption behind the high altar was restored in 1860 by Paul Deschwanden. Another door, facing the penitentiary, leads into the monastery, and then comes the chapel of St. Sigismund, where every day at 7 and 11 o'clock in the morning and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon all rosaries, medals, statues, etc., are blessed and indulgenced. Then another large chapel opposite St. Meinrad's,

and like it also containing three altars, St. Benedict in the middle and St. Conrad and St. Henry left and right. Past the chapel of St. Ann, the mother of Our Lady, affectionately termed "Grossmutter Anna" (grandmother), and we come to the last, the chapel of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, a title very dear to all Einsiedeln folk, as resembling that of Our Lady of the Hermits. Between this altar and the Rosary altar, in the centre of the nave, stands the "gnadenkapelle," or chapel of blessings or graces. Built of black and gray marble, with wrought iron gates almost the whole width of the front and smaller doors, which are those used except on very great feasts in the north and south sides, the "gnadenkapelle" stands facing the entrance of the church, about sixty feet from the doors. Our Lady seems to wait with sweet and patient courtesy the coming of the crowds of pilgrims, as if she would fain be the first to welcome them to her sanctuary.

During the French Revolution the church and monastery were pillaged and the Holy Chapel entirely destroyed. The monks escaped bearing with them the miraculous statue. For a while it was buried at the foot of a neighboring hill and then taken to St. Gérold, where the monks had taken refuge. Finally it was brought back to Einsiedeln in 1803 (September 29). The Holy Chapel was rebuilt, as far as possible, with the old materials, and one may see the cracks in the walls where the fury of the revolutionaries and their hatred of religion vented itself in tearing down and smashing the great slabs of marble. Its present measurements are the same as those of the previous chapel, about 23 feet long and 20 feet wide.

The front of the little edifice was ornamented until three years ago by three quaint old marble bas-reliefs, representing the Birth, Annunciation and Death of the Blessed Virgin. In 1910 the entire church was redecorated, and these bas-reliefs replaced by others in gilded bronze, the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ and the Coronation of Our Lady. Many people, the writer among them, regret the quaint old marble ones, which may now be seen above the big entrance door of the monastery. Still, one must admit there can be no question as to the superiority of the new ones from an artistic point of view.

Above, on the roof of the chapel, stand figures of saints and cherubim, and just above the large door are two adoring angels, bending towards the image of their Queen and beckoning to the faithful to join with them in songs of love and praise. Inside, the altar stands in an arched recess, and on it is a richly jeweled tabernacle, containing the skull of St. Meinrad. Above, surrounded by clouds of gilded brass, one sees the famous statue of Maria Einsiedeln. Alas! before the days of the French Revolution the clouds surrounding her were of gold, the brass bas-relief in front

of her altar, representing the miraculous dedication of her shrine, was of silver! Now three brass lamps hang in front of her, instead of the five silver ones of former days!

She is sometimes called the "Black Madonna," for the statue is carved out of oak, darkened by time. She holds the Holy Child on her left arm, and in her right hand is a golden sceptre. Both figures are crowned, and the effect of the whole is somewhat stiff and rigid, as she is always draped in a perfectly straight robe and a veil also in a severely straight line. One of her most beautiful dresses, worn at Pentecost, is of red velvet gorgeously embroidered in gold. It was given by a poor servant girl, who collected the money from people as poor as herself, walking many weary miles in order to collect enough to purchase something that should be worthy of Our Lady's acceptance. But the faces, although so dark a color, are singularly beautiful. The Madonna's is one of great kindness and benignity. She looks down on her clients with a tenderness very difficult to describe. Her loving expression moves all hearts to devotion.

The two special prayers to which all Einsiedeln lovers are particularly attached are the Rosary and the Salve Regina. Every day after Vespers the latter is solemnly sung in the Holy Chapel. The candles are lighted on her altar, and the choir boys and monks advance in procession, enter the chapel and, kneeling, chant the antiphon. The versicle and response and the prayer are proper to the season, but the Salve Regina never changes and is always sung to the same sweet and solemn chant. This act of homage completed, the procession slowly retraces its steps and disappears into the monastery.

May is, as it should be, the favorite month for pilgrimages, and every evening one may hear the Rosary said in a way that inspires one and makes the repetition of the sacred mysteries ever after a new and wonderful prayer. No hurried mechanical effort here, but shouted from hundreds of lips, a full and satisfying devotion. Ten times in every decade, in each Ave after the Holy Name of Jesus, we remind ourselves of the mystery on which we meditate. Take the sorrowful mysteries. Ten times we say the tender words (and German is a language well calculated to express tenderness), "who for us did sweat blood," "who for us was scourged," "who for us was crowned with thorns," "who for us did bear the heavy cross," "who for us was crucified." The worshipers kneel on the floor, with clasped hands upraised to the dear "Muttergottes," and she smiles down on them. Many things I thank her for, but among the many lessons she has taught, the many graces she has given, none more dear than the loving way she has impressed for ever on my mind the beauty of her Rosary. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

## THE GREEN BIBLE.

**T**HERE are two books from whence I collect my divinity," said old Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), "besides the written one of God, another of His servant Nature, that universal and public MS. that lies exposed under the eyes of all. Those that never saw Him in the one have discovered Him in the other. This was the Scripture and theology of the heathens. And surely they knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature." The old author of the "Religio Medici" knew well that there is nothing more calculated to bring the mind to a reverent and tranquil state than this study, for the facts of the universe are the results of God's thought, and "God's thoughts," the Psalmist tells us, "are very deep." We are all of us apt to speak of Nature as distinct from the Great Creator, forgetting the truth which an old writer prettily phrases, that "Nature was God's apprentice, to learn in the first seven days, and now His foreman, and works next under Him." I think it is Lafcadio Hearn who says somewhere that the subtlety of Nature is not only proved by sympathies and antipathies, the likes and dislikes of plants, but also by the mysterious influences that make a garden almost magical in its effects upon our hearts. It is not peaceful beauty only that soothes us, but some deeper, diviner thing. There is ever some spiritual seed being sown silently and unseen eventually to bring forth flowers without our foresight or labor. Life in the country is more easily the handmaid of religion than life in a town, just as days spent in natural surroundings are healthier to the body than those among the moiling crowds of our streets. If the saying "God made the country and man the town" be an exaggerated form of truth, still to most men of finer feeling and probably to all good women the relation is that of poetry to prose. Perhaps it is best to be born and bred in the country and for town to be the battlefield of life, so that all our early and lasting associations may be rural, to have those vibrating chords of memory which come with such words as home, mother, father or childhood's days, carrying the mind back instinctively to woods and meadows and country retreats.

The close communion between earth and heaven felt by the pious peasantry of lands like Ireland, Spain or the Tyrol sheds a singular sweetness upon the lonely labor in field or forest; these realize a sense of heavenly companionship only possible to the Catholic husbandman, for the world that is Protestant has lost its youth, and its atmosphere is little favorable to saints and angels. To the



Catholic peasant, as to his mediæval ancestor, the Mary Mass is the opening of his day, and its Gabriel bell that which arouses him from sleep. God, the Virgin Mother and the saints are ever readily present to his thoughts in the manifold sights and sounds of earth. In the temple of the dawn, where we of crowded towns or fevered hours of pleasure are now infrequent worshipers, the peasant is the worshiper; there he offers up his hopes and fears for rain or sunshine, there he listens to anthems of birds we rarely hear, and interprets auguries which for us have little meaning. Upon him, as upon all who thus dedicate the early moments of the new day, the mysterious influences of the dawn exercise an elevating and beneficial control, leading him to connect things sacred with his toil. What we have in all ranks lost of contentment of life and enjoyment of days by forsaking the old methods of thought and existence can only be measured by the contrast between simplicity and artificiality, hope and dull fatalism, joyousness and depression, culture and brutality. Perhaps nothing since the Reformation has been so destructive of social happiness in such lands as England as the tendency to flock to towns and live in the vitiated atmosphere and artificial surroundings of large cities; the modern panacea to brighten and raise the life of these modern lazar-houses of woe is thought to lie in education, and if this showed any chance of bringing men's minds to recognize the virtue of simple life in the country, there might be some hope of its proving beneficial, but since the real motive and object is to raise the commercial ability of the people in competition with other nations, it can have little effect on the happiness of the lives of the individuals themselves or upon social regeneration. "Back to the land," "The land for the people," those old political cries of reformers, are, we believe, the really true and effective ones for the solution of this problem of huge cities. The laborer has been attracted to exchange his dinner of herbs for Apples of Sodom; for himself and his children he has bartered the open life in the fields for the alley, the factory and the degradation and slavery of such existence; the country cottage has been left for a tenement in close courts, the girls have gone to the mill instead of the dairy farm or squire's house; they are clothed in filthy clouts or meretricious cast-off finery in place of simple print and sun-bonnet; the whole family has lost its roots, its traditions and become lowered in every member of it; in physical structure, self-respect and old-fashioned ways of homely pride and thought, soul and body are ruined by the exchange, and even if the lower faculties of the mind have been enlarged, its higher ones are lost and the heart becomes brutalized and joyless.

In this study of ours, however, we leave aside these social questions and transport our minds away from the fevered lives of the day

to the quiet of older times as to some cloistered enclosure and try to gain some of the peace and happiness that keen appreciation of the world of nature affords when united to a lively faith in its Creator. Then it becomes the very poetry of life, and it is not strange that it awes, woos and charms us, for all beauty is but the sacramental veil of its Divine Author. As Professor Mozley remarks, "Beauty stands upon the threshold of the mystical world and excites a curiosity about God," so the beauty of nature and art can only be fully appreciated and appropriated by those who listen to the voice of the Interpreter of it all and ask Him questions. The magic glories of sunrise and sunset, the inspiration of wide landscape, the breathless silence broken by the song of birds, the wind among the trees, the sounds of the animal and insect life, silence palpitating with life, the serenity of the star-strewn depths of space, the herding of waves upon the shore, the beauty of flowers, all these turn the thoughtful soul in upon itself with joyful awe and reverence. The strange, inscrutable pleasure—a pleasure almost akin to pain—which these and all natural beauty give to those gifted with keen feeling or penetrating insight, what is its cause, its source? Surely, it is some sympathy, some faint realization of there being some affinity in the soul with the soul of all beauty. "Nature is the living, visible garment of God," says Goethe, and they seem to find echo in Carlyle when he writes: "Creation is the time vesture of God that reveals Him to the wise and hides Him from the foolish." It is the deep calling to deep, the soul in the presence of the handiwork of the Creator of them both.

It has often been remarked with regard to trees and herbs that their life shares in many respects the qualities which distinguish organized living beings; they breathe, absorb, assimilate, perspire, sleep by night and awaken to the day; frequently they differ in sex, sympathize with each other or dislike each other, even their passions being traceable and in many other ways claiming kinship with animal life. The oak is said to dislike the olive and walnut, the whitethorns have an antipathy to blackthorns or sloes, the vine to cabbage and cyclamen, reeds to ferns, Roman tree to juniper, and strong personal prejudices exist between rosemary and lavender, bay thyme and marjoram, while the rose loves the onion and figs the rue.

This animated existence of plants has often been perceived and noticed in every age of the world and embodied in mystic tale. Philo, the most Christian of all the Jews, in his book upon the creation of the world, says that in the fair garden of the Creator's own planting there was the antitype of what we have now but in type, the substance of which we have now but the shadow; our gardens are irrational, but the trees that were planted in the earthly Paradise had soul and were rational, so that by eating the fruit

of one it was possible to obtain virtues in the same way as by eating of the forbidden tree was obtained knowledge of good and evil. At least, they were appointed as emblematic of the most awful ideas—life and happiness, death and misery.

There seems to have been a similar underlying thought in the Greek mythologies in which all nature was regarded as living and in which transitions from one form to another were as reasonable to their minds as chemical analysis and composition are to ours. To them there was nothing gross or startling in such a doctrine; transformation was simply the work of an omnipotent hand exhibiting the same life under an altered type, and as such it deserved the same regard as it possessed previously. Even with all ages past to help us we are ignorant as to where plant life ends and animal life begins.

Indeed, all generations of thoughtful men have even felt how preternatural all nature is. In flowers there seems to exist a power which in its influence upon character is stronger than that exercised by any other division of what we call the irrational world. They still seem to retain something of that wondrous vigor of which Philo speaks and which, no doubt, pervaded everything to a greater degree than now in the day when "God walked in the garden in the cool of the evening." In all ages and countries their companionship has been sought and valued, for they have a sympathetic power of their own which defies analysis. Its effect is not confined to any class or standard of culture or age, but universally perceived, and so innate is this in the human mind that we cannot ally them with the conception of anything evil or demoniacal, but they suggest righteousness and paths of peace. To the great majority of people who care for them there can never be to any extent much appreciable botanical interest in them; that is to say, the scientific aspect of each herb is quite distinct, and very few can be expected to value a garden from this aspect; it is the external qualities of color, grace, grouping and perfume that appeal usually, the satisfying of the sense of beauty and harmony. We plead for the introduction of another interest, enhancing the preciousness of what we may already possess by bringing forward what we may style a literary or historical element into the selection of our trees, shrubs and plants, or at least by making the arrangement of a part of our garden to be governed by some object beyond those we have already mentioned, one that would be grateful to man's intellectual qualities through every season of the year. We are not going to attack the principle that so widely prevails of dedicating the greater portion of the garden to the wretched conventionality of imitating in herbage a common carpet design or that of geometrical oilcloths; we pass by all beddings of the florist's formal array and leave the barren expanses of graveled

walks for such minds as are so vacuous as to feel satisfaction therein. The mind that can regard a plant as a piece of material to be worked up into a decorative design of this kind is not likely to be one that would appreciate flowers grown to show their individuality or value them from an artist's point of view. Indeed, a garden is not a place primarily for flowers, like a turnip field is for turnips; they are but adjuncts and ornaments, and as such should have definite reason for their use. Here for color, there for rarity or some historic or artistic object, adding to, not supplanting, the delights of pleached alleys, vistas cut through the thickets, of shadowy glades, wildernesses of old-fashioned flowers, a confused nosegay of scent and color. Quite one of the primary and fundamental ideas in every selection should be that of perfume—that the garden should possess a quantity of shrubs and herbs that are sweet-smelling, yielding a fragrance to every passing breeze or responsive to the passerby when brushed by robe or pressed by foot. Sweetbriars, mock-orange, double-gorse and brooms should be in every grove where they will grow. Myrtle, lavender, rosemary, balm of Gilead, southernwood, fern gale, bog myrtle, juniper, thyme, marjoram, wormwood, tansy, santoline, chamomile, wood-ruff, dittany and a number of similar ones should be found there if possible.

We make rock-walks sometimes, but never do we see attempted, even where space is no object, a maze for the children or a bleached alley for summer's heat. Old yew hedges abound, but seldom or never do we plant new ones to give those spacious arbors in their embrace which many an old garden retains. Like in all modern art, our imaginative faculties seem to have dwindled to extinction.

It is remarkable that wherever the Catholic Church has been long enough established to permeate the majority of the people that the world around becomes christened. The streets and waysides bear the names and figures of the friends of God, the Virgin Mother recalls the Incarnation of man's Redeemer as she gazes down upon us from every point of vantage, and the cross of self-sacrifice appears on all sides. Even to trivial things is this sacred association carried, so that the repetition of pious thought perfumes the mind of man and leaves an oriental fragrance in the very air. Things of earth were thus linked with thoughts of heaven and the humble flower might bear the holiest of names. What more beautiful system of memories could there be for the beauteous flora which we know now as bearing so impossible a scientific nomenclature? Yet how we have ignored and even forgotten its existence. Once it was common to all Catholic folk wherever the herb grew, and it is only indifference or apostasy that has made it a lost language. In many lands it lingers still, but in England when the people were

robbed of their heritage of the faith the flowers were robbed of their heritage of silently teaching it likewise and given alien, meaningless or heathen names, or the old ones were clipped and defaced. The balsamic virtues of those flowers taking titles from saints who strove with disease and death were dissociated. "Love-lies-a-bleeding," the sweetly poetic form in England of what elsewhere is "The Scourge of Our Blessed Lord"—one name explaining the other—lost all its holy reference; "Lords and Ladies" supplanted "Our Lord and Our Lady" wherever it occurred; the purple spike of the arum beneath its spathe which once spoke of their statues enshrined in niches became "Parson in Pulpit;" the very symbolism of the title "Virgin's Bower" was forgotten and thought to refer to Queen Elizabeth, and in this way even the flora was "reformed."

Those who learn to appreciate the sacred dedications of the flowers are the least likely to treat them irreverently, and few things would prompt one more to study a plant for itself, look well into its beauties of leaf and blossom, mark its form of root and learn its virtues. Such a study is singularly helpful in many unsuspected ways, even leading the mind to form a sublimer conception of the Maker of this world. Perhaps it was the result of not knowing a personal Creator that made the Greeks and Romans so comparatively unappreciative of nature, although Buddhism, at least in its Japanese form, cannot be accused of this and yet is without such a conception. Pantheism peopled the mountains and groves with deities, but it produced the sense of fear and awe upon the mind apparently, instead of love and admiration. It taught a change of nymphs and dryads into flowers and trees without attracting any personal affection to them, and its deification of the physical aspects and harmonies of nature created no delight and gratitude to the great source of it all, such as rises first to the lips of a Job, a David or a St. Francis; nothing similar is found in Homer, Treveritus or Virgil. But to us Catholics this sense of gratitude and wonder at the good God's manifestations of His power and beauty is intensified and appeals to the mind in many different ways when we connect the flowers and trees with sacred associations and learn how other minds have regarded with the same feeling some simple weed which however humble reveals a mine of miracle and beauty to the reverent student.

All parents should teach their children a reverence towards flowers, both in the garden, on the wayside, and nothing helps to this end so well as encouraging them to learn the sacred associations which Catholic peoples have allied through long ages to many of them. One of the worst features of to-day is the ruthlessness with which floral and animal life is treated by the majority of English-speaking people. Flowers are sought only to be plucked, the

blossoming trees, such as mayes, laburnums and lilacs, will be torn down and recklessly ruined, and all this radiant beauty will often be found cast aside when the hot hand has made the blossoms droop or the eye is weary of those showering crowns of silver and gold. Or take the corresponding scene in a ballroom, where what would prove several years' income for a poor man is spent on a night's decoration with cut flowers, too profuse for real appreciation by the eye, too wanton a waste for that of the mind, too artificially and vulgarly massed for that of the artist. How different is all this to what may be seen in Japan, where culture is a reality, not an empty term; there crowds of every class, from the rich and powerful to the poorest peasant, may be seen any day in April or May going for a day's outing and spending it in happy, quiet, social enjoyment, seated in the presence of groves of cherry, or plum in blossom, or flaming azaleas, satisfied with the feast of the eye and storing up the memory of the picture before them. Never a twig will be carelessly injured, and if anything be gathered, it will be some single flower or curious growth of bough to place in the vase of their dwelling. Yet no home is without its little "garden of Adonis" or its miniature quadrangle of rockery and pool. When our upper and lower classes have become as truly refined as a Japanese peasant there will be some reason for us to be proud of our regard for nature and to boast of our civilization.

The extent of the sacred dedications of plants is quite astonishing; even in the book\* relating to the events in Our Lord's life, from the Nativity to the Flight into Egypt, there are five hundred references, and not those of a writer's fancy, but found in the words of those botanists who give the local names of the flora they enumerate, or collected from folklore authorities. If we add to this the numerous dedications to the Passion of Our Lord and those to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, it will be seen that the number must be very large. Yet these are only a portion of what must exist: there are stores entirely unexplored, such as those of Russia, Roumania and those Eastern lands of Europe which are Christian; Armenia, too, whose peasant only sings of flowers and birds, all his similes being ornithological or botanical. Even Arabia and Syria must have many poetic and interesting Old Testament references in their folk names. How so copious a nomenclature originated is a natural inquiry, and the answer no doubt is that these titles have been given by simple folk whose days were spent in the occupations of rural life, from the plants appearing at the season of the saint or commemoration, from being related in tradition, or recalling by some sign or form or symbol the subject

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\* "The Flora of the Sacred Nativity," by N. E. P. Raymund Dowling, B. A., Oxon., Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

of its reference. Others get their names from the monastic simply by reason of their use in certain ailments for which a St. Anthony or a St. Roch was the sufferer's patron, others from their employment in ecclesiastical ritual. These are some of the reasons probably of their source. This peasant-lore was never collected or written down, but handed on from father to son, from mother to child, like other traditional customs and legends through many generations of the human race, until, like the beatification of most of the early saints, it was popular acclaim that gave authority to their name. Next came the seventeenth century herbalists, recording these among the accepted names of their times, and the study of scientific folklore has registered them anew in our day. In the wonderful twelfth century, when the creative breath of Holy Church had produced a new earth and new heaven out of the ruins of the Roman Empire and its shattered beliefs, man's life was entirely regenerated in the universal triumph of Christian principles. Law and science, literature and art were then fully possessed by the spirit of Christianity; it became in truth the national spirit, and the strange sympathy and correspondence between inanimate nature and grace found an outlet and exponent in the enthusiasm of St. Francis of Assisi. It is nature and the visible creation that inspire the Franciscan poets. Spreading rapidly throughout Europe, they influence the minds of Christendom to a contemplation of the wonders and beauty of the world about them in a remarkable degree. The grey friar was to be found in every country, wandering in the byways of every land, preaching to the masses, telling to them the story of the ecstatic love of his founder for light and flower and bird, holding him up as a model and standard, drawing, like his master, his similes and lessons from the familiar things about him, and by ox-crib nativity or passion play bringing home to the simplest minds the minute details in the story of their redemption. It was this tender love of St. Francis for all things animate and inanimate and his enthusiastic spirit infused into all christened lands by his followers that led pious minds to look for similes of their thought in the natural creation about them; to hearts thus inspired the flowers flushed with a new beauty, the birds sang a new song and earth was no empty and bare wilderness to the Christian soul, but stamped with immortal loveliness, for everything told of the faith. Hopefulness was the teaching of all around and earth paid back the love bestowed upon it by ministering to faith. Each season and feast had its ready tribute to offer to a good God by a world grateful to Him for having visited and redeemed it to Himself; in the choral song of the birds or in their plumage, in the varying habits or appearance of trees and herbs, in the very stars of the firmament they saw so many mystic renderings of the sacred truths of religion.

Earth and heaven were united by the ladder of faith, type responded to antitype and the Creator of the one was also the Creator of the other. He made both for His glory, and both were good and beautiful in their varying degree. The innocence, holiness and beauty of Mary seemed reflected in the purity and fragrance of many a flower, and countless numbers repeated her name to her devoted children and expressed their tenderest and deepest feelings. Her titles, even each varied garment she had worn here below, the herbs her touch had rendered salutary or aromatic, were all represented by some more gracious than their fellows: they were like relics scattered on all sides and incessantly renewed; not confined to those flowers whose beauty alone is attractive, but extended more to the virtuous and humble; not confined to the garden of the rich or the monastery enclosure, but springing up in the meadows and waysides, recognized by the poorest of earth's pilgrims as he trod his lonely path, speaking of faith, breathing hope and leading him to lay his burden of care at the feet of his loving patroness and friend. To him who had once become familiar with the sacred associations with which the children of the old Church in quiet days had woven about all nature, type and emblem were forever presenting themselves in so fascinating a fashion that both mind and soul were benefited; to him the country would never be dull or lacking interest, for nature would prove too versatile a companion

And whenever the way seemed long  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song  
Or tell a more wonderful tale. —Longfellow.

Just as the burning rays which, darting from the wounds of Christ, had impressed their stigmata on the body of St. Francis, so the intense and ardent faith of mediæval time stamped with the seal of pious love each object in nature and made it an apostle of the faith. Not only were birds and flowers thus enlisted, making a "*nus redolens in diebus aestatis*"—a sweet incense fragrance in summer days—but when winter chilled the ground and birds were silent and flowers were gone, then men turned their eyes to the star-strewn deep of space and again learned the lesson amid the darkness of the night. There they would see the Milky Way, not of Juno, but of Walsingham or Jerusalem, or else the pilgrim road to Rome or Campostella, according to the land where it was observed. Orion's Belt became to them Mary's Distaff, St. Peter's Staff, St. Fillan's Army, St. Bridget's Cord, St. Patrick's Stock or the Three Magi, in varying lands; while Ursa Major was known as St. Peter's Bark or St. Martin's Throne. Thus from earth to heaven, from changing season to season and from day to night there were forever appealing to man's eyes objects which spoke in a language poetical and penetrating, and there was the oppor-



tunity of making "your conversation in heaven," for nature and grace responded to each other in antiphonal chant by night and day.

In older days—as in the latest development of medical science—herbs were the main components of the pharmacopœia, and the work of tending the sick is a corporal work of mercy of which the religious of both sexes have never been neglectful. It is of interest to note that about most cloistral remains in England may be found wandering in uncared for wantonness exotic plants which must have been introduced by their former tenants, evidently brought from afar by them for the purpose of ministering to human suffering, and which now have planted themselves and kept up their pedigree for four hundred years. There were not originally English, but foreign, and planted for a medicinal purpose, and often bear the name of the saint to whom the poor patient was wont to go in the particular complaint for which they were remedial. Brunfels, Fuchs, Bock, Mattioli and other authors of the earliest herbals regarded plants only for their medical value, as ingredients in compounds of which they formed the "simples," and it is curious to remark how the flower, which to us has become the part most regarded, is amongst them little noticed or entirely omitted.

For those who would wish to make religious art vivid and vocal, instead of conventional or fanciful, the flora of the Church should be acceptable as a store from which to draw significant detail wherewith to enrich picture or carving, and there are likewise plenty of similar dedications among birds and animals and fishes. To use them not only beautifies, but aids in making the subject more homely and familiar to the beholder; it will have a secondary effect, it is true, in creating an interest in the flora and fauna employed. The beholder once attracted by the use of this bird or flower with a particular subject or person, will ask the reason and henceforth look upon it with fresh curiosity, so that the one will recall the other. This is exactly what was the object desired by the creating of a sacred nomenclature, that it should remind us of great truths in careless or listless moments.

The very fact that there is a store of meaning in every detail of an artist's work is an incentive to study him, especially if it be known that he does not base himself upon his private caprice and fancy, but upon historical tradition. Let us illustrate what would be possible in the case of a picture of St. Peter, for example. In this instance, of course, we have tradition to guide us as to the personal appearance of the saint. Nicephorus Callixtus has described it, and the Canon of the Second Council of Nicæa was prompted in reference to it; the color of his robe has been assigned by ancient custom and appears in the banner of the Roman Pontiff to-day; even a heraldry has been bestowed upon him. Of his two keys, one

is golden and the other silver, as Dante describes, and their wards are often reversed and form an inverted cross in allusion to his couch of martyrdom. If we seek a flora for his feet, there are fifty-six or more varieties for our choice which bear his name, either from flowering at his feasts, in reference to his cross, tears, keys, staff, tiara or beard. Some are beautiful emblems of his office, such as the samphire—St. Pierre—bearing his name growing upon the rocks of our shores, just beyond the destructive power of the waves, which the shipwrecked mariner beholding knows that he is safe, as Peter's Church is the safe refuge in the storms of life. Do we need birds in the air to correspond to chanticleer on earth or the petrel walking on the waters; then the kingfisher, the black guillemot and the bee-eater are all his. The memory of the finding of the tribute-money and other events is perpetuated in the lore of the fisherman. The weever, John Dory and Haddock, each bears his name, and in the cartoon at Hampton Court by Raphael the great artist did not disdain to find in them an intensification of his subject when he drew the "Miraculous Draught" in the Galilean lake. Many a seashell by its name allies itself to the Apostle's calling, and even the very stars preserve his memory, Orion's belt being his staff and the Ursa Major constellation the Navicula Petri.

We have let this old and pious nomenclature die out amongst us, often to extinction, but yet we can regain much of it if we will. If Catholics would be proud of their old traditions and go back to times before the Renaissance blighted the natural development of their art and literature! If they would but read by the light of the lamp that hath seven branches, instead of using one taken from some pagan sepulchre! Then we should recover much of that poetry and beauty of life which is ever ready to spring into being wherever the faith is vigorous.

But the use of the sacred flora, etc., in the arts might be adversely commented upon in these days by the argument that the plants, etc., did not exist in the land or spot depicted, or were unknown at the time; while others will say that only the local flora, etc., should be employed or only local dedications be recognized. We should, however, remember that a religious picture does not aim at historic accuracy, but devotional intention. It is very rarely that we have historic help to guide us as to the personal appearance of the saints; we have in the cases of SS. Peter and Paul, as we have in that of Our Lord Himself, but, unless of later times, other examples are unknown.

We may guess with some probability as to their vesture from what we see in the unchanging East, and we may supply a background from the scene of their lives, but, as a rule, it is not historic

accuracy that we want so much as a devotional setting. We find views of old Florence behind the Assumption, or those of other towns or landscapes often employed by the early masters of Italian art, and contemporaneous drapery almost invariably, all historically inaccurate, but devotionally perfect. And it is this devotional truth that we want in church decoration and for its setting to be suitable and not trivial or frivolous. The object aimed at by Holy Church in decorating wall and window space is to prompt and bring the soul in its contemplation of a face the historic certitude of which is in her keeping, but all detail employed should appeal to the mind as being congruous by its symbolism or dedication.

Again, the Church is Catholic, not local or even national, and the pious practices and traditions found in one section of her children may justly be adopted by any other if they will. The beautiful rite of the Benediction service, the great feast of Corpus Christi and many others originated as local practices; now they are universal. The meadow lychnis or ragged robin is one of the flowers of the Blessed Sacrament in comparatively local districts; there is no reason why it should not be acknowledged as such wherever it is found. The Corona de Cristo is apparently only known in its lovely significance to the people of Spain and the Balearic Isles, but England has become acquainted with it and has called it Calvary flower; soon it will be of universal recognition by pious children of Holy Church. The Passion flower is neither a European nor a Holy Land native, not even an ancient dedication, yet everywhere now we are familiar with it and accept its presence in picture or carving as suitable.

As an illustration of how much meaning we may miss by not knowing the folklore of the Church let us refer to the celebrated engraving by Albert Durer representing St. Jerome in his cell. Copies of it are well known, and the small adjunct of a plant is the key to the saint's occupation, which is entirely unrecognized in the descriptions of this beautiful etching. St. Jerome is writing in a room from the roof of which hangs a bottle gourd, usually considered an accessory from the artist's fancy suitable to the pilgrim-sought Bethlehem, where the saint lived and wrote.

But, in fact, this gourd tells of a very lively dispute that arose over the change that St. Jerome made in the Vulgate of the plant that sheltered the prophet Jonas. He rendered it *hedera*, and thought it to be a species of ivy, hanging up the gourd as a popular error. The Septuagint and Syriac Versions, besides many other authoritative writings, were arrayed against the translator and no effort spared to get Jonas' Gourd reinstated; to those fiery Eastern disputants any change so patent was rank heresy, and the great doctor of the Church is in this etching defending himself against

his detractors, with the gourd still suspended. Centuries have now passed by and men have forgotten the old dispute, and of recent years neither gourd nor ivy has been deemed so probable as a creeper of broad palmate leaf which the rabbis call *el-kheroua*, or the castor tree; this had its roots on the banks of the Tigris three thousand odd years ago, and, moreover, retains them to-day in Ninevite, Christian and Jewish local tradition as Jonas' "Gourd."

The picture of Sancta Paupertas painted by Giotto at Assisi is another example of a great master intensifying the meaning of his work by the use of detail taken from the folklore of the flowers. Mr. Ruskin tells us what he read in it. "I have just been drawing, or trying to draw, Giotto's 'Poverty' (Sancta Paupertas) at Assisi. You may very likely know the chief symbolism of the picture: that Poverty is being married to St. Francis and that Christ marries them, while her bare feet are entangled in thorns, but behind her head is a thicket of rose and lily. It is less likely you should be acquainted with the further details of the group. The thorns are of the acacia, which according to tradition was used to weave Christ's crown. The roses are in two clusters—palest red and deep crimson, the one on her right and the other on her left." Strangely enough, Mr. Ruskin does not notice their significance and appears to be ignorant of the story of the saint having twice rolled himself in briar rose bushes to subdue the evil promptings of the flesh. Throughout Italy, Spain and France the briar was known as St. Francis' thorn, and those at Subiaco have a remarkable peculiarity, for in the autumn a kind of blight comes on the leaves, which assume the form of a serpent, and this is taken to be a perpetual memorial of the saint's victory, while those at Santa Maria degli Angeli have lost their spines and have leaves stained by a spot as of blood.

We might go on to show how in carving, as in painting, the old artists made religious art vivid and vocal in its very detail, and by all who seek that end the traditional flora and fauna of the Church's children should be studied. To those who would have their gardens no longer ministering so entirely to the æsthetic side of our nature, but rather to man's mental appreciation and interest, to such we commend the planting of a hortus conclusus, a "speaking garden," as an old herbalist says, where we can wander among flowers radiant with fair names of the friends of God and where we can learn how honeysuckle, marjoram, thyme and many a fragrant plant are aromatic with thoughts of heaven and how the humblest herbs as well as the most gorgeous blossoms are making our land glad with their song of "Ave Maria" to those whose ears faith has opened.

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## CATHOLIC ASPECTS OF POLITICAL SPAIN.

HOW comes it that Spain, a Catholic nation, has not a Catholic, but a very non-Catholic government? This question is often asked by Catholics of other countries in a certain tone of unmistakable wonder. And rightly so. For it is a wonderful as well as a puzzling problem to understand how a majority of stout Catholic Spaniards will allow a Liberal government to trample on their religious rights, to scoff at the belief of their forefathers or with incessant strivings endeavor to wean from the Church of Peter that grand and glorious old Catholic gentry.

At first glance the situation seems paradoxical. But the paradox is only an apparent one, for the condition of Spain is but the result and natural consequence of warring political factions whose genesis and exploits, whose aims and arms are unknown to the world-wide mass of Catholics ignorant of the political conditions of Spain. A brief study of this intricate situation cannot fail to be of special interest to our readers.

The present political parties of Spain are three in number: the Catholic, the Liberal and the Republican.

To be of the Catholic party means to be a Carlist, or an integrist or a free lance—that is, a man belonging to no fixed school, holding no dogmatic political creed, yet presenting himself at the ballot-box as a Catholic voter.

On the other hand, if we consider the Liberal party, it presents two well-marked divisions, each with its particular and clear-cut tendencies, its methods and manners of action, its forwardness or its reserve: the Liberals properly so-called, or Radicals and the Conservatives. Now, strange as the statement may appear, the Radical-Liberal party, as a party, stands for hostility and hatred to the Church; nevertheless, many Liberals are good Catholics, who from the very stress of circumstances are forced to vote the Liberal ticket. This must not be lost sight of. Furthermore, the Conservative is the man influenced by Liberal ideas. He is somewhat of a weakling; in politics he complies to the will and clings to the opinions of the Radical-Liberal party, and yet he is more sober-minded in his views and is commonly guided—blindly enough, to be sure—by good intention in his decisions. In this study, when we speak of the Liberal party, we understand the Radical-Liberals and not the Conservative-Liberals.

Thirdly, by the Republican party in Spain, we mean that charivari of all the fickle and flighty political elements whose one purpose is to plot against order and society, against altar and throne. These, therefore, are the three great forces disputing the political supremacy

in the arena of Spain, and from their action and reaction, amid the jostling of their conflict, we must seek the solution of the problem that confronts us.

In this struggle we shall especially examine the position of the Catholics and that of the Liberals, for here is the Gordian knot. Here also it is well to note that many Liberals are fervent and practical Catholics. This is true in a marked manner of many Conservatives. Still, the party to which they belong is called by a name which exactly expresses its political views.

Now, if we consider the Catholic party, the Carlists and the Integrists, its two main battalions, hold the same staunch Catholic policy. In fact, the Integrists cling to Catholic teachings so tenaciously in theory and so energetically in practice that they will not yield one jot or tittle under any circumstance when it is a matter of principle or a question, say, for instance, of religious education. Hence the name of Integrist. It is evidently well chosen. They are men who stand, not by a part, but by the whole Catholic platform in its every detail, in its every department. With them, no half-hearted measures, no compromise with political heresy. And in this stern loyalty to Catholicity, Carlists and Integrists are one being with the same body, and, if principles are the soul of a party, with the same soul. However, whilst the Integrists do not care whether this or that branch of the ruling dynasty guide the destinies of the monarchy, provided it guides them true to Catholic ideals and Catholic standards, the Carlists are of a very different opinion. They will have no king but one. They claim the crown of Spain for Don James, son of Charles VII., and for his successors. Is it strange, then, that Catholic Spain should have a non-Catholic government? No, not if we bear in mind this schism of the party into Carlists and Integrists and remember that the Radical is at hand to take advantage of the dissension to further his own irreligious projects. It is the old story of shepherds fighting and the wolves feasting—a bloody enough tale as far as the sheep are concerned.

This is surely a bad enough state of affairs, but what is worse, no solution offers until the bone is removed, until the question between Don James and Don Alfonso is settled and their adherents band themselves together in a solid phalanx against Radicalism. Spain must continue unchanged until the present political atmosphere changes. The situation is plain enough. Three parties could helm the ship of state in Spain: the Catholic, the Radical or the Conservative party. Republicanism is not to be thought of; it is out of the field. Now, the Carlists and Integrists, repudiated on account of their lofty ideals and obnoxious because of their strict standards, have lost all chance of grasping the helm. So in steps the Radical,

with a well united party and a decided purpose, grasps the spokes with both hands, directs and rules according to his fancy, and his fancy is not Catholic politics. This, then, is the reason why Liberalism, in one form or another, has for many years set the course and direction of Spanish government.

That the Carlists cannot accept the direction of politics in Spain, even were it offered to them—which it is not—by the present monarchy, is a matter clear enough. Their acceptance would be a public and official recognition of the present King, Don Alfonso XIII., as well as an overt official rejection of the alleged rights of Don James and the dynasty of Charles. To expect such a course of action from the Carlists is to expect the radically impossible, if we are to judge them by their historic fidelity to their cause and by their blue-blooded loyalty to their sovereign and his successors.

So much, then, for the Carlist position, and the Integrists are more or less in the same plight, though for different reasons. First of all, the Integrists are not numerous nor strong enough to support a solid Cabinet capable of withstanding the combined and coalized forces of Liberalism and Republicanism. In such an event, these would unite, use every effort, stop at no consideration, set in motion every secret resource to upset a Catholic Cabinet, the carrying out of whose platform would mean their complete annihilation. Besides, granting that the Integrists are strong enough to face and victoriously rout the opposition, if their name is rightly given them—and it is; if they are true to their principles—and they are; if they are steadfast of purpose—and who doubts it? if they will carry out every part and parcel of their programme—and they will; then they cannot accept the sceptre of power except on the condition of ruling Spain in their whole-souled Catholic way. What, then, would follow? Simply this: they could not recognize as not to be changed nor hold as other than impossible the present Liberal Constitution. Indeed, no situation to be held, no station to be occupied, no position to be filled would permit them to take as a rule of political conduct a civil code not only at variance with, but in many points diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Church and their own political religion. To follow any other course of action would be to deny in practice what they affirm in theory. Could they destroy the present régime without bringing about some tremendous upheaval? Their path is evidently strewn with difficulties, but another is open to them. Would it not be the most practical plan to endeavor by every means to acquire influence and power, and then to reform and modify little by little this digest of anti-Catholic Liberal laws? Granted that the Integrists have not sufficient numbers to uphold a Cabinet, why should they refuse positions in the Liberal Cabinet where they could act as a check upon the

extravagances of the anti-clericals? Would that the Integrists might adopt so sane a policy, but at present the wind blows from every quarter but this, and the fair dream of a courageous Catholic confederation in Spain is one far from realization.

Oppressed and disunited by such parliamentary strife, it is quite clear why Catholic Spain has a Radical government, and it is clearer still that neither the star of Carlist nor Intergrist can rise in the ascendant. And as there remains no other but the Liberal party capable of commanding the political situation of Spain, the Liberals by the very force of circumstances must rule. The problem is a difficult one to grasp for an American Catholic and one which has few parallels in history. But hard as it is to grasp the problem in its countless side issues, it is yet harder to find for it an adequate and satisfactory solution.

Closely connected with the question which we have so far dwelt upon is another fully as mysterious, we believe, to the American Catholic. If the Catholic party cannot force itself to the front and control the Government, why can it not at least elect a number of Catholic Deputies strong enough to cope with the anti-religious schemes of the Radicals? Our answer is short and clear: nothing short of a miracle could bring about this longed-for state of affairs. Whilst treating of this topic the observations already made concerning the Liberal party must not be forgotten.

If we except a spice of Republicans and Socialists, all who present themselves at election time as eligible Deputies are Catholics and will be thought of and spoken of as nothing but Catholics. This is true, as a rule, of the candidates, no matter what their party; and this is important, because it explains the action of the voters and because it gives the reason why there are in Spain so few Congressmen of the Catholic party. No public man would propose himself for an office under any other title. All claim the right of being called Catholics. They brook no other denomination but that of Catholic; they scorn any other appellation but that of Catholic; they see, they hear, they judge as Catholics; they resume their broken off intimacies with Catholic friends; their insignia show to the chance passerby and the observant citizen that they are Catholics; they flaunt Catholic colors on every occasion; in brief, no public man is aught but a Catholic in Spain. Indeed, a critic would look long and hard to find a candidate who does not profess Catholicism, but he would look and look in vain to find a non-Catholic candidate at election time. Why is this? Because were such a postulant to make profession of any other faith, he would not only risk all his chances of being elected, but so strong is the faith of the people, that he would irreparably shatter them. Here, then, we have the reason why, when the great race of office is on,



the most skeptic place-seeker parades his religion before the public, swears dauntless fealty to the Church, solemnly asseverates that he will do nothing and permit nothing to be done in the Assembly in any way harmful or derogatory to the dignity of the Spouse of Christ and blatantly affirms that he will defend unflinchingly its glorious prerogatives.

Now, the voters, and this is true in a marked manner of the lower classes, know that all the candidates, no matter what their party—always excepting the Republicans—are Catholics; the voters will cast their votes according to their religious convictions; but they will also vote for those from whom they expect the greatest advantages and the greatest increase of their material interests. So when the Catholic party proposes a man as a worthy representative and the party in control presents its postulant for the same position, the candidate of the ruling faction is generally successful, for the voters reason somewhat as follows: both men are Catholics, but evidently the candidate of the present government can do more for us in the Assembly, since his party is the strongest; therefore, it is better to vote for him. Thus the man proposed for a given office by the ruling party secures his position by a sophism of circumstances and a show of fidelity to his faith. But what follows once the Liberal has been elected? The people frequently find that they have been duped and deceived; that the promises given were never fulfilled; that those who made parade of their Catholicism were hypocrites; that the place-hunters who swore they would resign from the Cortes rather than prove false to their faith would not speak a word against abominable laws framed to destroy it; they find out to their bitter sorrow that show honesty, trickery of rhetoric, appearance of logic cleared the way for the election of unbelieving Radicals.

However, they are often even more completely led astray, for now and then they are permitted to win some slight victory, to obtain some trifling consideration, and so, when the next election comes round, they vote for the man from whom, for example, they expect a lower rate of taxation without considering whether he is of the Liberal or Catholic party, and, above all, without scrutinizing the tendencies of his party as a whole. We must keep this always in mind; the policy of the Liberal party is bad; many of its individual members are honest, well-meaning Catholics.

It is clear enough, then, that, were the circumstances which surround the candidacy of many of these office-seekers clearly understood by the people; were the idea fully grasped, that the time for a citizen to dissect the character of an aspirant is before he is nominated; were the purpose of the parties of the competitors unmasked; could the masses read the applicants, and by some un-

failing test, sift the chaff from the wheat, not a single honest vote would fall in the ballot-box for the Liberals, whilst, on the other hand, the Catholic party would guide unerringly the government of Catholic Spain. But do we not ask for the impossible? Were not the fisherfolk of Galilee long wheedled by the Pharisees?

But still, not only does the religion of the Liberal candidates deceive the uneducated voters, but other causes also militate for their successful candidature. Among these is the almost universal support which they receive. In fact, the candidate of the Liberal party, first of all, has the firm support of his entire party, that also of many who, although they do not belong to the faction, still are under obligation in some way or other to its influential leaders; thirdly, that of others who must vote for the candidate pointed out to them under penalty of losing their political position, and in many cases even the means of honest livelihood. They sweep in, therefore, the votes of the party, the votes of those indebted to the party and the votes of many dominated by the party.

That many are indebted to the Liberals, even sturdy and practical Catholics, is a well-known fact. For during the long years in which Liberalism has held undisputed sway in Spain they have fortified their position by granting public offices to some, by bestowing favors to others, by making concessions to the strong and by strengthening their hold on the weak. To do this they have spared neither time nor trouble nor money. Adulation and honors, positions and promises, all have been called into requisition to secure their grasp on the directing levers of the government. The credit of the Radicals is as great as the obligations of its debtors. Hence it is that through such practices they control a vast number of votes, for since so many are indebted to the party for whatever influence, position or wealth they enjoy, a certain political gratitude forces them to support their creditors.

But whilst the debtors of the Liberal party become its mainstay, many dominated by its leaders contribute no less to the stability and security of its success. Nowhere is the indifference of the people more in evidence than in the thoughtless surrender of the ballot-box into the hands of the *Caciques*. A *Cacique* in Spain may be the Mayor of a small town, an influential man in a country district, a landlord or a "boss" of a village; in a word, any person to whom the peasantry looks up as a man who knows the condition of affairs can read the weather forecast of the political day and discern the right man for the right place. These simple people, interested only in raising their crops or in tending their flocks, gladly leave the care of politics to the acknowledged leader of the countryside. Nothing loath, the *Cacique* reaps in the rich harvest of votes for the Liberals at the cheap cost of a bombastic oration

or two. Thus the guilelessness and gullibility of the peasantry dominated by their leaders plays an important rôle at the polls and greatly strengthens the position of the Progressives.

But in spite of this overwhelming support which the Liberal party receives from its members, its debtors and its unwitting upholders, many more Catholics would be sent to Congress were it not for the terrible inroads which Republicanism is making among the less educated. The barbaric and uncivilized proceedings of Barcelona, in July, 1909, express in the smoke and fire of burning churches, in the profanations of the monuments of the dead, in the murder of defenseless nuns, the means and methods which Socialists, Anarchists, Acatists and the whole tribe of anti-religious sectaries employ to further their plans, to give tongue to their political aspirations and to influence an ignorant population. Are such methods of canvassing permissible to Catholics? And the government, has it not greater and more numerous resources to prosecute the election of its officers? Are the methods it employs constitutional and always in strict harmony with the laws of the nation? Facts are more eloquent than words. Let them speak and let each reader judge for himself.

To give another instance of what we mean, is it not a very strange and startling fact that the faction in power, whether Radical or Conservative, has always a far greater number of representatives in Congress than the opposition and that the same faction when the tables are turned is always a small minority in the Assembly? There is not, during the long period in which the Radicals and Conservatives have been alternately rulers of Spain, one single case on record in which the faction in power has ever been defeated in the general elections. Now, is it possible that during the remarkably short interim that intervenes between the last moment in which the party is actually in office and the general elections that the opinion of the whole nation has been so completely and universally changed? And is it rational to believe for an instant that such a change could take place when we consider the brief periods that elapse between successive general elections in Spain?

With these facts before us, the election of every Catholic Deputy cannot but be regarded as a glorious triumph, and his struggle for a chair in Congress a bloodless, but a very hard-fought battle, fought to the bitter end against the enemies of the Church. And in the midst of these turbulent affairs what sight is more consoling than that of the shepherds of the flock, priests and religious mingled, with the throng of Catholic voters, taking their place in line with many illustrious Bishops and waiting for their turn at the polls, surrounded by the threats and menaces of a scoffing mob, urged on by the bribes of the high priests to deter them from a resolution

which means the downfall of a creedless government? Thus it is that the ramparts of irreligion are every day being sapped and weakened, their fortresses demolished, their positions of vantage captured, whilst leading Catholics are steadily acquiring influence and power on the stricken battlefield of Spanish politics.

Yet great battles must be fought and won; many strongholds must be taken and towers laid low before the victory is complete and the Cross triumphant. But it is our sincere hope that these few thoughts may disentangle the tangled skein of the political situation, may rectify wrong impressions and scatter prejudices against the political attitude and action of Spanish Catholics regarding the election of their Congressmen.

We have shown thus far why Catholic Spain must necessarily have a Liberal government and given the reason why the Catholic party is so poorly represented in the Cortes. An objection, however, will naturally occur to the reader: if the Liberal party is largely made up of Catholics, explain why its Cabinet is so Radical and its members the pronounced advocates of the so-called *Advanced Ideas*?

In the first place, and in justice to one branch of the Liberal party, the Conservatives are neither madcap Progressives nor ranting Liberals properly so-called. Keeping this in view, the answer to our question is easy enough, and it is found in the method of electing the leader and the members of the Cabinet. In truth, the nation, the members of the Liberal party, Congress, all these have nothing to do with the choice of the Cabinet. The selection of the Ministers that compose it depends on the Prime Minister, who in turn is chosen by the King according to the Constitution. None can interfere with the royal elect. But, you will say, is not the King a Catholic? Is he not free in the choice he makes of his Prime Minister? Yes, thank God, the King is a good and practical Catholic. So much for the first question. However, he is only theoretically and not practically free in the choice of his Prime Minister. The reason for this is a simple one; for when the voice of the nation has called the Radical or the Conservative party into office, Don Alfonso is to all purposes forced to select as Prime Minister the official leader of this party, whatever may be his religious ideas or his political views. To do otherwise would be to offer a public and official insult to the party, and that can be easily understood.

So then the King, free yet manacled, at liberty to choose, but not to reject, has appointed his Prime Minister, the Prime Minister now picks his Cabinet. Naturally the new Minister surrounds himself with men whose religious and political principles square with his own. And is it so difficult, is it impossible to find twelve

questionable Catholics among the members of a great national party, granted that the bulk of the party is made up of good Catholics? The Cabinet chosen by the Prime Minister must now be recognized and approved by the King. Is not this another opportunity for the application of a corrective? Decidedly no, for the approval of His Majesty is a mere question of ceremony. Consequently, if the chosen members of the Cabinet are anti-clericals of the most acute type, there is no help for it; the King must accept them against his will. What other course is left him? Can he disapprove of the élite picked by the very man whom he has called to the highest function of the State? The man whom the nation regards as having his entire confidence? Can he rebuke this high functionary in the very first exercise of his new-born dignity by refusing to accept the men he has indicated as worthy and capable of directing the destinies of the monarchy, by impeaching his personal judgment and by taxing him with disloyalty to his faith? Can he brand them as a base and infamous partisan of revolutionaries banded together to destroy every vestige of that great Catholic nation which he has but now sworn the most solemn oath to protect? Clearly the King of Spain can make no move in this direction. Did he do so, he would not only wound to the very heart the feelings of the Minister's party, but would soon appear as the exciting cause of serious political complications.

The Cabinet once formed and approved by the King, in the manner prescribed by law, the people must accept it willingly or unwillingly. The rôle of the masses becomes one of pure, passive acquiescence in the matter. The only channel left to the people to oppose the impetus given to the government by the Cabinet is the Assembly. There, through the vigilant custodians of its interests, it can oppose the Cabinet and thwart its policy when not in accord with the material or religious welfare of the kingdom. Yet it is very seldom that success crowns the efforts of the people when it sets itself against the line of action pursued by the Ministry. No deep philosophy is required to bolster this statement. How, then, does the government circumvent the people? For instance, let us suppose that the government intends to pass a law against the Church. To begin with, Carlist, Integrist and a few Conservative Deputies unite and attack it, but they are a weak minority, whilst the governing faction has a large majority of Deputies and is backed up by the concentrated forces of all the Republicans, Socialists and anti-clericals. Sometimes they are even abetted by the Conservatives themselves, always trying to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. If the representatives of the party in power are true to it, the law is passed, the government triumphs and the Church is oppressed.

The programme described is usually carried out to the letter.

There are glorious exceptions—they but prove the rule. Many motives are at hand to urge the Liberal Deputies to give their votes as the government and not as conscience directs. Some will pass the law because they are bad Catholics, some because they will be ousted if they disobey instructions, many are led by human respect, others are weaklings, others craven, others yet too timid to be at outs with their party. The law is passed. Who will say now that an anti-Catholic law reflects the feeling and expresses the attitude of the Spanish people, although the government, with cunning and hypocrisy, to justify its action and to mislead the opinion of Catholics of other nations, trumpets to the four winds of heaven that this law is the expression of the will of the nation? Who will doubt us when we say that such laws have been enacted against the formal protest of the allied Catholic Deputies, against the solemn protest not only of a great part of the Cortes, but also of the unanimous Catholic people, which many times sprang up as one man in burning hatred against such tyranny, and sent up a cry of indignation that rang from the Pyrenees to the blue Mediterranean?

The magnificent spectacle and the striking demonstration of Catholicism given to the world by Spain when a Godless government strove to banish the catechism from the public schools is yet fresh in the memories of all. The Catholics of Spain were justly indignant at a scheme which aimed so directly at an atheistic education for their children; protestations poured in from every Catholic association; concerted demonstrations were made in every hamlet and city of Spain; the government was pressed on all sides to give up its nefarious object. What was the upshot of the whole affair? In spite of the remonstrances and protests of the nation, the government tyrannically carried out its anti-Catholic project, if not in its entire programme, at least in a goodly portion. What is to be done? Are the Spanish Catholics to take up arms and precipitate a revolution? Would such action be lawful? Would it be licit? Would it be according to moral principles? Clearly such a red-handed method of procedure is inadmissible.

Dismissing it, then, as repugnant to every Catholic principle, let us consider how the present Liberal government, under the leadership of Count Romanones, goes about anti-Catholic legislation. Ready to use the small arts of the crafty politician, he does not consult the Assembly about his proposed law against the Church. This would be to arouse the public to such a pitch of violence that his resignation from office might be rather painfully extracted from him. So he quietly steps around or over that objectionable Constitution; it would never do to advance such a measure whilst Congress is in session; certain unmentionable Deputies of a rather uncompromising and militant religious character might, who knows?

object to the law; he waits for the close of the session; no one is at hand to forcibly impress him with the unbearable fact that his project can only be realized by riding rough-shod over the rights of the people. No objections are made to his law (there is no one present to object). It is, therefore, passed with the unanimous acclamations of Count Romanones. Such is the policy of the present Liberal government, such its conduct when a law injurious to the Church must be enacted.

What remedy is there for so subtle a malady? One only appears to have the power of stopping its ravages: The force of organization, which Pope Leo XIII. so earnestly longed for and whose magnificent results wherever adopted Pius X. has so frequently pointed out in his urgent and eloquent appeals. Were the Catholics of Spain to banish dissensions, to form a powerful coalition, they would sweep the enemy into the Atlantic. Alas! it must be admitted that in the past there have dwelt in their camp idleness and division: the causes of failure, the enemies of success. Many were satisfied with a quiet, unperturbed private life; they refuse to meddle with politics; they never approached the ballot-box; they surrendered to the enemy without a blow. But their attitude has been changed, the outlook is every day brighter and more hopeful to the Catholic cause and more gloomy and desperate to that of their adversaries. Taught by the terrible events of the last few years, the eyes of Spanish Catholics are opened; the descendants of St. Ferdinand are marching to the field of political strife as the Spanish chivalry of old against the Moor. May God give them victory and complete the newly begun work of Spanish political regeneration.

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## THE DEGENERATION OF FALSTAFF.

**S**IR JOHN FALSTAFF is a towering figure in the kingdom of letters. Widely different as he is from the faithful Achates of Virgil, the Beatrice of Dante, the Faust of Goethe, the Tartuffe of Moliere, the English comic giant, as a recent writer has not inappropriately styled him, has at least this in common with the great characters of the world's literature—he enjoys undying fame. Falstaff is a world figure. Neither time nor place nor circumstance can dim his memory in the minds of book-lovers the world over. Not all of Shakespeare's creations are so vested in immortality. The general reader may soon enough forget Launce and Speed, the chattering Gratiano, Osric the water-fly and Mariana of the moated grange. But Falstaff is wrought of the enduring stuff which Shakespeare put into his portrayals of Hamlet and Shylock, Malvolio and Lear.

Much has been written concerning the fat knight who was wont to hold his mock court in the Boarshead tavern, and most of it in a spirit of admiration and good-natured tolerance. The jolly old reprobate who consumes astonishing quantities of sack and "lards the lean earth as he walks along" does not readily lend himself to criticism carping and censorious. His very bulk disarms wrath; even the sternest critic succumbs to Sir John's preposterous logic: "Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty." He beguiles the reader into eulogy even as he once beguiled "Dame Partlet" into lending him four-and-twenty pounds.

And yet, withal, there are not lacking Shakespearean interpreters who visit Sir John with reluctant censure. Smilingly they shake their heads—but they shake their heads. Such commentators are in the minority, but their existence cannot be ignored. And as a consequence, we have, in the miles and miles of comment of which Falstaff is the subject, two varied trends of opinion concerning the fat knight. Is he an artist in humor or a lumbering clown? Is he keen-witted or fat-witted? Is he immoral or is he merely un-moral? Or is he, as Morgann would have us believe, a hopeless mass of contradictions—"a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman and a soldier without either dignity, decency or honor?"

The key to the problem is found in the not generally recognized fact that in the person of Falstaff Shakespeare presents us with a character that is not static, but dynamic. Falstaff is not a study in still life; he is a presentation of character development, and,



as we shall presently see, of downward development. A study of Falstaff as presented in the First Part of "King Henry IV.," where we make his acquaintance, continuing through the Second Part of "King Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and concluding with the remarkable deathbed scene described by Mistress Quickly in "King Henry V.," will go far to show that practically all comments on Falstaff's character can be justified by this theory of downward development.

Sir John is at his best in the First Part of "King Henry IV." There, if anywhere, he is an artist in humor. In his imaginative feats, such as the "eleven buckram men grown out of two," and his mythical duel with the dead Hotspur, "fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock," there is a titanic, a Munchausen element which is almost a form of genius. "Why," exclaims Prince Hal, "Percy, I killed myself, and saw thee dead." "Didst thou?" echoes Falstaff, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger. "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

If the Falstaff of the First Part of "King Henry IV." is now and then the victim of a joke, he is rarely a wholly unconscious victim; and invariably he is keen-witted enough to turn the point upon his tormentors. In what we are justified in regarding as Shakespeare's supreme comic scene (Act II., scene 4) the odds seem to be overwhelmingly against the fat knight. He has been caught red-handed as a knave, a coward and a liar. The Prince and Ned Poins allow him to dilate upon his heroism, and then prove conclusively that they are in possession of the facts in the case. "Come," Poins cries triumphantly, "your reason, Jack, your reason." "What, upon compulsion?" exclaims Falstaff, bristling with mock indignation. "Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I." And a little later, when convinced that the two men in buckram suits were the Prince and Poins: "I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct." Truly, no casuistic splitter of hairs ever achieved a more absurd distinction without a difference—"a coward on instinct!"

Falstaff sins against both honesty and good taste in his levying of troops; but with such unfailing good humor does he review his ragged cohorts that even the gravest moralist must laugh with him. "A mad fellow met me on the way," Falstaff chuckles, "and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. . . . Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed

I had the most of them out of prison." "I never did see such pitiful rascals," the Prince comments dubiously. "Tut, tut," responds Sir John, with magnificent disdain. "Good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men."

Hazlitt is not far astray in emphasizing the theatrical element in much of Falstaff's humor—a quality which is best illustrated in his periodical fits of repentance. Repentance has for him no attraction; but he finds the rôle of penitent an alluring one. So ever and anon he pretends to purpose amendment, never getting beyond the pretense and never really wanting to get beyond it. In one such mood he confides to the florid Bardolph that formerly he "lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass." Whereupon Bardolph remarks appositely enough: "Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass." "Do thou amend thy face," Sir John retorts, "and I'll amend my life."

That same shining face of Bardolph, "the Knight of the Burning Lamp," is an incessant source of inspiration for Falstaff's mirth. When Bardolph, moved by a not unreasonable resentment, ventures to protest, "Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm," Falstaff promptly agrees: "No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple. . . . When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light!" And so, hardly pausing to enjoy his own sallies, the fat knight evolves one conceit after another at the expense of the irritated Bardolph. Rough humor, some call it, and perhaps they are right; but at least it is humor, and humor, moreover, which could spring only from a rich fancy and an alert, constructive faculty.

Indeed, the Falstaff we meet with and laugh with in the First Part of "King Henry IV." is a thoroughly lovable old rascal, his wit shrewd and piercing, his humor abundant and contagious. His famous "catechism of honor" is like the bottle of sack he draws in lieu of a pistol on Shrewsbury field—a thing designed mainly for humorous effect. He is not repulsive, even in the flights of merriment that do not lend themselves readily to quotation; vulgar he may be at times—is there not an element of the vulgar in much manly mirth?—but he is never crass or revolting. Were we to see no more of old Jack Falstaff after he puts his tongue in his cheek and makes one more promise to "leave sack and live cleanly as a nobleman should do," we should be justified in styling him, as

Brandes has done, "one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain."

But we meet Falstaff again; and in the Second Part of "King Henry IV." we find him a less amiable and a less keen-witted Falstaff. We still laugh with him, it is true; but, almost to our surprise, certainly to our regret, we find ourselves also laughing *at* him. Is it because his humor cloys upon us? Rather is it because the humor is thinner and grosser and less spontaneous. His tongue continues to run on and on—witness his chuckling outbreak to his page concerning the Prince's smooth face—but there is here less substance to his wit. His cleverness is on the wane. Now and again it flashes out in its old-time brilliancy, as when, with the same astounding self-sufficiency with which he once narrated his heroism at Gadshill, he now loftily tells the Chief Justice that he had not obeyed the summons of the court because he was so advised by his "learned counsel in the laws of this land service," and shortly afterward, having escaped prison and disgrace, has the unparalleled impudence to ask the magistrate for a loan of a thousand pounds; but the general impression we get from the play is that the gout which afflicts his great toe is exerting a subtle influence on his florid fancy and his stock of verbal pyrotechnics. Old Jack Falstaff is hard pressed, indeed, when he has to admit: "A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity."

In other words, it is evident that the degeneration of Falstaff, mentally and morally, is well advanced. But once do we find him in company with his former boon companion, the Prince of Wales; and that rather disgusting scene does not redound in any way to Falstaff's advantage. Sir John is hard pressed to explain the scurrilous language he has used in speaking of the heir-apparent, and his explanation, in comparison with his immortal "coward on instinct" argument, comes off haltingly. It is significant that the foils for his wit in the Second Part of "King Henry IV." are not the agile Prince and Poin, but the Hostess and Mistress Doll, the blustering and ineffectual Pistol and the silly Justice Shallow. A verbal swordsman inevitably gravitates to foemen worthy of his steel.

But the most striking proof of the downward development of Falstaff as manifested in the Second Part of "King Henry IV." is that he wins our commiseration. Fancy the reader who could conceive the Falstaff of the First Part to stand in need of pity! But here, in the scene where he comes face to face with young King Henry V.—the gay Prince Hal of Eastcheap days—Falstaff is a figure almost pathetic. Foul and travel-stained, out at knees and elbows, the fat knight and his frowsy friends, Bardolph and Pistol, stand near Westminster Abbey, waiting to greet the newly

elevated king. The coronation procession approaches, and Falstaff recognizes the familiar figure of the madcap scion of royalty. But, with an unwonted sinking of the heart, he sees that the Prince is strangely altered; dignity and grace have set their stamp upon that youthful brow. The victim of unaccustomed misgivings, Falstaff lifts his voice: "God save thy Grace, King Hal! My royal Hal! . . . My King! My Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!" A strange silence falls upon the crowded street; and then the young King speaks:

I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers;  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

And the procession passes on, leaving the little group dazed and silent; Pistol has lost his bluster, the light has faded from Bardolph's face; and Falstaff—yes, we pity him!

If for the Falstaff of the First Part of "King Henry IV." we entertain good-humored admiration and for the Falstaff of the Second Part of "King Henry IV." a pity more or less reluctant, our prevailing sentiment toward the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is one of genuine contempt. From a brilliant and light-hearted comedian Sir John has degenerated into a stupid and clumsy clown. He himself admits that he is "made an ass." Instead of his rapier-like wit, we have his unconvincing slapstick comedy, and, his resourcefulness having diminished in proportion as his self-esteem has increased, we no longer watch his performances with even so much as a show of sympathy. He alienates friendship. In this play even his seedy companions, Bardolph, Pistol and Nym, desert him as rats desert a sinking ship; and he who, Yorrick-like, was wont to set the table in a roar, becomes the stupid butt of stupid practical jokes in Windsor town and Windsor forest. The laughter in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is laughed not with Falstaff, but at him; and it is laughter, too, bereft of kindliness and even latent sympathy.

Morally, likewise, the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is on a lower plane than the Falstaff who lied so artistically in the Boarshead tavern and so irresistibly played the coward on Shrewsbury field. He has become disgustingly gross. His language is coarser, his proclivities more sensual. His vulgarity in the earlier plays might be characterized as impropriety for the sake of wit; here it is obviously filth for the sake of filth. The Falstaff of Eastcheap was a jolly, keen-eyed giant, the familiar cup of sack flushing his jovial countenance and oiling his clever tongue; the Falstaff of Windsor is a repulsive satyr, his eyes alight with the dull glow of carnal desire and his face discolored with the lees of the cup.

Even the most sympathetic critic fails to find anything admirable

in the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Thus, Hudson is compelled to admit that, at any rate, Sir John has met with limitations. "The truth is," he says, "Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere, and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place. . . . Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practices as for what is practiced upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by what he suffers than by what he does."

One rather subtle writer has remarked that Falstaff alienates our affection because in this play he is so obviously in the toils of fleshly desires. The explanation is true, but inadequate. Sins of impurity are always hateful, but there are degrees of hate; and often, too, while hating the sin, we cease not to love the sinner. We do not turn against Launcelot and Guinevere when Tennyson describes their fall, and compassion fills our hearts at sight of Dante's Paolo and Francesca. But those immortal sinners were not wholly bad. In the case of Falstaff, however, we find a man emasculated, bestial, depraved and withal so utterly selfish and so preposterously convinced of his own worth that our gorge rises. Launcelot, though guilty, is a chivalrous knight; Paolo, though guilty, remains a man. But in the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" we behold but the head of a man on the body of a swine.

"Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history" of downward development is the death of Falstaff as described by Mistress Quickly in "King Henry V." There is almost sublimity here; but then there is an element of sublimity in every death. When a man dies, says Mrs. Atherton, "his virtues rise and sit upon the corpse." In that supreme, tragic moment the "something good in the worst of us" comes to the fore. And so it is not surprising that the demise of Sir John, seen through the sympathetic eyes of a woman—and such a woman as Mistress Quickly—should make us forget much of the obliquity of the man and recall only his early charm. "For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields."

Of that deathbed scene Rowe has said: "Though it be extremely natural, it is yet as diverting as any part of his life." The irony is delicious. There be those who refuse to consider the living Falstaff under all circumstances as other than "diverting;" should not consistency urge them to discover diversion in the dying Falstaff? It is just here that two widespread theories of Falstaff break down: One which insists on regarding him as un-moral, like Silenus

or Bacchus; the other which, advanced most recently by Mr. W. L. George in the *British Review*, elects to regard him as a type rather than as an individual, and therefore as a quintessence or abstraction to which moral standards cannot rightly apply. Mr. Mabie is forced to admit that, though it would be "absurd to apply ethical standards to him" and that "he is a creature of the elemental forces," "yet the touch of the ethical law is on him; he is not a corrupter by intention, and he is without malice; but as old age brings its searching revelation of essential characteristics, his humor broadens into coarseness, his buoyant animalism degenerates into lust; and he is saved from contempt at the end by one of those exquisite touches with which the great-hearted poet loves to soften and humanize degeneration."

Though a great deal of well-meant, but injudicious sympathy has been bestowed on Falstaff, the process finds little sanction in Shakespeare's own attitude toward one of his most memorable creations. With almost nauseating emphasis, the dramatist makes Falstaff a horrible example of the fundamental truth of life, that what a man sows that also doth he reap. He shows us that Falstaff's view of life is superficial and that surface-thinking and surface-living grow into a habit fatal and ultimately inevitable. He shows us that Falstaff is self-indulgent and insincere, and therefore more and more incapable of rising to the sacrifices which the laws of life impose upon every man who would work out his salvation. He shows us that Falstaff is a victim of that subtle and corroding vice, self-pity; and though its earlier manifestations are amusing, it eventually reaches such proportions as to sicken and repel. He shows us that Falstaff, having sown the garden of his life with thorns and thistles, gathers therefrom no crop of grapes and figs; that Falstaff, drinking so avidly of sugared sack, may taste not the nectar of the gods.

BROTHER LEO, F. S. C.

Oakland, Cal.

## Book Reviews.

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**THE MIGHTY FRIEND.** By *Pierre L'Ermite*. Crowned by the French Academy. Translated from the French by John Hannon. 8vo., cloth, with eighteen illustrations and colored jacket, net, \$1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

In this book the author has very cleverly succeeded in presenting a threatening condition of modern economics through the medium of a fascinating and splendid story, and while his tale is at no time given over to dry philosophical discussions of the problem presented, the very spirit and essence of the book is concerned with a phase of the conflict which is even now going on wherever the tentacles of trade have battered upon a smiling countryside.

"The Mighty Friend" is, of course, the land, the country, the real backbone and substance of the nation. When the Harmmsters, therefore, who are manufacturers from Paris, invade the Vale of Api with a commercialism whose immediate effects are baneful in the extreme, Jacques opposes the erection of their factories, as he is far-seeing enough to understand the inevitable result of such an invasion.

"The Mighty Friend" is a strong, purposeful drama, relieved by the lighter touches of a somewhat sardonic humor, and the question which furnishes the motif for its pages is one of vital importance to the individual, the family and the nation. The jacket, which is in four colors, and the illustrations, of which there are eighteen, add greatly to the value of the book.

Catholic literature needs a brilliant novel writer. It is looking for one; it demands one to offset these dangerous writers who are so clever in stirring up the mud and who are equally skillful in splitting hairs. Pierre L'Ermite may be that man. He has already attained that distinction. "The Mighty Friend" is his masterpiece thus far.

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**THE WESTMINSTER HYMNAL.** Edited by *Richard R. Terry*. 12mo., cloth, with music, net, \$1.25; words only, net, \$0.20. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The ideal Catholic Hymnal has long been a moot question. The truth is that there cannot be any one ideal. The abundance of

material, the differences of nationality, the varying tastes, make it impossible to compile one hymn book which will contain all the best hymns. For this reason every book of the kind which has been prepared by a competent person or persons is worthy of commendation and patronage. The Westminster Hymnal is excellent in every respect. It is issued with the sanction of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Provinces of Westminster, Birmingham and Liverpool. The hymns that it contains are those which make up the book of hymns already approved by the Bishops, with seven added to bring up the number to 250. The tunes have been in part selected and in part composed by Mr. R. R. Terry, Mus. D., organist and choirmaster of Westminster Cathedral, who has also written and edited the harmonies. This eminent musician has here presented the public with a work of great originality and distinction, for which he is entitled to the thanks of the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries.

This constitutes the first official collection of hymns issued for Catholics in England. Dr. Terry has composed a large number of tunes himself. We cannot recollect a hymn book in any language, as it were, in which so much skill and accurate knowledge have been shown in the immensely important matter of the harmonization of plain-song melodies as here.

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**THE ROMAN CURIA AS IT NOW EXISTS.** By *Rev. Michael Martin, S. J.* Price, net, \$1.50; postage 15 cents extra. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author of the book is the Rev. M. Martin, S. J., professor of canon law and moral theology in St. Louis University, already known as the annotator of Slater's "Moral Theology." "The Roman Curia As It Now Exists" deals with a subject of absorbing interest and in a manner calculated to convey much information within a small compass. Very few persons, even ecclesiastics, have the time or the facility to study the work of the various congregations. Questions are constantly being asked concerning them to which it is hard to find the answer. For instance, What are the duties of such or such a congregation or tribunal of the Curia now as compared with what they were a few years ago? What countries were lately removed from the jurisdiction of the Propaganda Congrega-



tion? What is the effect of such removal in the United States and elsewhere? These and a hundred other questions may be asked regarding the present Roman Curia and will find an answer in this book. Here may be seen what the Roman Curia at the present day really is, its departments, the authority of each congregation and tribunal, the mode of procedure in transacting ecclesiastical business, etc.

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**THE HOLY HOUR.** By *Right Rev. Benjamin J. Kelley, D. D., Bishop of Savannah.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author in his foreword says: "I do not think it necessary to say a word of the great spiritual benefit to be derived from this devotion of the Holy Hour; one has but to make it to realize what hidden treasure of piety and love are found in it. There are many ways of making the Holy Hour, and it would, of course, be highly presumptuous to claim that the way suggested by me is the best. I can only say that it has been in use with us for quite a while and is enjoyed by the people, and I believe has been the means of much good. From the absence of any specific instructions governing these cases, priests often find a difficulty in conducting certain extra liturgical devotions, and they would be glad, I imagine, to find how others conduct them. On this account, I have determined to publish these suggestions."

The very modest price of this booklet—10 cents for a single copy and \$6 for a thousand—will be an inducement for its introduction in large quantities, especially for organizations of the Blessed Sacrament.

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**OREMUS.** *The Priest's Handbook of English Prayers for Church Services and Special Occasions.* 8vo., cloth, net, \$1.50. New York: Wagner & Co.

There are a large number of priests who would be glad to have at their command a collection of prayers in the vernacular, for use on the various occasions when it is desired to have the congregation join with the priest in offering prayer in harmony with the occasion. Holy Mother Church greatly encourages a variety of prayers; in fact, in her various offices she insists on prayers specially composed for the occasion. The use of special prayers is of great value in

confining attention and in stimulating devotion, and it is certain that the faithful welcome every opportunity to join in thought, at least, such special prayers of the priest.

Heretofore it was hard to find a satisfying collection of such prayers in convenient form. The book before us is well conceived and executed. It contains the prayers after Low Mass, the Divine Praises, the Stations and other prayers for Lent, for the monthly devotions to the Most Sacred Heart, Our Lady and St. Joseph, prayers for the sick and the dead, litanies, both those approved for public and for private devotion, and a long list of occasional prayers.

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DISPUTATIONES THEOLOGICAE MORALIS Methodo Positiva, Scholastica, Casuistica. Confectae ex fontibus S. Thomae Aquinatis et S. Alphonsi M. de Liguorio et e Probatis Recentioribusque Auctoribus Desumptae. Sac. *Arthurus Cozzi*. Quatuor Volumina. Taurini: Petrus Marietti.

A new work on moral theology in convenient form and strictly up-to-date is a constantly recurring necessity. While the principles of morality remain the same, the application of those principles must be modified in accordance with changes in Church discipline, in civil enactments and in other circumstances which vary in different countries at different times. The work of Dr. Cozzi is produced in answer to a demand of this kind. The learned author, who is doctor of theology, philosophy and teacher in both fields, is especially well equipped for the task. Besides following the great masters, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Alphonsus, he has consulted the modern approved authors and has taken an account of the acts of the Holy See, even down to the latest. Finally, the civil law of Italy, France, Austria, Germany, Spain and Argentina has been studied and the decrees of the Plenary Council of Latin America have been taken into consideration. The result is a complete manual of moral theology, modern, yet ancient, in the proper sense of those two much misunderstood and much abused words. The work should receive approval and patronage beyond the ordinary.

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UP IN ARDMUIRLAND. By *Rev. Michael Barrett, O. S. B.* 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The scene of this story is laid in a little village of Scotland, among simple-living Catholic people. The pastor of this flock, whose

delicate lungs enforce an indoor life during the bleak winter weather, has, at the suggestion of his twin brother, recorded the doings of his people, and, in some instances, the story of their lives, with the result that we have a delightful book. There is much of pathos and no little of humor in the telling of it; there is even a touch of the supernatural, for a real ghost is introduced. When we remember that the author is a priest of experience, we can imagine that most of the incidents of the story, especially that of the ghost, are actual happenings in his life. It is an unusual book, written in a simple style, and will hold the attention of the reader to the end.

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**SUMMARIVM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS.** Scripsit Sac. Nicolaus Sebastiani S. Theol. et Utr. Juris Doctor. Augustinae Taurinorum: Petrus Marletti.

Good compendiums are scarce in all branches of knowledge. They are also dangerous. Scarce because only a master can condense matter in such a way as to preserve comprehensiveness and proportion without sacrificing accuracy and clearness. Dangerous because they may be mistaken as short cuts to learning or as substitutes for fuller treatises which bring completer knowledge and which should be mastered first. Dr. Sebastiani, with his ripe experience, was fully aware of these dangers, and warns his readers against them. He has written his book for the lawful uses to which a compendium may be put, and there is always a field for such a work. It may be safely said that those who take him for their master will not be disappointed.

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**DE CURIA ROMANO.** Juxta Reformationem a Pio X. Sapientissime Inductam. Sac. Felice M. Cappello. Vol. I.—De Curia Romana "Sede Plena." Vol. II.—De Curia Romana "Sede Vacante." Neo-Eboraci: Fr. Pustet.

This is a full and satisfactory treatise on a timely subject. When the Holy Father published his Constitution "Sapienti Consilio," reviving and readjusting the various congregations, those having business with them were, temporarily at least, somewhat puzzled. This was true especially of those who were living under the Propaganda. Everything bearing on the subject was eagerly sought and warmly welcomed, and several excellent treatises have already

appeared. The work before us is, however, the most pretentious and authoritative so far, and it is so technically complete that it will probably become the text-book for students of the subject and the manual of diocesan officials.

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**THE ROAD BEYOND THE TOWN and Other Little Verses.** By *Rev. Michael Earls, S. J.* 12mo., cloth, \$1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

For those who enjoy sweet poetry and delightful sentiment in exquisite taste, we commend this striking volume of Father Earls'. "The Road Beyond the Town" is a splendid little volume of songs, ballads and sonnets written by a gifted Jesuit who has been excelling in verse-making since his school days at Georgetown. There is a dignity and a gravity about the entire collection that marks them in a superior manner. Many of the sonnets are suggestive of Father Tabb at his best. Some are dainty and fragile tributes to nature and breathe of a wondrous delicacy; others are strong and virile. Joy and gladness, sorrow and pain, all sound sweetly to the accompaniment of his poetic lyre.

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**HENRI HEINE, par Pierre-Gauthier.** 1 vol. in-16 broché, de la Collection des Grands écrivains étrangers. Bloud et Cie, éditeurs, 7, place Saint-Sulpice, Paris (VI.).

This biography is the first complete study which has been written in France on the life of the great German poet. Drawn almost entirely from his works themselves and his correspondence, this study shows, with his greatness and his feebleness, his glory and his shame, the picture of a writer, curious and diverse. If the man, whether in his public or private character, gains nothing by being described with sincerity, the poet appears ever more admirable in the translations given by M. Pierre-Gauthier. Such a book, consecrated to the artist who holds so great a place in the history of French romance, will not fail to awake the close interest of the literary public.

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**EPITOME E VESPERALIS ROMANI.** Editione Ratisbonensi. Neo-Eboraci: Fr. Pustet.

Those who are familiar with the full vesperal which Pustet

published in the beginning of this year will welcome the condensed edition which has just come from the press and which is especially adapted to the use of chanters in smaller parochial churches. The correctness of this edition is vouched for by the proper ecclesiastical authorities, and the book is as carefully and attractively made as its predecessor.

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**FRANÇOIS BACON**, par *Paul Lemaire*, Docteur des lettres. 1 vol. in-16. Collection Science et Religion (Philosophes et Penseurs, n. 666). Bloud et Cie, édit., 7, place Saint-Sulpice, Paris (VI).

To give a true idea of the genius of Bacon as it is expressed in his system, in place of abstracting the philosophy from his works, to personify it by making Bacon speak it, such is the aim of the author of this little book. He has succeeded and his interesting and instructive work will certainly be read with pleasure.

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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"Contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the *REVIEW* not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from *Salutatory*, July, 1890.)

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SCIENCE AND RELIGION: EXIT TYNDALL, ENTER  
LODGE.

**I**T is hardly four decades since Matter was accorded an apotheosis by the British Association. To-day it takes its place in the lumber-room of outworn and discarded stage properties of the Rationalistic philosophy. The material universe is with us still, but the time is past when it was confounded with its Creator and made to answer for the defects of material things.

The tendency of the human mind to confuse the effect with the cause is as old as the history of man in his fallen estate. To argue, on the other hand, from Nature up to Nature's God denoted the struggle of the nobler part of the intellect to shake off that confession of weakness and seek a higher plane for investigation of the problems which present themselves to the earnest seeker after knowledge of the conditions which have attended the beginnings of life and the visible universe. What a profundity of wise satire was implied in that poser of old *Æsop's*: What stirs the dog?—his ears or his tail? The schools of his time must have been hot in dispute over symptoms, overlooking quite their various origins.

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter which we, in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium,

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1913, by J. P. Turner, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

*the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.*" The foregoing was the form in which the deification of Matter was drawn up by Professor John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. It occurs in the body, not as the peroration, of the address which he delivered before the British Association in Belfast in the August of 1874. The Mosaic law on corporal punishment would seem to have dictated the years that were to usher in the doom of that shocking attempt to dethrone God from His place in His own universe. It was a fresh setting up of an idol of brass with feet of clay, as in the case of the Philistines of old. Sir Oliver Lodge, at the meeting of the same association—or rather a body bearing the same name, but entirely different as to its personality—repudiated the claim *in toto* and declared that the spirit of man is immortal and survives the death of his body, in an eternal future. Sir Oliver Lodge's researches have gone into realms that Tyndall did not conceive of when investigating the phenomena of Nature in his remote eyrie among the clouds, on the peaks of the Alps, as was his wont. Sir Oliver followed the beckonings of disembodied spirits, or at least he strove to get into such communication by means of "augurs and understood relations," through the weird gramarye of spiritualistic lore. Still, Matter may be at the bottom of this possibility, in the view of Sir Oliver. He stated his beliefs (not theories, it should be noted) as the results of his experiences and those of others:

"In justice to myself and my co-workers I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with Matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence, to my mind, goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of the new continent."

"Treacherous but promising shores" is a well-chosen phrase, bearing in mind the ridiculous positions into which the late Mr. W. T. Stead sometimes got himself by accepting the clandestine

correspondence with the spirit of one "Julia," who appeared to have had in life no surname, or else to have forgotten it when disembodiment took place. The psychist went on:

"Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter law or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress toward perfection, the evergrowing garment of a transcendent God."

This is so far so good as it is a declaration of belief that God is a reality and a personality, but there is evidently much doubt in the scientist's or psychist's mind on the propriety of accepting the definite statements of history or revelation as to the origin of beliefs. Sir Oliver had said:

"Through Matter we become aware of each other, and can communicate with those of our fellows who have ideas sufficiently like our own for them to be stimulated into activity by a merely physical process set in action by ourselves."

Bearing in mind the positive tone of this confession of faith, we are at a loss how to account for the doubt expressed in the following outline of the work to be done by psychic investigators ere finding any positive ground as to a hereafter and a God-ruled universe and a spirit-filled infinity that may be communicated with by psychic experiment:

"Whether such things as intuition and revelation ever occur is an open question. There are some who have reason to say that they do. They are, at any rate, not to be denied offhand. In fact, it is always extremely difficult to deny anything of a general character, since evidence in its favor may be only hidden and not forthcoming, especially not forthcoming at any particular age of the world's history, or at any particular stage of individual mental development. Mysticism must have its place, though its relation to science has so far not been found. They have appeared disparate and disconnected, but there need be no hostility between them. Every kind of reality must be ascertained and dealt with by proper methods. If the 'Voices' of Socrates and of Joan of Arc represent real psychical experiences, they must belong to the intelligible universe."



Tyndall denied the charge that he was either an Atheist or an Agnostic he defended his belief in Theism. But his argument postulating the omnipotence of Matter is a proclamation of the non-necessity of an absolute and self-existent God, because of the existence of a multiplicity of agencies and instruments, invisibly and imperceptibly operating automatically, save for the energizing force of Matter, toward the production of results, in the here and the hereafter, that God is believed to have in view in His scheme of Creation. Still, Tyndall did not go so far as to propound the theory of the power of Matter to exist without a cause. He claimed for it that it possesses the quality of indestructibility, however; and that claim would seem to imply that it possessed the power of self-origination. Yet Tyndall did not venture to put forward so preposterous a theory as that. He fell back on the old theory of Democritus—that of the Atom and its possibilities and went a little farther by inventing the Molecule, a diminutive of the Atom. Yet this was a mere shifting of the ground, like the Ghost in "Hamlet," when it came to the point of solemn affirmation of a purpose or a principle. If it could be once accepted as true that the Atom had no need for an external Creator, then there remained only the difficulty of explaining why there should be any differentiation between Matter and Spirit, since the soul is simply an indestructible Spirit, and, furthermore, why there should be any need for religion and the fear of a future, since everything was automatic, self-intelligent, self-working and capable of going on for ever, the effects of "wear and tear" on the mechanism of the universe causing no actual loss because of the laws of metamorphosis and evolution. A further indication of the revulsion which has set in since the Tyndall and Huxley epoch was the qualified stand taken by Sir Oliver Lodge against the party of presumption and audacity who have put forward the claim that man can produce life from inanimate matter. There was a joint session of several sections a few days after the delivery of his inaugural address, convened for the purpose of considering a treatise on the subject of "The Origin of Life." This title Sir Oliver objected to, as not properly defining what was proposed to be discussed—a laboratory synthesis of some material that might possibly have the germ of life in it, to be developed into vital energy.

"I regard life itself," he is reported to have said, "as something not of the same order as Matter, but of a higher and different order. By having a molecule sufficiently complex, sufficiently unstable and supplied with the energy of sunlight, you have apparently the physical and chemical substratum for the operations of life; you have potential living matter. I do not say that we have

that potential living Matter yet—that will be a great achievement—but I have little doubt that it may be done.”

It is an old dream—older by far than that of the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of metals. True philosophy long ago rejected it as the phantasm of empirics, and Mrs. Shelley caustically ridiculed it in her novel, “Frankenstein.”

Those who are more familiar with the literature of to-day and its affected jargon regarding “supermen,” “eugenics,” etc., need not fall into the mistake of believing that this age is an exceptionally brilliant one in the matter of originality of thinking. The jargon we now read was spoken before, but under other names. Hume, who was a scientist as well as an historian, and an unbeliever before Tyndall, speaks in his “Natural History of Religion” of “super-sensual beings;” and Tyndall sneered at the idea, rating those “supermen” as only a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites. If “supermen” could have been so raised, then Neitsche's dreams are not original; and the deities of Greek mythology, who were credited with the possession of a large and Protean stock of human passions and appetites indeed, were nothing more or less than eugenically cultured strivers after the prizes of the skies—perhaps aviators more skilled and more scientific in their methods than the “birdmen” and “airmen” of to-day. Tyndall, who sought to destroy man's belief in the supernatural, had to find a substitute for supernatural power and to imagine a state of physical and mental excellence in early human nature which corresponds with that of the “supermen” idea of the German who is regarded as a near approach to the ideal superman in his own life—Neitsche. “An impulse inherent in primeval man,” said Professor Tyndall, “turned his thoughts and his questionings betimes toward the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day.” How could the learned anthropologist and geologist, living for a large part of his life high up among the clouds on Alpine peaks, grubbing for mosses and geological proofs of his theories of the creation of Matter, know what passed in the minds of primeval man? God told the primeval man, according to revelation, all about the origin of things, so far as it was necessary for him to know; and the story of the tree of life and the forbidden fruit, whether it be literally true or only an allegory condensing a long course of ingratitude and disobedience on man's part, in the indulgence of his prying curiosity, certainly foreshadowed the woes and miseries which came upon the world through the indulgence of the same mischievous curiosity. The practice of magic, the resort to witchcraft, the

raising of the dead by means of the invocation of evil spirits and other forms of revolt against the law, forming portions of a cult not inappropriately termed "the black art," fastened itself upon the world from the beginning of history and has never loosened its grip from that era until now. The atheism of Professor Tyndall, and of other scientific men, arose and arises because of their disappointment at being unable to discover a rationalistic explanation of phenomena which have a spiritual base, and take us back to the plain statement of Genesis, never as yet successfully controverted, as to the origin of man—how he was formed from the slime of the earth by the hand of God and made in His own image and likeness—a creature of clay, but endowed with an indestructible spirit called a soul. In the animate world the same spirit of indestructibility is manifested. There is death, apparently, year after year, but there is renewal of life also, year by year, with alternation of perfect regularity in the stupendous mechanism. Professor Tyndall, driven to bay by the insurmountable character of the testimony of Nature as to the existence of a Creator, attempted to find an explanation in the "potency" of Matter! What puerility! It was nothing short of a negative affirmation of what he himself was apparently vehemently denying—much in the same way as the invention of the religion of Positivism was a confirmation of the religion of Christianity in its conception, and an amusing parody on it in its elaboration and details.

There were two contradictions in Professor Tyndall's "confession of faith." First, he took the position that Science, if given a fair field and an unobstructed course, would reach the goal where lay the key to all the mysteries of life and Nature. Next, he assumed that Matter, in itself, possesses "the potency and the promise of every form and quality of life." These two positions are irreconcilable. They are assumptions merely. Mind existed before Matter. *That* he never attempted to deny. The knowledge of things—called Science—does not imply the power to bring those things into existence. Hence Science could not either help Matter to reproduce itself, or dispense with a Creator of itself. Hence the claim of "potency and promise of all forms of life" is "like the baseless fabric of a vision," merely: it rested upon the thought of Professor Tyndall merely—that and nothing more. We think that in his early days the distinguished scientist was indebted for his education to one of those foundations in Ireland called "Grammar Schools"—Elizabethan or Cromwellian in their origin, mostly, or else the somewhat similar ones called Bluecoat Schools. His literary work on science bears traces of the prejudice which it was the main object of the founders of those institutions to instill.

His work was tainted, at times, by a hatred of the Catholic Church, and he did not hesitate to impute to it an antagonism to science—a vulgar falsehood which lesser lights than he have constantly, parrot-like, repeated every time that an excuse arose for airing their ignorance and their enmity. Professor Tyndall charged that the progress of Science was seriously impeded by the attitude of the Catholic Church, in the Middle Ages. His accusation was couched in very bitter terms. A state of “moral putrefaction,” he postulated, had ensued after the emancipation of the Church from the cruel Pagan yoke. Faith was kept alive for some centuries by the remembrance of the fortitude of the martyrs in the age of the Church of the Catacombs. When the Western Empire fell, at the beginning of the fourth century, the Eastern one arose, under Constantine, on the banks of the Bosphorus. The Dark Ages set in when the capital of the Empire was removed, and Science had to take flight, in Europe, from the imperial court to the cells of the patient, studious and prayerful monks. But these so-called “Dark Ages” have been shown not to have merited a different designation, for while the barbarians made the cities of Continental Europe heaps of calcined ruins and melancholy deserts, the lamps of learning and science burned with a mellow and cheering light in the myriad cells of the Culdees and anchorets on the western shores of Ireland and Cornwall and the East British ones at Lindisfarne and the banks of the Humber. Had Professor Tyndall paid a visit to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin, he could have convinced himself that Science was not molested or oppressed, in Ireland at least, by the Church. There he could have seen scientific treatises on astronomy, medicine, geography, botany, mathematics and other branches of the higher learning, all written by the beaver-like, ceaseless-working monks, thousands of whom, soon after the death of St. Patrick, began to swarm across the seas to relume the light of civilization at the court of Charlemagne and other royal seats, when at length the peoples of the Continent had begun to rouse themselves from their long nightmare of horror. The avidity with which the people of that small western island seized upon the noble idea of One great omnipotent God and the mysteries of the Fall of Man, the Incarnation and the Atonement was the most marvelous fact that had been witnessed since the days of the Apostles. Next to it came the phenomenal success of the schools of learning which Patrick and Bridget had founded, and the resultant one of the prodigious number of missionaries which the schools of Bangor and Clonmacnois soon sent forth to sow the seeds of the Gospel all over Europe.

How does this outburst of faith and learning, at a moment when the intellectual fortunes of the world seemed sunk in Hyperborean gloom, suit with the reasoning of Professor Tyndall? It is the most complete refutation that could possibly be afforded concerning any false postulate or unfounded hypothesis.

Professor Tyndall caught eagerly on to the two contemporary theories of Evolution and Natural Selection. They can hardly be regarded as twin theories, for evolution seems to be deficient in the matter of a beginning, or an initial stock-in-trade; while Natural Selection had the whole field of animate and inanimate Nature to browse and broaden on. He seemed to have lumbered on in the building of his theory much in the same way as the ancient poets did in their construction of an Olympus—the “*lucus à non lucendo*” method—Lombroso’s method for the discovery of the Jesuit hand in anything—the absence of any evidence to indicate it! He, too, was a professor—Signor Lombroso—and also one who ranked high, as did Tyndall. Archimedes sighed for a fulcrum whereon he might balance the lever wherewith he would, like Atlas, move and bear on his shoulders the solid world; Professor Tyndall was milder in his demand. He would ask only for “an impulse” external to the *orbis terrarum*. This impulse he believed he had discovered when his fancy conjured up the molecule. The atom, according to Democritus, does not possess any consciousness; the molecule, on the other hand, was invested by its discoverer with a kind of unconscious sense-power, and Tyndall hazarded the conjecture that molecules are “the ultimate seed-vessels of human life, mind and thought.” If it were merely vital force, we need not be startled at the theory, but when the germs of mind and thought are also hypothesized as being contained in the invisible particle of matter called a molecule, we are entitled to ask what sort of mentality it is that rejects the idea of a Creator omnipotent, omnipresent, everlasting and all-sufficient in Himself, for such a petty, bungling substitute as the senseless, infinitesimal particle called a molecule—the very existence of which is not even demonstrable in the sphere of the exact sciences.

It is not to be marveled at that such a mind as Professor Tyndall’s rejected the idea of immortality for the spirit and a hereafter of bliss for the redeemed human soul. As Matter in his theory was all-sufficient unto itself, spirit was left no great part to play after dissolution. The claim he made for Matter would seem to argue that immortality of the soul was a belief not regarded by him as worthy of serious attention. “Divorced from Matter,” he asks, “where is life to be found? Whatever our *faith* may say, our *knowledge* shows them to be indissolubly

joined. Every meal we eat, and every cup we drink, illustrates the mysterious control of mind by matter."

If Tyndall refused to accord belief to that "something after death" which meant to the prophets and poets the soul's peregrinations, Sir Oliver Lodge flies to the other extreme. He believes in the world of spirits—is, in fact, one of those who sees an indissoluble relation between disembodied spirits and the mortal tenements in which they dwelt in their lifetime. Still, in putting forward his thesis on the spirit life Sir Oliver shows a reverence which is not often found in the writings or lectures of the class which we may call, not disrespectfully, but in regard to their frequency of appearance on the platform of public exposition or the drawing-room séance, professional psychists. Sir Oliver, referring to human limitations, said, in regard to the beauty of the earth, birds, flowers, etc., and the theory of "Natural Selection:"

"Beauty in general is not taken into account by science. That may be all right, but it exists, nevertheless. It is not my function to discuss it, but it is my function to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and are falling far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright. How far preferable is the reverent attitude of the Eastern poet:

**The world, with eyes bent upon thy feet, stands in awe with all its silent stars.**

"Thy feet" is plainly an allusion to the metaphor of the earth serving as the footstool of its great Creator. He went on:

"Our brain, which by some means yet to be discovered connects us with the rest of the material world, has been thought partially to disconnect us from the mental and spiritual realm, to which we really belong, but from which for a time and for practical purposes we are isolated. Our common or social association with matter gives us certain opportunities and facilities, combined with obstacles and difficulties which are themselves opportunities for struggle and effort. . . . I am one of those who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought; that they can be applied much more widely, and that the Psychic region can be studied and brought under law, too. Allow us, anyhow, to make the attempt. Give us a fair field. Let those who prefer the Materialistic hypothesis by all means develop their thesis as far as they can; but let us try what we can do in the Psychical

region, and see which wins. Our methods are really the same as theirs—the subject matter differs. Neither should abuse the other for making the attempt.”

Sir Oliver Lodge is a learned man, but he is not fit to deal with forbidden subjects. Spiritism is forbidden, and had been forbidden long before the time of Saul and the Witch of Endor. We would recommend Sir Oliver to read Dr. Godfrey Rauppert's remarkable work on the subject, written after he had investigated it long and most exhaustively at the command of the late Pope Leo XIII.

The efficacy of prayer in cases of physical illness was sneered at by Professor Tyndall. He went so far in his negation as to challenge an “ordeal by battle” over the subject. He proposed that prayer in one hospital be matched against medicine in another, with regard to a specified number of patients, and the percentage of convalescents in either case was to be the deciding factor. In his day the fame of Lourdes had not been established as it is now. Men hardly less eminent than he have testified to the genuineness of the cures wrought there before their very eyes by the power of prayer and simple faith. Tyndall lived long in Italy. He had many opportunities of going to witness the liquefaction of the blood held in the vial in the Church of San Gennaro, but he did not think it worth while. He scoffed at the power of prayer, to the great disedification of the Episcopal Church, to which he at one time belonged, it would seem. Bishop Berkeley, who denied that there was any such thing as Matter, was a good churchman and yet a scientist of no mediocre standing. Even though the good Bishop (who was, by the way, the founder of the Harvard Library) did not believe in the existence of Matter, he himself was the inventor of a preparation to which he gave the name of “tar-water,” and which he recommended to the public by means of a pamphlet as a panacea for nearly all mortal ailments. Now, this tar-water was surely Matter, the substance whose existence the inventor of it denied! Such inconsistency, however, does not perturb the equanimity of the scientific mind, it would appear. No philosophic theory was ever constructed that could be called absolutely perfect in all its parts, the rationalist will answer, since we are all human, and it is the mark of humanity to be liable to err a little and yet continue to exist! The efficacy of prayer is abundantly proved by the Old Testament and the New. One of the most striking illustrations given in the latter was the liberation of Peter by an angel and the raising of Tabitha from the dead by the same Apostle; Paul's letters describing his conversion, his wanderings, his penal tortures, his many conversions. These and St. Luke's account of the virgin birth of Christ are fiercely challenged by the

"higher critics" of to-day. These critics, for the most part, are men who have no means of sustaining their objections except by comparison of one Gospel with another. We have here with us to-day a British scientist of the first rank, Sir William M. Ramsay, an archæologist, traveler and linguist of world-wide fame and experience in the fields of Scriptural research. He has gone over Asia Minor and other regions, in the footsteps of St. Paul, and in a course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, shattered the objections of the critics. The account of the virgin birth and the taking of the census by the Roman Governor, Quirinus (Douay version, Cyrinus), as recorded in Luke II., he corroborated by the ancient records, and proved them to be authentic, recorded facts, and not, as the critics have contended, merely an effort of the imagination of the early historians. The census spoken of was remarkable as the first one attempted to be taken for the whole empire, on both sides of the Mediterranean, and though crude in many respects, it has been regarded as most valuable as preparing the ground for greater and more penetrative analytical surveys. Sir William has found confirmation, in the proofs still extant, of the substantial correctness of the whole Gospel story. The differences in the respective Gospel narratives, in the view of many optimistic scholars, will eventually resolve themselves into matters of secondary importance, as capable of explanation by the accidents of mundane existence, disagreements of computation in astronomy and geography, in methods of recording and describing things terrestrial and celestial, and shades of meaning in translating from Hebrew Greek and Syro-Greek into Latin and from Latin into other European languages.

In conclusion, it ought to be said that, as Sir Oliver Lodge's address has elicited some strong animadversions because of his leanings toward Spiritualism, it would only be fair to him to recall that he had already given to the world his profession of faith in the pages of the "*Hibbert Journal*" (July, 1906)—of which the following two passages contain the kernels:

"I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, or guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist. I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

"I believe that man is privileged to understand and assist the Divine purpose on earth, that prayer is a means of communication between man and God, and that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward goodness and truth, so that by



unselfish service we may gradually enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints and the peace of God."

This, though not, from the Catholic point of view, sufficient, is at all events so definite and unambiguous as to leave no doubt of the wide difference that separates the subscriber from the beliefs of Tyndall and his school—a school now happily vanishing into the twilight of the past, and leaving little behind them to make their memory revered by the sincere Christian.

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### MARGARET OF YORK.<sup>1</sup>

THE story of Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy, loses much of its pathos and beauty when briefly related in the pages of history or tersely told in works of reference.<sup>2</sup> It is as we study it closely in all its details that we fully realize its beauty and admire the piety, zeal for religion and love of learning of this White Rose of York.

Margaret was born on May 3, 1446, in the Castle of Fotheringay, Northamptonshire. She was one of the eleven children of Richard, Duke of York, of whom only three sons and three daughters survived their father. Margaret's childhood was overshadowed by the War of the Roses; she was but fourteen years old when her father was slain at Wakefield. Within the year, however, her eldest brother had retrieved the fortunes of his house, gained the battle of Towton and been hailed King, with the title of Edward IV., by the citizens of London.

He immediately recalled his brothers, George and Richard, from Flanders, where they had found refuge during the war in their

<sup>1</sup> The chief authorities for the story of Margaret of York are the quaint "Mémoires" of Oliver de la Marche and those of Haynin and Commines, all contemporaries of hers. Among modern writers I have largely used Kervyn, "Histoire de la Flandre," and Lingard, "History of England," but most useful of all to me has been the monograph of L. Galesloot, "Marguerite d'Yorck," published at Bruges in 1879, replete with information drawn from original sources. For the history of her times, consult Barante, "Les Ducs de Bourgogne;" H. Pierrenne, "Histoire de la Belgique," and the American historian, John Foster Kirk, "History of Charles the Bold," and E. A. Freeman's essay on the latter work, among his "Select Historical Essays" (Tauchnitz, 1873).

<sup>2</sup> See articles in the "Dictionary of English Biography" on Margaret of York, by J. Gairdner, and the Belgian "Biographie Nationale," by A. Beeckman.

own land. Their sisters also may have taken shelter in those Netherlands which through centuries have so often and generously given hospitality to English exiles. If Margaret had gone thither with her brothers, Charles the Bold, then Count of Charolais, the only son of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, may have seen her at his father's court. Anyhow, although by descent a Lancastrian, being then for a second time a widower, he sought in 1465 to obtain the hand of Margaret of York. Under pretext of competing with Lord Scales in some feats of arms, Anthony, the Bastard of Burgundy, was sent to London to negotiate this marriage. With him went Olivier de la Marche, whose quaint memoirs are so valuable for the history of his times.<sup>3</sup> He was councillor, cup-bearer and squire to Philip the Good, and for this journey into England received from his master a gratification of money equivalent to about two hundred and sixty pounds sterling of the present day. Edward IV. would willingly have concluded an alliance with the house of Burgundy, which for commercial reasons would have pleased his subjects and, above all, his loyal Londoners, but Warwick, the king-maker, opposed the match, desiring a French marriage for Margaret.

Before this opposition could be overcome the negotiations were broken off on account of the death of Philip the Good. Charles inherited all the power and wealth which his father had accumulated during the forty-eight years he had ruled as duke, and thus found himself lord over some of the fairest provinces and richest cities of Europe. Vassal though he was both of the Holy Empire and of the French King, he was richer and more powerful than either of his over-lords. Morally a far better man than his father, upright in all his dealings, true to his word, brave to rashness, a faithful husband, he lacked tact, was headstrong, and his ambition was near akin to madness. A prince more powerful than any king, he went in quest of a crown and even thought to obtain one day an imperial diadem. "It is impossible to know, and he himself probably never knew exactly what he wanted," is the judgment which Belgium's latest historian passes on Charles' policy.<sup>4</sup> The same writer gives us a pen and ink portrait of Charles the Bold, traced with a master's hand. "The fine portraits," he says, "by Van der Weyden represent him with his swarthy complexion, his black hair, contrasting strangely with his bright blue eyes, his firm mouth and his prominent chin giving him a wildness of expression that agrees perfectly with that delight in storms and in rough seas which contemporaries tell us was his. His youth had been austere and serious, given

<sup>3</sup> The best edition of his "*Mémoires*" is that published in four volumes at Paris in 1834-1835.

<sup>4</sup> H. Pirenne, "*Histoire de la Belgique*," II., 292.

up to study and to reading ancient authors. . . . The absolute purity of his life, which distinguished him from all the princes of his day, suited well that inordinate love for work which was so marked a feature in his character."<sup>6</sup> Such, in a few words, was the prince who now sought to make Margaret his wife. He was thirteen years her senior.

In seeking this marriage, there are grounds for believing that Charles was moved by the feelings of his heart as well as by political motives. An English alliance was as necessary to the industry and commerce of his Flemish subjects as it was to the citizens of London, and Charles concluded more than one treaty of friendship and alliance with England.<sup>6</sup> The marriage treaty was signed at Brussels on February 16, 1468, by Edward IV.'s envoys, Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, and by his secretary, squire and treasurer on the one part and on the other by Isabella of Portugal, the mother of Charles the Bold. By it Edward promised to give his sister Margaret in marriage to Charles and settled on her a dowry which was only partially liquidated by drafts on rich merchants in Bruges. The King, moreover, provided her wedding outfit, gave her jewels suitable to her high rank and undertook to defray all the expenses of her journey to Flanders. Five months earlier, in a great council of peers held at Kingston, Margaret had given her formal consent to the projected marriage.

Charles meanwhile had obtained readily from the "Four Members of Flanders," that is, from the people of Ghent, Ypres, Bruges and its "Franc," a large grant of money for the expenses of his wedding. Mons, Valenciennes and other towns of the Netherlands showed themselves no less generous, so that apart from her partially paid dowry Charles was able during her married life to give her yearly about thirty thousand pounds of our money.<sup>7</sup>

An estrangement had taken place between Edward IV. and the powerful Earl of Warwick. He had been sent on a futile mission to the French court, and in his absence the King had hastened to conclude the marriage treaty. But when the Earl was seen riding before Margaret, as she rode in state through London, accompanied by the King, Queen and many nobles, to visit St. Paul's before leaving London, it was hoped that the powerful baron and his sovereign were reconciled. After having prayed in the old cathedral, Margaret received the congratulations of the Mayor and citizens, who presented her with many gifts.<sup>8</sup>

On June 18, 1468, Margaret left London, escorted by the King

<sup>6</sup> *Ib.*, II., 290.

<sup>7</sup> The texts are in Rymer's "*Foedera*."

<sup>8</sup> See L. Galesloot, "*Marguerite d'York*," pp. 10-14.

<sup>9</sup> Lingard, "*History of England*," III., 519. London, 1819.

and his brothers. They visited the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury on their way to Margate, where Margaret took leave of her brothers and embarked on a vessel named the *New Olive*, of London. Her large suite were distributed among the fifteen royal ships that escorted her vessels. The fleet set sail on June 24 and reached the port of Sluys on the following day. There Duke Charles met her. With him were his mother, Isabella of Portugal, and his only child, Mary of Burgundy, a girl of eleven, daughter of the Duke's second wife, Isabelle de Bourbon. The child was to find in the English princess a second and devoted mother. Among the suite who landed with Margaret were the Lords Howard and Scales, the Bishop of Salisbury and many great dames, headed by the Duchess of Norfolk, whose beauty the old chroniclers did not fail to notice, and a guard of stalwart English archers. Margaret lodged in the house of Guidon de Baenst, the Governor of the town.\*

Three days later Charles, who in the meanwhile had gone to Bruges, returned, escorted by six knights of the Golden Fleece, to visit Margaret. Sluys has to our times kept its reputation for domestic gardens, and it was in the garden of the Governor's house that the lovers now met and sat on a bench, exchanging compliments and discussing divers matters. At a respectful distance were groups of knights and courtiers, dames and damsels. Presently the Comte de Charney, who had been appointed to wait on Margaret, approached the Duke and her, accompanied by the Bishop of Salisbury. He spoke thus to his master: "Monseigneur, since God has brought this noble lady safely to port, as your heart desired, it is fitting that you should not part without showing her your good will, and now is the moment to pledge her your troth."<sup>10</sup> Margaret's betrothal in that *lusthof* of Sluys is worthy of a great artist's brush!

Margaret tarried in Sluys until Saturday, July 2, when she proceeded on a state barge to Damme, where at 5 o'clock on the following morning she was married to Charles in the dining hall of the bailie of Damme, by the Bishop of Salisbury, in the presence of the Papal Legate, the Archbishop of York and seven other Bishops. Charles and his suite had ridden over from Bruges that morning, so must have been very early risers. They returned to the city immediately after the marriage to await the coming of the bride.

At 10 o'clock Margaret entered a litter slung between four magnificently caparisoned horses, itself covered with cloth of gold adorned with many pearls (*marguerites*), in allusion to her name. She was clad in white cloth of gold, wore many priceless jewels

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\* Kervyn, "*Histoire de Flandre*," IV., 116.

<sup>10</sup> *Ib.*, IV., 116.

and a costly ducal coronet, with the letters "M" and "C" entwined encircling it. This coronet is still to be seen among the treasures of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle.<sup>11</sup> The account of Margaret's reception in Bruges fills many pages in Olivier de la Marche's memoirs. It is clear that even in that age of pageantry it made a deep impression on him and his contemporaries, for besides his we have handed down to us several by eye-witnesses, of whom one was an Englishman.<sup>12</sup> Space does not allow of even a digest of these various accounts being given here, and they would lose much of their quaint interest if not read in the originals. Suffice it to describe here the salient features of Margaret's entry into Bruges, of the banquets at the Princenhof, the palace Philip the Good had built, and of the jousts on the market place of the city.

Margaret entered by the Holy Cross gate, which still stands. Above it were posted trumpeters to herald her approach and choristers who sung sweetly as she passed beneath them. Inside was formed a great procession of rich merchants from Venice, Genoa, Spain, Portugal and other lands, mostly on horseback, attended by torch-bearers and pages. The English merchants walked around their princess' litter, and at the head of them, as their governor, Caxton. Then there were soldiers in shining helmets and breast-plates, pikes or bows in their hands, among whom the English guard, then as now in red jackets, were much admired. Princes of the houses of Burgundy, Bourbon, Nassau and Luxembourg, richly attired and attended, rode in the procession, which on its way across the city halted ten times to allow Margaret to admire stages erected along its route, on which were represented various Scriptural or profane subjects, suitable to the occasion. Vying with the princes in the richness of their costumes, in the beauty of their horses and in the number of their squires and pages were many great nobles and knights. Minstrels enlivened the scene by their songs, while drummers and trumpeters added to the din caused by the pealing of bells in the belfry and in the towers of the many churches of Bruges. Some idea of this great procession may be formed by those who have witnessed one of those for which Bruges is still celebrated. But this procession in Margaret's honor contained so many personages, high in Church or State, that good old Olivier de la Marche owns that he grew weary of enumerating them. He did not, however, forget to mention the nine Bishops and the canons and parish priests who came forth to greet the

<sup>11</sup> A full description of it, with a drawing, is given by W. H. James Weale in "*La Flandre*," II., 324.

<sup>12</sup> His manuscript has been printed by Kervyn in the Belgian "*Bulletins de la Commission royale d'histoire*," where will also be found a Latin manuscript on the same subject edited by De Ram, V., 169.

White Rose, nor the fair ladies of England and Flanders who bore her company until she descended from her litter at the door of the Princenhof, where Charles awaited her and where his mother conducted her to her bridal chamber.

Various presents were offered to the bride as she entered the city. The Florentine merchants presented her with four coursers trapped with gold-embroidered damask; the civic authorities of Bruges gave her wine and wax and begged her to be a gracious lady to their city. The citizens, folk from the country and people from other cities and towns of the Duke's provinces thronged the streets along which she passed, and by their shouts sought to please their new Duchess.

At the Princenhof a great wooden hall had been built in which twice daily during nine days gorgeous banquets were served to all the great personages who had come for the wedding and to their numerous suites. Two long tables were placed down the whole length of the hall, while a third table stood crosswise on a dais, at which the Duke and his bride and their princely guests took their seats, while at one end of the hall were galleries from which noble dames and fair damsels watched the proceedings. All the tables and sideboards were loaded with the gold and silver plate, of which many pieces were encrusted with precious stones, which Philip the Good had amassed to the value of sixty thousand marks. Many mechanical contrivances amused the guests during these banquets designed, we are told, by Jehan Stalkens, a canon of a church at Lille! One of the most graceful was an artificial leopard riding on the back of a unicorn, holding in one paw the banner of England, in the other a *marguerite* or pearl. The master of the Duke's household, taking the pearl from the leopard, presented it to the Duke, saying: "Most excellent, most high, most victorious prince, the proud and dreaded leopard of England makes you a present of this noble Marguerite!" The leopard and the unicorn having departed, there entered a wonderful golden lion, having fearful claws, representing all the wealth and power of Flanders. It opened its jaws, not to roar like Bottom the weaver, to fright the Duchess and the ladies, but to sing a pretty ballad in honor of the bride, of which the burden was expressed by her motto: "*Bien en avienne!*"

In the intervals between the banquets there were daily tournaments and jousts on the market places. Among those who entered the lists and most distinguished themselves were Sir John Woodville, brother of the Queen of England, Adolphe de Clèves, Lord of Ravenstein, and Charles the Bold himself. During one encounter, in which six knights were engaged on either side, the blows fell

so fast and furious that Margaret, so the English eye-witness relates, "wearing a dolorous countenance," waved her handkerchief as a signal that the strife should cease. This kindly action reveals to us her good heart. But on the whole there was much childishness in the amusements of her times, and "it is difficult for us to imagine that they were men and not grown-up children that were present at the wedding festivities of Margaret of York."<sup>13</sup>

Margaret's married life lasted less than ten years. Her husband had already been twice married, for the first time in 1439 to Catherine, daughter of the French King Charles VII., but she dying seven years later, Charles married in 1454 Isabelle de Bourbon, his cousin. According to the annalist De Meyer, this union was forced on Charles for political motives, but he proved himself as good a husband as he did to his third wife. His only child, Mary of Burgundy, was the daughter of his second wife. He appears to have disliked female interference in politics, and allowed few if any women to reside in the Princenhof at Bruges, where he gave audiences and transacted affairs of state. When in Flanders he resided with his wife and daughter either in the Castle of the Counts, at Ghent, or in the old castle of Male, outside Bruges. The chapel of this castle, it is believed, was blessed by St. Thomas of Canterbury.<sup>14</sup> It was while residing at Male with the Duke that on the night of April 17, 1472, a fire broke out in the castle, by which Margaret lost all her jewels, tapestries and personal belongings and had, with the other inmates, a narrow escape of losing their lives. Her losses were estimated at sixty thousand crowns, but the States and cities of the Low Countries hastened to make good her losses. This shows how in a short time she had won the good will of the Netherlanders, who are never too ready to untie their purse-strings.<sup>15</sup>

Hardly were the wedding festivities over when affairs of state called Charles away from Bruges, after taking affectionate leave of the English lords and ladies who had accompanied Margaret across the sea. It was time for the wedding guests to depart, for the plague began to ravage the city. As time went on Charles was oftener and oftener away from Margaret's side, busy in pushing his ambitious plans, in prosecuting the wars in which they involved him and in which his arch-enemy, the astute Louis XI., took good care Charles should become more and more involved. Margaret's anxiety for her husband must indeed have been great when he was away, for her keen intellect could measure the dangers he ran in this contest with the crafty French monarch. But Margaret had

<sup>13</sup> Pirenne, *op. cit.*, II., 484.

<sup>14</sup> Weale, "Bruges et ses environs," p. 288.

<sup>15</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 14 and 31.

no political influence over her husband unless it was when her brother, Edward IV., was forced by Warwick to flee from England and to seek refuge in Flanders. Charles did not want to break off relations with England, so received the royal fugitive coldly at first, but finally, at Margaret's instigation, he secretly lent Edward money, men and ships with which to recover his kingdom.<sup>16</sup>

Charles on his part showed by deeds that his words were true when he spoke of "the singular love and affection I have for my companion" when he settled on her a pension for life of one hundred crowns in the event of his dying before her, and he had already promised her, when she should become dowager, the usufruct of the revenues of several towns and districts in his dominions. From the date of her marriage until her death (except for a short period) Margaret had command of a considerable fortune, and she looked keenly after it. She placed stewards over her different domains and carefully examined the accounts they rendered. When her secretary wrote in her name to them, she not seldom added a postscript in a French that betrayed her English origin and in large, bold handwriting that showed that she knew how to make herself obeyed.<sup>17</sup>

Margaret's household, even after the Duke's death, was very considerable, as we learn from a letter that she wrote in 1501 to the Bishop of Tournay, in which she mentions that it then comprised one hundred and twenty persons. During Charles' lifetime it must have been on the scale of that of Isabella of Portugal, wife of Philip the Good, of which a list has been preserved. Besides ladies and maids-in-waiting and a *chevalier d'honneur* with six attendants, there were chaplains, almoners, doctors, surgeons, equerries, cooks, valets, butlers and servants, to the number in all of one hundred and sixty, nearly all of whom were provided with horses. The *chevalier d'honneur* of Margaret of York was Guillaume de la Baune, Lord of Irlain, on whom she settled an annuity of a thousand livres. When Margaret traveled, as she did frequently, it was either on horseback or in a horse-borne litter and accompanied by many of her household. Thus once when on her way with her step-daughter, Mary, from Ghent to Brussels, they halted at the small town of Assche, which offered them wine and had to provide stabling for some thirty horses.<sup>18</sup>

While Duchess most of Margaret's journeys were undertaken in order that she might make her "joyful entry" into the good towns

<sup>16</sup> Kervyn, "Hist. de la Flandre," IV., 146-155; Lingard, III., 533-534.

<sup>17</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 7, 15, 41-45, who gives a fac simile of Margaret's writing.

<sup>18</sup> Galesloot, p. 22, note.



of her husband's dominions. She does not, however, appear to have visited any of his Burgundian possessions. One of her first "joyful entries" was in the May after her marriage to Ghent. The Duke and his daughter there witnessed with her a tournament on the Friday Market and a mimic naval combat on the Lys. A year later she paid her first visit to Mechlin, arriving at night by the Brussels gate, which was lighted by many torches. She was presented with a silver-gilt ewer and a barrel of Burgundy, the gentlemen of her suite also receiving wine and her servants being gratified with money. A poet composed and recited verses in her honor. She witnessed the procession in honor of St. Rumbold, the Irish, or perhaps better, the Saxon patron saint of the city. In commemoration of Margaret's first visit, the civic authorities of Mechlin presented themselves with a dozen silver plates and goblets!<sup>19</sup> Seven months later she paid her first visit to Mons, where the Mayor, Aldermen and a hundred horsemen met her with one hundred torch-bearers, all dressed in green uniforms, to light her way through the streets in the darkness of a November evening. She, Mary of Burgundy, and six ladies were mounted on white, ambling horses, followed by three cars full of ladies. The Lord of Ravenstein escorted the Duchess, who, after being duly harangued and complimented in ballads that compared her to the women of the Old Testament, and having received gifts of a gold cup and barrels of Rhine and Burgundy wine, she went to the Heame hôtel to lodge. On the following day she assisted at Mass in the Church of St. Waudru, of which the rebuilding was then in progress, and at Vespers in the church of the Friars Minor, in whose convent a banquet was afterwards served.<sup>20</sup> In other towns Margaret was received with like honors, as their accounts still extant show.

Margaret made good use of her wealth and position to befriend religion. At Mons she built a refuge for penitent women and enlarged the town's hospital. She helped to found charterhouses at Louvain and Scheut and convents of Poor Clares at Mechlin and of "Black" or nursing Sisters at Binche. She was the good friend of the Carthusians of Hérinnes, in Brabant, of whose church and convent hardly a stone remains. She bequeathed to it her heart. She was in correspondence with Dionysius the Carthusian, known as the "Doctor Extaticus," the author of many ascetical works. She defended the Norbertines of Bonne Espérance against a great noble who tried to encroach on their property. She brought about reforms in many religious houses of either sex. The chronicler of the Louvain Charterhouse calls her an *honesta et religiosa valde matrona*.

<sup>19</sup> *Galesloot*, pp. 28-25.

<sup>20</sup> *Id.*, pp. 28-31.

adding: "She was a great benefactress of many of our houses."<sup>21</sup> Margaret seems to have been attracted to the Carthusians by the great reputation for sanctity which Father Laurent Muschelede, the prior of Hérinnes, enjoyed when she first came into the Low Countries. She visited him there in 1473 and gave his house many rich presents. When five years later the saintly monk was dying from gangrene produced by dropsy, she sent her surgeon to help him. But the holy man refused his services, leaving himself entirely in the hands of God to live or die as He willed.<sup>22</sup> A memorial of Margaret of York was erected in the Louvain Charterhouse, and traces of it still exist amid the ruins of that house.<sup>23</sup>

Margaret did her utmost to obtain a reform among the secular clergy in Flanders, whose morals had become lax. At Oudenarde she moved the Bishop of the diocese to exert his power to reform the parochial clergy of the town. In bestowing benefices that were in her gift she took care that they should only be given to clerics of good life and well versed in the Scriptures. She gave many gifts to various churches. The Cathedral of Mechlin, among others, owed to her some stained glass. Binche received from her a relic of the True Cross, as also a rich set of vestments, which were exhibited at Paris in 1878, while some fine silver candlesticks in the church at Lierre were her gifts.<sup>24</sup>

The Royal Library at Brussels contains several illuminated manuscripts which once belonged to and some of which were written for Margaret of York, costly works that prove how generous she was in her patronage of learning. She formed libraries both at Binche and at Mechlin, in which places she chiefly resided after her husband's death, so Galeslout says, and he adds long descriptions of her manuscripts still preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels.<sup>25</sup> In the library of Valenciennes there is a manuscript signed "Margarete Dengleterre;" another one, says Kervyn, is to be found in the British Museum. Gachard relates<sup>26</sup> that Margaret bought three illuminated Breviaries from the widow of the unfortunate Chancellor Hugonet. Kervyn also tells us that Margaret founded the library of the Dominicans at Ghent.<sup>27</sup> And the same historian thereupon asks: "What claim had Margaret of York to be remembered by posterity? Those claims were probably those she valued the least:

<sup>21</sup> Reusens, "Analectes pour servir à l'histoire ecclesiastique de la Belgique," XIV., 228.

<sup>22</sup> Galeslout, p. 142.

<sup>23</sup> *Id.*, pp. 55-59.

<sup>24</sup> For full details of her gifts to churches and her conduct towards the clergy and religious, see Galeslout, *passim*.

<sup>25</sup> Pp. 71-80.

<sup>26</sup> "Bulletins de la Commission royale d'histoire," S. 2, II., p. 120.

<sup>27</sup> "Hist. de la Flandre," IV., 408.

she had given to England a William Caxton, while Flanders owed to her love of letters the foundation of the rich library of the Preaching Friars at Ghent."

The story of Caxton is too well known to need repetition here; his connection with Margaret of Burgundy is what most interests us at present. Within a couple of years of her marriage Caxton, who had long held the honorable and lucrative position of Governor of the English Nation beyond the seas, had resigned that post and entered her service, in what capacity does not appear. Two probable motives for this change of condition have been suggested—that he found his duties as Governor too burdensome, allowing him little leisure to pursue literary work that he had already begun; and that he wished to be free to marry, which by the rules of the Merchant Adventurers he could not do while living abroad. That he married about this time seems certain; whether the "Mawde Caxton" who died in the year 1490 and was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, we cannot be sure; but a deed of separation, dated May 20, 1496, found in the Record Office by Gairdner, shows that Elizabeth, wife of Gerard Croppe, merchant tailor, was Caxton's daughter. But who Caxton's wife was we know not, and we can only surmise that she may have been one of Margaret's maids-in-waiting. Caxton, whatever may have been his position in the ducal household, certainly earned the salary he received from the Duchess by the literary work he produced. The "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" was, as Caxton himself tells us, "drawen out of frenshe in to englishe" by himself at "the comandemet of the right hye myghty and vertuose Pryncesse hys redoubtyd lady Margarete." Copies of this work in manuscript were in such demand that his hand grew "wery and not stedfast" with much writing, and "his eyes were dimed with overmoch loking on the whit paper." Then it was that he learned the new art of printing. We cannot doubt that Margaret helped in the expenses this must have involved, in those of buying the press and type with which his later works were produced and in carrying them across the sea and in securing for him the patronage of great personages in England. But he may also have rendered good service to the Duchess in helping her by his experience as a trader in exercising those privileges and exemptions that Edward IV. had granted her of trading in English wool. The noblest born in those days were not above such lucrative commerce.<sup>28</sup>

Caxton's "redoubted lady" figures in art as well as in letters. The regretted Keeper of the Royal Library at Brussels has discussed in detail the various portraits of Charles the Bold and of Margaret

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<sup>28</sup> See "William Caxton," by W. Blades (London, 1882), notably Chapter III., pp. 15-32.

of York.<sup>20</sup> He mentions a glass window in which they were portrayed that was formerly in Our Lady's Church at Bruges, of which there is a drawing in the public library of that town; also similar portraits that existed in the Cathedral of Mechlin, and those in fresco in the Town Hall of Ypres. These frescoes were painted by Joris Unterhove in 1469, and would be of great value as contemporary portraits had they not been restored beyond recognition a few years ago. Margaret's statue in the Halles at Ypres dates only from 1860. Father Van den Gheyn does not mention a drawing representing Margaret of York by a sixteenth century Flemish or French artist, preserved in the library of Arras, together with a similar drawing of Perkin Warbeck;<sup>20</sup> nor the oil painting of her belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, London, supposed by Blades to have been painted on occasion of her marriage and of which he gives a lithographic copy.<sup>21</sup> The most valuable representations of her are perhaps those in manuscript No. 9296 in the Royal Library at Brussels. One of its miniatures depicts Margaret at prayer, kneeling, wearing regal attire; around her stand the doctors of the Church, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose and St. Gregory the Great, and St. Margaret, her patron. Another miniature depicts Margaret performing the seven corporal works of mercy. The manuscript is entitled "*Benois seront les misericordieux*," and was done into French, from a work compiled by the Carthusians of Hérinnes, by Nicholas Finet, master of arts, canon of Cambrai and Margaret's almoner. The learned Ch. Ruelens, a former keeper of manuscripts of the Royal Library, judged this to be one of the finest of the manuscripts from the Burgundian library.<sup>22</sup> Judging from these various portraits, the description of Margaret's personal appearance, given by a lady writer of the seventeenth century, on what authority we are not told, does not seem wholly fanciful. Margaret, she says, was "fair, and her face was so fresh and charming that it had an extraordinary splendor."<sup>23</sup>

Many a furrow on Margaret's noble countenance must have been traced by the anxious times through which she passed during the closing years of Charles the Bold's career. What she felt regarding his efforts to form a great middle kingdom between France and Germany, that would have stretched from the bleak shores of the North Sea to the sunlit Mediterranean, we have no record. She

<sup>20</sup> J. Van den Gheyn, S. J., "*Annales de l'Académie Royale d'Archéologie de Belgique*," LVL, pp. 384-406.

<sup>20</sup> See "Catalogue of National Portrait Gallery" for 1903, p. 520.

<sup>21</sup> See "William Caxton," by W. Blades (large edition of 1861), frontispiece and preface, p. x.

<sup>22</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 71-75.

<sup>23</sup> Mlle. Caumont de la Force in her book, "*Marie de Bourgogne*," published without author's name at Lyons in 1694.

must have known that her marriage, that the conclusion soon after it of a commercial treaty between England and the Low Countries for a term of thirty years, that Charles' gift of the Golden Fleece to Edward IV. and the latter's conferring on the former the Garter, were all proofs of a final rupture between France and her Burgundian vassal and marked the opening of a duel unto death between Charles the Bold and Louis XI. In this deadly game Charles used his daughter Mary as a pawn. Seven times he had promised her hand to various princes according as his policy deemed it necessary. This must have tried Margaret's feelings, for she had become deeply attached to Mary of Burgundy, and they were constantly together. She must have seen with sorrow Charles involved in all the pomp and circumstances of war at the siege of Neuss, and have lamented that it broke up the Anglo-Burgundian coalition against France. But worse was in store. René of Lorraine, backed by Louis XI., had declared war on Charles. Nancy was soon taken, and his victory made it seem easy to push on south. But on his flank were the warlike Swiss, who in the previous year had attacked his troops and dominions. He marched his splendid army against them; it was shattered to bits on March 3, 1476, at Granson. Until then Charles had been thought invincible, especially as the Burgundian artillery was such as no other prince then possessed. He would not take advice; he did not or would not see that behind the Swiss was the astute Louis XI., that his allies and mercenaries were ready to abandon one whom fortune had deserted. Morose and irritable, he went to his fate and met it in another crushing defeat at Morat at the hands of the same mountaineers who only less than four months earlier had beaten him at Granson. The last scene of this tragedy was soon enacted. René of Lorraine had recovered his capital. Charles resolved to retake it. Deserted in the battle of January 5, 1477, under the walls of Nancy, by Campo-Basso and his mercenaries, Charles was killed fighting to the last. Two days later his body was found in a frozen pond, gnawed by wolves and pierced by three fatal wounds. It was identified by a laundry maid of his household and a page who bore the noble name of Colonna. Duke René buried his dead foe with all honors due to his rank in the Church of St. George at Nancy, where it rested until Charles V., his great-grandson, obtained its removal to Bruges.

The death of Charles left his dominions in a wild state of confusion. There survived him, to save a situation so deeply compromised, only "a young girl and a woman, Mary, Charles' only daughter, barely twenty years of age, unknown to her subjects, from whom she had been from her birth severed by the rigid etiquette of the Burgundian court, a gentle, feeble girl; and her stepmother,

the intelligent and learned Margaret of York, full of resolute energy, but bewildered by the sudden catastrophe that had struck her."<sup>84</sup> The two princesses resided together at Ghent when the first tidings of Charles' death reached them.

At first the fatal news arrived in such doubtful terms that many refused to credit it. Even ten days after the battle Margaret had received no positive news of her husband's death and wrote to the magistrates of Mechlin thus: "By accounts received from various quarters, we understand and trust that by God's grace Charles is alive and well."<sup>85</sup> It was only on January 25 that she and Mary went into mourning for the Duke; she caused a grand funeral service for the repose of his soul to be celebrated at Oudenarde, one of the towns of her dowry. She also arranged that a certain devout nun should retire into a hermitage near Mechlin, there to spend her life in prayer for the deceased Duke. She wrote letters to the Emperor and to Louis XI., to announce to them officially the sad news. Within four days of the battle before Nancy Louis knew that Charles was defeated and a day later that the Duke was dead. He hastened to lay claim to the Duchy of Burgundy and to assert his authority over the helpless young Duchess.

The latter and Margaret had written to inform the towns of the Netherlands of the Duke's death and convoked the States General to meet at Ghent. These voted a levy of one hundred thousand men for the defense of the Netherlands, but exacted from the helpless young Duchess the "Great Privilege" which destroyed the monarchical and centralized government the Burgundian dukes had founded, replacing it by a feeble federation of cities and States, quite inadequate to cope with the power of such an enemy as Louis XI. All that was left to the young Duchess to do was to seek safety in delays, in negotiating with her enemies abroad and her unruly subjects at home.<sup>86</sup>

The Flemish communes, bent rather on winning back and on extending their privileges than on chivalrously defending the rights of the Duchess Mary, sought to isolate her from her friends. Thus Adolphus of Cleves, Lord of Ravenstein, who had been appointed lieutenant general of Charles in his absence, was forced to leave Mary's side, while, more cruelly still, they forced Margaret of York to leave her beloved stepdaughter. Margaret retired to Oudenarde, protesting that "if she was a stranger to the country, she was not so in heart and courage."<sup>87</sup> It is pleasant to find that Margaret was able to keep up a correspondence with Mary during the troubled

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<sup>84</sup> H. Pirenne, "*Hist. Nat. de la Belgique*," III., p. 4.

<sup>85</sup> Kervyn, *op. cit.*, IV., 185.

<sup>86</sup> See H. Pirenne, "*Histoire Nationale de la Belgique*," III., 7-15.

times of their separation by the courageous help of the Dame de Hallewyn.<sup>37</sup>

Margaret was driven away because the Ghent people knew that she was opposed to a marriage of Mary with the Dauphin of France, which they favored. She would have liked her to marry her brother, the Duke of Clarence, but this was thwarted by Edward IV., whom Louis had on over to his side. There were other claimants to the hand of Mary, who was the richest heiress of her times. But Charles before his death had promised to give her in marriage to the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick III. Margaret now did all in her power to hasten this marriage, which politically would save Mary from the power of Louis XI. On April 15, 1477, she wrote from Mechlin to the Emperor, and after thanking him for the embassy he had sent with his condolences, she promises to do her utmost to promote the marriage and begs the Emperor to hasten it.<sup>38</sup> Six months later she sent the Emperor another Latin letter, rejoicing that the marriage had taken place and praising in affectionate terms the Archduke.<sup>39</sup>

During the brief reign of Mary of Burgundy Margaret strove to obtain for her the help of Edward IV. With this object she undertook a journey to England in 1480. She left Bruges with her suite and embarked at Calais on June 24; she was back in Bruges by the middle of September, when the magistrates of that city presented her with eighty pounds of wax and a barrel of wine.<sup>41</sup> It appears from some letters in which she gave an account of her embassy, preserved in the imperial archives at Vienna, that she stayed at Rochester on her return journey. Adrian But, the chronicler of the great abbey of the Dunes, on the Flemish coast, says that she visited it both on her way to and from England, and that on her way to Calais an attempt was made by the French to waylay her and to capture the treasure that she carried with her. On her return she dined at the abbey, together with several English nobles and the abbot of St. Bernard's-on-the-Scheldt, who, with his two nephews, had crossed the Channel with her. One of the objects of her embassy was to arrange for the betrothal of her nephew with Philip the Handsome (he was only a child two years of age!) with a daughter of Edward IV. If she did not succeed in this, she was at least successful in obtaining three thousand English soldiers to serve under Maximilian.<sup>42</sup>

<sup>37</sup> Kervyn, "Hist. Flan.," IV., 216.

<sup>38</sup> "Biographie Nationale," XIII., 670.

<sup>39</sup> "Monumenta Habsburgica," I., 145. Vienna, 1854.

<sup>40</sup> *Ib.*, p. 165.

<sup>41</sup> L. Gilliodts, "Inventaire des Archives de Bruges."

<sup>42</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 114-116.

After the untimely death of "the gentle Mary" at Bruges on March 27, 1482, Margaret continued to aid Maximilian and his two children. On the very day of his son's birth she wrote from Bruges a joyful letter to the magistrates of Mechlin to announce the happy event. Molinet gives a detailed account of the baptism of this Prince, afterwards to be known as Philip the Handsome, in the Church of St. Donatian, at Bruges. "The most high and most noble Princess," he says, "Madame Marguerite d'Yorck, wearing a robe of black velvet, carried the baby in her arms" to the church and held it at the font while the Bishop of Tournay baptized him, and she gave the child a gift worth twenty thousand crowns. The ceremonies at the church over, Margaret carried back the new Christian to his mother at the ducal palace. She also acted as godmother to Mary's daughter, Margaret of Austria, who was named after her. She also held at the baptismal font Philip the Handsome's daughter, Eleanor, giving her a costly reliquary, and she lived long enough to render the same service to her brother, who was afterwards to be known to the new and old world as the Emperor Charles V. To him she gave a rich helmet adorned with gold and precious stones, surmounted by a golden phenix arising from its burning ashes. Margaret seems to have delighted in standing godmother, for there are several other instances of her having done so for children of lesser rank.<sup>43</sup>

Margaret visited her native land once more in 1486, and the accounts of the city of Mechlin show that it contributed 600 livres towards the expenses of her journey.<sup>44</sup> What its object was can only be surmised. Henry VII. was now King, and by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., the houses of York and Lancaster were united. It seems probable that Margaret wished to ascertain how far the reconciliation of the two houses was sincere. If so, she must have discovered that the King's behavior to the Queen "had created great discontent. Why, it was asked, was she not crowned? Why was she, the rightful heir to the crown, refused the usual honors of royalty? Other kings had been eager to crown their consorts;" but Elizabeth was to be left crownless and in an obscurity unworthy of her high station, even after she had borne the King a son and heir to his throne.<sup>45</sup> This state of affairs must have been bitterly resented by Margaret, and explains, if it does not justify, her subsequent conduct towards Henry VII. From the time of this journey her court at Mechlin became a place of

<sup>43</sup> For these princely baptisms, see Molinet (édition de Buchon) and Galesloot (*op. cit.*, p. 110).

<sup>44</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

<sup>45</sup> Lingard, "Hist. of England," III., 622.



refuge for the partisans of the house of York and the centre of their intrigues and plots against that King.

As Dowager Duchess of Burgundy Margaret was all but in name a sovereign. When Mary had been inaugurated as Duchess at Louvain she had invested her stepmother with the suzerainty not only of Mechlin, Oudenarde and Dendermonde, settled on her by Charles, but, because these did not suffice to pay her dowry, also of those formerly enjoyed by Isabella of Portugal and of the lordships of Cassel, la Motte, the forest of Nieppe and of the towns and districts of Brielle and Voorne, in Holland, which Mary added to Margaret's dowry. But when experts taxed the revenues of all these localities they were found insufficient to pay the dowry of one hundred thousand crowns, so Maximilian added to it the domains of Binche and Quesnoy. As according to feudal usages, a woman could not be personally invested with suzerainty, Josse de Lalaing, Knight of the Golden Fleece, acted as Margaret's proxy and took the oaths of fidelity in her name.<sup>46</sup>

As dowager Margaret had many residences, castles at Oudenarde, Lierre and Quesnoy and houses at Binche, Bruges, Louvain and Mons. But her favorite and more permanent residence was in Mechlin. There she had purchased from John of Burgundy, Bishop of Cambray, for four thousand gold florins, his house in the Rue de l'Empereur, restoring it and adding to it a hall designed by the famous architect, Antoine Keldermans. The house was bought furnished, but she brought to it twelve wagonloads of her own furniture from Binche. She settled this palace on Maximilian and his son, Philip the Handsome, reserving her right to inhabit it during her lifetime. It thus came to be called the Kaiserhof after her death. Charles V., Mary of Hungary and Philip II. were among those who occupied it. In 1613 it became a college of the Jesuits, and on their suppression a hospital for three hundred invalid Austrian soldiers. Pulled down early in the last century, hardly a vestige of this historic edifice remains.<sup>47</sup> Mechlin appears to have been proud to have Margaret among its residents, though occasionally difficulties arose and even led to lawsuits between her and the town, particularly about her right to appoint its magistrates. Nevertheless, it frequently voted her grants of money and offered her gifts, and whence once she fell ill at Binche it made anxious inquiries about her health, which she herself answered by letter in most affectionate terms. She also procured from her brother, Edward IV., special privileges for its traders in England.<sup>48</sup>

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<sup>46</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, 15-17.

<sup>47</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 23-28.

<sup>48</sup> *Ib.*, 34-36.

In the places of which Margaret was suzerain she had the right to administer justice both in civil and criminal affairs. According to the ideas of her times, she was merciful, as, for instance, when she sentenced a maid servant guilty of domestic theft to a few days in prison on bread and water and then to be banished from the district where she dwelt. Even as late as the days of Maria Theresa domestic theft was punished in the Netherlands by death! Galesloot gives a curious account, too long to quote, of how Margaret punished the folk of a whole village; also how she came into conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities on the often abused right of sanctuary.<sup>49</sup>

The accounts of the city of Mechlin show that hardly a year passed without Margaret receiving envoys from England. Probably many of these were in reality agents of the supporters of the house of York, at least those who came after Henry VII. had begun to reign. Anyhow, after the Yorkshire insurrection of 1486 Lord Lovell and others found refuge there, and thither, too, came John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, Margaret's nephew, to obtain her support for the impostor, Lambert Simnel, the pretended Earl of Warwick. Aided by the Archduke Maximilian, she helped Lincoln with money and two thousand German veterans, commanded by Martin Schwartz, a tried German officer. Into the details of this expedition it is needless here to enter. Lincoln, Schwartz and his Germans and many leaders of the insurrection perished in battle. Lovell was never after it seen alive. Simnel was taken prisoner and became a scullion in the royal kitchens.<sup>50</sup>

The failure of this expedition did not deter Margaret from again attempting to retrieve the fortunes of the house of York. So ardent was she in this that writers of the Tudor times describe her as playing the part of a Juno towards Henry VII. The Yorkist refugees, no doubt, excited her to action, and, as Lincoln had persuaded her to support Simnel, they persuaded her to acknowledge as her nephew one whom Lingard describes "as one of the most mysterious personages recorded in English history."<sup>51</sup> This was the famous Perkin Warbeck, who claimed the English crown as being Richard, Duke of York, the younger brother of Edward V. Both brothers were believed to have been murdered in the Tower of London in 1483, the younger then being eleven years of age. After passing in review all the evidence that we have of the murders of the royal princes in the Tower and of Warbeck being an impostor, we think that if two questions were

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<sup>49</sup> Galesloot, *op. cit.*, pp. 62-70.

<sup>50</sup> Lingard, III., 616-622.

<sup>51</sup> *Id.*, III., 627.

posed before a jury: Were the princes one or both murdered in the Tower? Was Warbeck an impostor? the answer would have to be in the negative, or at least, to borrow a term from Scotch law, "Not proven!" The judicious Lingard, however, after reviewing all the evidence about Warbeck, concludes that "the considerations of these circumstances has left little doubt on my mind that Warbeck was an impostor."<sup>53</sup>

On the mind of Margaret of York there was probably quite as "little doubt" that he was really her nephew. Her wish to believe in him, of course, was strong within her. Have we not seen in our own times, in the Tichborne case, a mother recognize as her son one whom two courts declared to be an impostor? And Warbeck was a far more plausible claimant than was the man who laid claim to the Tichborne title and estates. Of course, Margaret's support of Simnel tells against her, unless we remember that that support was given not so much to the impostor as to her nephew, the Earl of Lincoln, whose puppet he was.

Warbeck's story need only be briefly told here. He appears publicly in history in 1492, on board a ship from Lisbon that had anchored in the Cove of Cork. Recognized by not a few as Richard of York, he took advantage of the situation, availing himself instead of an invitation to the court of Charles VIII., King of France. There the handsome, courtly youth was given a guard of honor and was joined by a hundred English exiles. Thereupon peace was concluded between England and France. Warbeck was ordered to quit the latter country. He betook himself to Margaret, who received him as her nephew, gave him a guard of thirty halberdiers and named him "The White Rose of England." Henry VII. took alarm and sent his spies all over Flanders to discover who this "White Rose" was, while Sir Robert Clifford also made inquiries and was able to satisfy the Yorkists in England that the youth was indeed Richard, Duke of York.<sup>54</sup>

In July, 1493, Henry VII. sent Sir Edward Poynings and Dr. William Warham, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to the court of Philip the Handsome, Duke of Burgundy, to demand the surrender or banishment of the pretender. Maximilian, still Regent of the Netherlands, replied in Philip's name that no assistance should be given to the King's enemy, but that he had no control over the doings of the Dowager Duchess. Thereupon Henry recalled all English merchants from Flanders, removed the staple of wool from Bruges to Calais and banished all Flemish merchants from his dominions. Perhaps to get him away from Flanders, Maximilian took Warbeck

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<sup>53</sup> III., 682.

<sup>54</sup> Lingard, "*Hist. of England*," III., 637-639.

with him to Vienna, where the youth was present at the funeral of the Emperor Frederick III. He returned with Maximilian to Flanders, where he was recognized as King of England. Garter King-at-Arms, was then sent to Mechlin, where he made proclamation in the streets that the pretender was an impostor and the son of a burgher of Tournay. Warbeck was at Antwerp when Philip the Handsome made his joyful entry there and put up the English royal arms over the doorway of the house where he lodged. Some English merchants protested, and a tumult ensued, in which a man was killed.<sup>54</sup> It was then that Warbeck signed, as Richard, Duke of York, six deeds before a notary, which were witnessed by Sir Robert Clifford and William Barley, among others. By these deeds he promised to repay Margaret all the expenses she had incurred in support of Simnel, to pay her all that remained due on her dowry and to secure to her Scarborough and other privileges as soon as he had recovered his crown.<sup>55</sup>

The two witnesses, Clifford and Barley, proved themselves traitors to the house of York and brought about the execution in England of many of its supporters, among others of Sir William Stanley, whose great wealth Henry VII. confiscated.<sup>56</sup> Meanwhile the pretender tarried in Flanders, until at last his Flemish friends, whose commerce was suffering sorely on his account, forced him into action. He set out to invade England and made a descent near Deal, but the people drove him and his men back to his ships, capturing some prisoners, who were at once hung. Forced again to act, he went once more to Ireland, but meeting with a cold reception there, he betook himself to Scotland, where the King gave him his near relative, Lady Catherine Gordon, in marriage. An attempt to invade England from the north failed and one to arouse the men of Cornwall to a fresh insurrection not being wholly successful, the pretender lost heart and took sanctuary in Beaulieu Abbey. Then he threw himself on Henry VII.'s mercy and was kept at court as a prisoner at large, but having attempted to escape, he was punished by having to stand in the stocks twice and to read what purported to be a confession that he was Perkin Warbeck. He was then imprisoned in the Tower of London, where the Earl of Warwick was a prisoner. They plotted to escape, with the result that both were tried and sentenced to death. Warbeck, who immediately before his execution is reported to have avowed that that

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<sup>54</sup> *Galeslout, op. cit.*, p. 123.

<sup>55</sup> The deeds have been preserved in the archives of Antwerp, and have been printed by Gépard in the "*Bulletins de la Commission royale d'histoire*" of Belgium, S. 4, II., pp. 9-22.

<sup>56</sup> Lingard, III., 640-641.

was his name, was hung at Tyburn on Saturday, November 23, 1499.<sup>87</sup>

Already before his death the ill effects on the commercial relations of Flanders had ceased and the great treaty known as the "Inter-cursus Magnus" had been signed and trade with England had begun to revive. Maximilian and his advisers had risked much in sheltering the pretender. Were they influenced in this by the strong will of Margaret of York? Did they honestly believe that he was Richard of York and so think themselves bound in honor to jeopardize the commerce of the Netherlands and the welfare of its traders by supporting his cause? A document discovered in the Royal Library of The Hague by the historian Kervyn seems to shed some light on these questions. It is a charter secretly signed in presence of Berthold, Archbishop of Mainz; Margaret of England, Louis de Gevera and Thomas de Plaine, by Richard, King of England and France, on January 24, 1494, whereby the latter cedes all his rights to the kingdoms of France and England to Maximilian and after him to his son, Philip the Handsome. As Kervyn remarks, this seems to show that "Perkin Warbeck was nothing but a tool in the hands of Maximilian to place him on the throne once occupied by Edward III. and Henry V."<sup>88</sup>

It must be confessed that this document puts Margaret of York's conduct towards the pretender into an unfavorable light. If he was ready to sell to Maximilian, for we know not what mess of porridge he claimed as his birthright, surely Margaret could no longer regard him as Richard of York, but only as a weapon useful in her warfare against Henry VII., and so Bacon's application to her of Virgil's line, "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo," was not wholly undeserved. If her supposed nephew was indeed no other than Perkin Warbeck, we may perhaps be allowed to suppose that the latter was the youth who, as Galesloot tells us (without giving us a reference), Margaret had caused to be educated in the school of the Brothers of St. Jerome established at Ghent in the House of Gerard the Devil. This would account for his good manners and educated bearing and explain also his unwillingness to account for the years he had spent between the time of his pretended escape from the Tower and his first public appearance at the Cove of Cork until he had been forced to make his "confession" in the stocks. According to that "confession," he was the son of Jehan de Werbeque, an official of Tournay. One of his grand-

<sup>87</sup> Lingard, III., 642-654. See also "Dict. National Biography" under Warbeck. Cf. Gairdner, "Richard III.," in "Story of Warbeck." Kervyn, Galesloot and many other writers give the story at great length and with varying details.

<sup>88</sup> "Bulletins de la Académie de la Belgique," S. 2, XXI.

fathers was Piérart Flan, tax collector of the same town; another was named Faron, porter of St. John's gate of the same place. His mother placed him in the house of a cousin at Oudenarde in order that he might learn Flemish. In the main, this "confession" is confirmed by recent researches in the records of Tournay. From these it appears that there was a Dieric de Werbecque, a shipwright, born near Oudenarde, who became a citizen of Tournay in 1429 and died there in 1474. His son, Jehan Werbecque, was a river pilot, died before 1498, and had been married in 1473 to Nicaise Faroul, by whom he had two children, Pierrechon and Jenette. Their mother married a second time and died in 1513. In her will, made in 1509, mention is alone mentioned of Jehan's two lawful children. Pierrechon was born in 1474, and no doubt was the youth whom we call Perkin Warbeck.<sup>59</sup>

After the failure of Warbeck's attempts Margaret's life passed tranquilly at Mechlin, untroubled by politics, in good works, beloved and honored especially by her nephew, Philip the Handsome, who frequently visited her and who, when he was inaugurated as Duke at Brussels, quartered her arms with his as if she had been a blood relation.<sup>60</sup> He outlived her long enough to deplore her death.

Philip had just visited her at Mechlin and was at Brussels a few days later when a messenger came from the former town bringing him the sad tidings that the Dowager Duchess Margaret had died there on Thursday, November 23, 1503. Great was his sorrow and that of his court, and he caused a funeral service to be celebrated such as became her high rank. Margaret seems to have kept all her faculties to the last, for she signed an important document with a firm hand very shortly before her death. The chronicler Molinet, in recording her death, says that "she was much regretted, deplored and wept for by the religious of the houses she had reformed and by the devout persons to whom she had given largely of her goods, and she was," he adds, "the mother of orphans, the nurse of the poor and the refuge and comforter of all sorrowing hearts." Other contemporary writers speak of her in like terms.

Margaret's last will has not been preserved, but only the names of her executors and the orders that Philip the Handsome gave that her last wishes should be duly carried out. She was buried in the church of the Friars Minor at Mechlin, to which and to its convent she had been a great well-doer. Her tomb was of white marble, on which she was represented in her agony praying to her patron, Saint Margaret, and assisted by St. Francis and St. Bernard.

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<sup>59</sup> Notes on the Werbecques by Comte P. A. du Chastel de la Howarderie in the "Bulletin de la Société historique de Tournai," XXV., pp. 410-414.

<sup>60</sup> Galeslout, *op. cit.*, 111.

Her epigraph was engraved on brass, of which the first three lines were:

Sub lamina astli hujus chori illustrissima princeps  
Domina Margareta de Anglia ducissa Burgundiae  
Pia humilitate corpus suum condi mandavit.

The remaining lines give her titles, the date of her death and that she was "Religionis reformationis pietati mirum faulrix." The convent is now a barracks and its church a store for forage. It is believed that her remains still rest under the pavement of this desecrated church. Her monument was destroyed in one of the sackings of the city in the sixteenth century, probably in that begun when Colonel Norris and his English soldiers and others took the place from the Spaniards on February 28, 1580. The pillage lasted a month, and is known as "The English Fury." It was so thorough that even the tombstones were torn up and carried off on vessels to be sold in Holland and England.<sup>61</sup> Strange if English hands destroyed in their fanatical frenzy the tomb of one of their own princesses! But she is still remembered in the city she loved. Before the French Revolution a Mass of Requiem for her soul was sung yearly on the anniversary of her death. And still every year, on April 3, a Mass is said in the Cathedral of Mechlin for the repose of the souls of Berthold IV., Lord of Mechlin in the thirteenth century; of Charles the Bold and of Margaret of York.

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<sup>61</sup> Strada, "De Bello Belgico," Bk. XIII.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY

**E**ARLY in 1888 the eyes of the whole world were turned on Germany, whence came tidings of the passing away of the old Emperor. He was probably the best-known figure in Europe at the time, and few rulers had changed so much for the better the material prosperity of their subjects as had William I. of Germany. Before many months had passed he died, and was succeeded by his son Frederick. But scarcely had the new Emperor assumed the reins of power when a secret, hitherto well guarded, began to get noised about. For the Emperor Frederick had long been suffering from an incurable disease and was himself rapidly sinking to his grave at the time of his father's death. Then it was that people grew alarmed, for they saw that the Empire was soon to be ruled by a young man of whom, at this time, nothing was known.

After a reign of exactly ninety-nine days the Emperor Frederick died, and was in turn succeeded by his son, William II., Germany's present ruler. It was an anxious moment for the Catholics. No one doubted for a moment that the young Emperor had inherited much of the conciliatory spirit that had been so characteristic of his father, but what people did fear was that he had not sufficient experience to guide the destinies of the nation at this trying time. William II. was then but thirty years of age, and the reins of power had been thrown into his hands much earlier than could have been foreseen. It was therefore natural to fear that the country might once again fall under the sway of Bismarck, and with him restored to his former position, no one could say how things might fare with the Catholics. The more thoughtful, however, had already formed some idea of the men about whom such grave doubts were then expressed. Some time before his coronation, when it was quite certain that his father's life was only a question of weeks, the *Civiltà Cattolica* ventured to express high hopes of the future ruler: "Prince Frederick is undoubtedly a great and conciliatory ruler," said this magazine, "and one whose demise will be universally regretted. But there is no reason for entertaining any suspicions about his son William or for spreading unfavorable reports of him. Prince William, who will soon attain to his thirtieth year, is not only an excellent soldier, but a gifted and well-read man of the world, who has for many years done splendid work in different branches of the public service."

The very first act of the new Emperor with regard to the Holy See was one that went far towards allaying the fears of the



Catholics. By his own express wish, the news of his proclamation as Emperor was conveyed to the Pope by a special envoy, who was instructed to make the announcement at the Vatican at precisely the same time as the official announcement was made to King Humbert at the Quirinal. People saw in this act of courtesy the evident wish of the Emperor not to wound the feelings of the Pope by openly recognizing the precedence of the King, and they rightly concluded that the conciliatory policy of William I. and Frederick would be carried out also by the new ruler.

The young Emperor's address at the opening of the Prussian Landtag was looked forward to with great interest, for every one knew that on that occasion he was practically bound to declare his attitude towards the Church. And he did do so in a manner that aroused lively feelings of joy in the hearts of his Catholic subjects.

"I have seen with particular pleasure," he said on this occasion, "that the recent politico-religious legislation has modified the relations between the State, the Catholic Church and its supreme head in a manner acceptable to both parties. I shall use all my efforts to preserve religious peace in my dominions."

The good impression produced in the minds of Catholics by these and similar expressions was still prevalent when a rumor was spread that William II. intended, in the very near future, to visit King Humbert at Rome. Once more the atmosphere began to cloud and old suspicions were revived. The jubilation with which the anti-Papal press of Italy hailed the news of the coming visit seemed certain evidence of the idea that some slight was to be put on the Pope. In German Catholic circles there was a spell of dismay and apprehension. The Catholic masses began to wonder if Bismarck was already overawing the young Emperor and if this visit to Rome was to be the first move in a new *Kulturkampf*.

In the midst of all this surmising and criticizing came the welcome news that the Emperor was making arrangements for a visit to the Pope while in Rome. At first the people, more especially those of them who were not Catholics, refused to believe it. However much the Emperor may wish to respect Catholic sensibility, they regarded it as impossible that a man of his autocratic and haughty disposition would submit himself to the conditions which the Roman Pontiffs have been obliged to impose on all their royal visitors since the usurpation of 1870. For most people are no doubt aware that, since that date, any monarch visiting Rome as the guest of the ruling dynasty and wishing to be received by the Pope, must, after leaving the Quirinal, drive to his embassy, change carriages there, and then, in his own property and from his own territory, set out to the Vatican. Many regard this as mere melodramatic humbug

on the part of the Pope. We Catholics think it nothing of the kind, and regard it as the only means by which the Pope can fulfill his double duty of receiving monarchs who have many Catholics among their subjects and at the same time of refusing to recognize the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy See. But it would be a digression to drag that subject into this article. Let it suffice to say that, rightly or wrongly, the Pope lays down those conditions as necessary to be complied with by any foreign ruler who wishes to visit him during the present deadlock. The idea of William II. carrying out those conditions brought forth a howl of protest from the anti-Catholic press of both Germany and Italy. Yet of all this the young Emperor took not the slightest notice. Not merely did he signify his intention of complying in full with the etiquette prescribed by the Pope, but he even gave orders that the carriage which was to drive him to the Vatican should be specially sent for that purpose from Berlin to the Prussian embassy at Rome.

On October 12 William II. set out from the Quirinal to the Prussian embassy, where the Ambassador, M. de Schloeazer, had invited a number of prelates to meet him, among them being Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State. After the repast the Emperor himself gave the toast of "The Pope," and spoke most enthusiastically of the services which Leo XIII. had rendered to science, to peace and to the material prosperity of Europe. He then set out to the Vatican, and within an hour were met face to face "these two moities of God, the Pope and the Emperor"—to use the picturesque and not, in a sense, inaccurate expression of Victor Hugo.

The interview between the two monarchs looked at first as if it would be of the happiest kind. Between these two really great men there was much in common. They were perhaps the two most formidable adversaries of the revolutionary tendencies with which, unfortunately, modern society has become impregnated. And this was the very subject they had begun to discuss when their interview was disturbed by an extraordinary, unforeseen and most deplorable incident. For just at this moment their seclusion was broken in upon by the sudden and unannounced entrance of Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother. How he came to intrude himself into the Pope's private apartments was soon explained. Prince Henry had arrived at the Vatican some time after the Emperor. He was accompanied by Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the Chancellor, a young man with all the arrogance, but little of the ability of his father. Arrived at the Vatican, Bismarck displayed the utmost insolence towards the Papal officials. He proceeded straightway to the audience chamber, refused to wait for the introduction which

is deemed necessary at all times, but especially on such an occasion as this, and finally he practically pushed Prince Henry into the presence of the Pope. Needless to say, this incident completely changed the course of the conversation between the two rulers. Some few minutes were passed in discussing, in a very general way, the religious affairs of Germany, and the interview came to an end.

But, bad as was this incident, still worse was to come. How much the Emperor was perturbed—or whether he was perturbed at all—by the rude behavior of his brother no one can say. But certain it is that when he emerged from the Vatican he himself was guilty of a breach of etiquette which, in the eyes of many, was much more unpardonable than that of Prince Henry. Forgetting all about the arrangements which he had made with the Papal authorities concerning the return journey, namely, that he should drive from the Vatican to the Prussian embassy, and there change his carriage, as he had done on setting out, he curtly ordered to be driven directly to the Quirinal and omitted the formality of the visit to the embassy.

These two incidents, coming in such close proximity, created a distinctly bad impression at the Papal Court. Nor were the further actions of the Emperor calculated to allay this feeling. The very same evening, at a state dinner given in his honor by King Humbert, William II. seemed to go out of his way to refer to Rome as “the capital of His Majesty the King of Italy.” Persons not well acquainted with the state of things that exists in Italy at the present moment will fail to see the significance of that expression. But it has a very deep significance in it for all that. To recognize Rome as “the capital of His Majesty the King of Italy” is to recognize the spoliation of 1870, and, intentionally or otherwise, to uphold the movement against which the Catholic world has never since ceased to protest. It is, moreover, an open declaration of hostility to the Papacy, since three successive Popes have strongly denounced this spoliation and, rather than recognize it, have preferred to shut themselves up in the Vatican and refused to listen to any overtures which do not propose its full and entire undoing. Consequently, to play the rôle of apologist for this movement would be bad coming from a ruler who, as every one knows, would regard it as sacrilege to be deprived of a single acre of his own rightful possessions; it was still worse coming from a monarch who numbered more than twenty million Catholics among his subjects; but it was worst of all coming from a man who, only a few hours before, had received a most cordial welcome from Pope Leo XIII.

The European press, more especially that section of it which is bitterly hostile to the Papacy, did not fail to make capital out of these regrettable incidents. The official organ of the Italian

Government, of which the notorious Crispi was then Prime Minister, proclaimed that the visit of the German Emperor was undertaken to show that there was nothing abnormal in the fact that the King of Italy and the Pope resided side by side in Rome. Nevertheless, that was not the opinion of many prominent journals, little though they were in sympathy with the aspirations of the Pope with regard to the temporal power. The *London Times* declared that "the meeting between the Emperor and the Pope was a great historical event. Prince Bismarck has not been to Canossa, but the Emperor has been to the Vatican. He now meets peace where, only a short time ago, he would have found hostility, and a happy reconciliation has effaced all traces of the recent struggle."

One of the most prominent French journals, *Le Journal des Debats*, said that "the formalities of the visit to the Vatican were arranged just as if the Pope were the only sovereign in Rome and the King of Italy had his court at Florence or at Turin."

The bad impression created in German circles by the incidents of which we have spoken was of very short duration. It was not that any explanation of them was ever given; it is doubtful whether any could be given. But Catholics were very soon assured that the Emperor had no intention whatsoever of systematically wounding Catholic sensibility and certainly was entirely opposed to the construction put upon his actions by the anti-Papal press of Italy. A few days after his return the *Boersen-Zeitung*, a Berlin paper and an organ of the Government, contained a very significant passage which seemed to have been called forth by the comments of the Italian papers.

"The Emperor," said the *Boersen-Zeitung*, "had no intention of offending any one. Still less did he desire to make a demonstration in favor of those who, in 1870, took forcible possession of the capital of the Popes. It assuredly was not his business to criticize the existing order of things, but neither did he make himself an apologist of the 20th of September. At Rome one must weigh his words before speaking, if he does not wish to expose himself to a very embarrassing situation. Words are of silver, but silence is golden."

And there is no denying that these words, whoever may have inspired them, set forth the principles of Germany's present ruler. Proud, imperious and haughty people, as a rule, consider him, but no one can deny that his dealings with his Catholic subjects have always been of such a nature as might be followed with profit by the rulers of many nominally Catholic countries. He has since the very beginning of his reign disassociated himself from all those movements whose dominating note is abuse of the Catholic Church.

During the course of this same year one of those associations—the Evangelische Bund—solicited his patronage for their work. In the address which the members of this association presented to him little or no effort was made to conceal the deep spirit of anti-Catholic bigotry which pervaded their propaganda:

"We are well able to distinguish," ran this precious document, "between the sincere devotion of a great number of our fellow-countrymen and the Jesuitical spirit that is gaining more and more ground in the Roman Church. Against Jesuitism we are bound in self-defense to make war. We hope that your Majesty will appreciate our efforts."

The reply of the Emperor and his blessing on their work were by no means as enthusiastic as those antiquated bigots would have liked. He, of course, expressed his sympathy with their zeal for the extension of Protestantism by all lawful methods:

"At the same time," the note went on, "His Majesty hopes that your association in its work, both on the platform and in the press, will never show itself lacking in respect for the faith of its opponents and will not fail to extend to them the toleration which springs from respect."

This is but one example of many that could be cited to show the Emperor's dislike of bigotry. Whatever other faults may be laid to the charge of William II., his bitterest enemy could not accuse him of being a bigot.

But even now the evil effects of the Kulturkampf were far from being at an end. Strange to say, the trouble that still remained was almost entirely confined to the most Catholic of the German States. Long after things had settled down in Protestant Prussia there was still considerable trouble in Catholic Bavaria. As is usual whenever trouble with the Church occurs in a Catholic country, the leaders of the anti-Catholic movement took good care not to assign their opposition to any fundamental doctrine of Catholicism, but endeavored to make out that they were only patriotically protecting the rights of the State against the encroachments of the Church. It was therefore more or less under the guise of a national patriotic movement that the anti-Catholic persecution was carried on in Bavaria. The movement could, of course, have been crushed in the very beginning but for one thing—its leaders were nearly all nominal Catholics. That may seem a very strange statement to many, but it is an undoubted fact that, in a Catholic country, any revolt against the Church cannot be successfully carried out by any one but a Catholic. Let a Protestant attempt it and his failure is certain. His reason for personally disliking the Church is evident, and no one listens to him. But a Catholic on the other hand easily

manages to convince people that his struggle is being waged solely in the interests of justice and merely to preserve the rights of the State, and hence his movement is often a success.

Now, in Bavaria the chief opponent of the Church was M. de Lutz, the Prime Minister. He was a man who never practiced his religion, but yet he had been baptized and brought up in the Church, and consequently, in the Continental fashion, he was regarded as a Catholic. But even he could not have attained any great success had it not been for the shameful preference shown to the Protestants by the Catholic Regent. The chief points upon which these two men set themselves in opposition to the Church were the following: In the first place, they wished to establish in Bavaria what we in this country know as the undenominational system of education. Secondly, they desired to reintroduce the royal Placet, which meant that no ecclesiastical edict, even though it emanated from the Pope, could be promulgated in Bavaria without the approbation of the Government. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all was their attempt to class loyal Catholics and the adherents of the Old Catholic sect as one and the same thing. By this, of course, they meant that any post to which a Catholic should be appointed might be filled by a member of that sect. With these three fundamental theories, they hoped to undo the conciliatory work of the Reichstag and inflict a severe blow on the Church in Bavaria.

But the Bishops and the Catholic leaders soon set up a vigorous and effective resistance to this new attempt at reviving the Kulturkampf. On April 29, 1889, Pope Leo, in a letter to the Bishops, pointed out to them the necessity of offering a unanimous resistance to the policy of M. de Lutz, which was opposed to the very basis of the Church's liberty. In September a Catholic congress was held at Munich, during the course of which an address, signed by sixteen thousand Catholics, was drawn up and sent to the Prince Regent. In it were set forth the reasons why Catholics must refuse to coöperate with any legislation framed on the principles of the Prime Minister. The Regent disdainfully took no notice of the address and sent no reply to it, while almost at the very same time he gave an assurance of protection and assistance to the Gustave-Adolphe Verein, the most prominent—and most bigoted—Protestant association in Bavaria.

The Catholics were entirely undaunted—perhaps they were even spurred on to greater activity—by the unfair and rude action of the Prince Regent. They set to work in the most practical manner to redress their grievances. The leader of the Catholics in Bavaria at this time was Baron de Franckenstein, of whom we have already

spoken in connection with the military service bill. He saw that the first thing necessary was to heal existing differences among the Catholics and thus, having cemented them all into one body, obtain a majority in the Landtag. All minor questions of politics were, therefore, submerged in face of the common peril, so that, in an incredibly short period, the anti-Catholic Ministry, which counted only seventy-one votes, found itself faced by a united, determined Catholic party of eighty-two. Seeing defeat staring him, Lutz began to recede step by step. He, however, attempted to strike a bargain at first. He agreed to regard the Old Catholics as outside the Church, to give the Bishops the same powers over education as their colleagues in the rest of Germany enjoyed and to abrogate some decrees passed against the religious orders. But in return for these concessions he wanted the Catholics to agree to a full recognition of the Placet. The Catholics, needless to say, refused to do anything of the kind, knowing quite well that they had now a parliamentary majority to enforce their claims, and could consequently dictate their own terms. Finding it impossible to carry out his policy, M. de Lutz resigned, and the principles which he had striven so hard to establish were abandoned as impossible in Bavaria. Just a few months afterwards their great defender, M. de Lutz, fell seriously ill and died. On his deathbed he was, at his own request, reconciled with and received back into the Church which his whole later life had been devoted to overthrowing.

By the Catholic Deputies in the Imperial Parliament a sharp tussle had still to be waged. For there remained many important questions to be solved yet before the Catholics could regard themselves as having received the measure of justice which was their due. But by far the most important of these was one which arose out of the abolition of the Sperrgesetz, that is, the law which ordered the suspension of the annual payments made to ecclesiastics. While this law had been in force a sum of money, amounting roughly to twenty million marks, had been withheld from the Church. But now that the law had been abolished the question naturally arose as to what should be done with this money. The members of the Centre thought that, as a matter of justice, it should be handed over to the ecclesiastical authorities, from whom, they argued, it should never have been withheld. The anti-Catholic Deputies, on the other hand, declared that by acting thus the Government would be guilty of treason, inasmuch as it would be paying salaries to men for a period during which they were in active revolt against the laws of the country. To escape the severe criticism to which he was certain to be exposed by one party or the other, Bismarck attempted to have the matter settled at Rome by the Prussian

Ambassador and the Holy See, hoping that if that were done he would be spared the heated scenes which its discussion in the Parliament was sure to give rise to. But the Pope could not see his way to fall in with Bismarck's idea. The question, he said, was one that did not touch in any way the doctrine or discipline of the Catholic Church; it was a purely domestic question, within the competence of the Bishops to decide, and as such he thought it better to let the affair be thrashed out in the Parliament.

This was Bismarck's last political deal. It was an open secret that ever since his elevation to power the young Emperor had disliked the Chancellor. This feeling of dislike grew worse and worse as time went on, until at length the position of the Chancellor became untenable. His attempt at direct negotiations with Rome, which was wrongly construed by many as an open affront to the Landtag, brought down another torrent of abuse on his head. Resignation was the only alternative to dismissal, and, preferring the former, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the Emperor on March 20, 1890. From that time till his death, which took place five years later, he lived a quiet and uneventful life. He retired absolutely from the field of politics, and his advice was never again sought by his countrymen on any affair of domestic or international interest.

It is impossible even for a Catholic not to feel some regret for the sad and unhappy ending of so great a man. He was beyond doubt one of the foremost, if not indeed the very first, of modern statesmen. No one recognized his ability more clearly than Pope Leo XIII., whose own diplomatic ability no one will deny. Catholics sometimes assert that his dismissal from office arose from the Emperor's dislike of his attitude towards the Church. It arose from nothing of the kind. Any one who has the faintest conception of the character of William II. and who takes into consideration the ideas that were afloat at the time of his coronation will find it very easy to explain the real reason of the dismissal. For if there is one thing more than another that Germany's ruler would not tolerate it is the idea that he was being dictated to. Not merely does he wish to do the ruling himself, but he regards his right to do so as something much more clearly established than that of any other monarch. Even to us who live in monarchical countries his references to his "divine right" sometimes appear a little ridiculous, not that we do not believe that all power is from God, but because we fail to see that the power wielded by the Emperor of Germany comes to him from God any more directly than it comes to all other rulers. William II., however, certainly seems to think that it does. No one can fail to see that to a man who sincerely



entertains such an idea the suggestion that he was being dictated to would be particularly distasteful. Now, at the time of his accession this was the very idea that was prevalent. And Bismarck, of course, was to be the dictator. Against such a notion the young Emperor at once rebelled, and the eventual dismissal of the Chancellor was only a means, the surest one, it must be admitted, of letting his subjects know that he himself meant to be Emperor in fact as well as in title. Still, Bismarck deserved a little better treatment from the grandson of William I. Without Bismarck it is very doubtful if there ever would have been a United Germany, while it is almost certain that, even if Germany had become united, Prussia would never have obtained the supremacy in it that she enjoys to-day. In spite of many faults, the Chancellor's love for his country was of a lofty and self-sacrificing nature, and few men have devoted their talents so unsparingly in the service of their fatherland as Bismarck did for Germany. It is at least something to know that he did not die in disgrace. A short time before his death a reconciliation took place between the Emperor and himself. He never, of course, got back to his old position, but it must have been some consolation to him to know that William II. did not altogether shut his eyes to his many services and would not permit him to go down to his grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

To the all-important post vacated by Prince Bismarck the Emperor appointed General Caprivi, an appointment which was, on the whole, very acceptable to the Catholics. For Caprivi was a man who enjoyed the reputation of being singularly free from sectarian prejudices, and, though a Protestant, was supposed to have a high esteem for his Catholic fellow-citizens. But the task before him was unquestionably one of great difficulty and required very delicate handling. He found himself confronted by two parties, each of them strong and determined. In attempting to solve the question of the distribution of the twenty million marks he had to reckon with the Catholic party, which was absolutely united in its demand that the money should be restored to the Church, and the forces of Protestantism, which were prepared to fight to the bitter end any such proposal.

In May, 1890, the proposals of the Government, formulated in a bill, were laid before the Parliament by M. de Gossler, the Minister of Worship. Briefly summarized, the bill amounted to this: The twenty millions were to be retained by the State, which, however, guaranteed to each of the twelve dioceses of Prussia an annual rent of seven hundred thousand marks. But a full account of the manner in which this money was to be expended had to be rendered

to the Minister of Worship, who possessed the right of refusing to grant any money for purposes of which he did not approve.

By the Protestant members of the Landtag and the Protestants throughout the country this solution of the question was hailed with delight. By the Catholic Deputies it was assailed with might and main. Windthorst and Reichensperger did all that two mortals could have done to prevent the perpetration of such an act of injustice towards the Church. But for a moment they were defeated, and the victory rested with their opponents. The Catholics were ousted when it came to a vote, and the measure, incomplete as yet, was entrusted for completion and revision to a select committee of twenty-one members of the Assembly before being read and discussed a second time.

Throughout the whole of the religious struggle no incident is more marvelous—or perhaps more providential—than the eventual rejection of this bill. The whole Parliament united against the Catholics when the first vote on the measure was taken. But when the select committee of twenty-one, of whom, it may be added, only eight were Catholics, began its revision of the separate clauses, there was by no means such unanimity. Some wanted to have a little more liberality shown to the Church, others wanted to have very much less. With the latter end in view the National-Liberal members of the committee proposed an amendment which was calculated to excite still more the already exasperated feelings of the Catholics. The Conservatives, fearing the storm that would assuredly be aroused, voted with the Catholics against the amendment and thus effected its defeat. This seemingly trifling incident proved to be the means of wrecking the whole bill. The National-Liberals, furious at the rejection of their amendment, wreaked their vengeance not upon the Catholics, but upon the Conservatives. The anti-Catholic coalition was torn by dissension, and when, in the early days of June, a vote was taken on the first article of the bill, which article was the hinge of the rest, for it embodied the principle of handing the money over to the State, the National-Liberals, to gratify their spite, voted with the Centre, and the article was defeated. To proceed with a bill the fundamental principle of which had been defeated was impossible, and, amid the wildest jubilation on the Catholic side, the measure was abandoned. It would be hard to find in the pages of history a more forcible example than this of the truth contained in the well-known adage, "When thieves fall, honest men get their due."

Exasperated by the action of those who had loudly demanded the handing over of the money to the State, and then voted against the bill which proposed to do so, the Minister of Worship attempted

to strike a bargain with the Centre. But the Catholics would accept no half measures; they clung obstinately to their original demand that the money belonged to the Church and should be handed over to it. Nothing finally remained to M. de Gossler but to accept their terms. The coalition against them could not be kept together, and the defeat of another measure would have ruined the Government. He consequently set to work to draft a measure restoring the money to the Bishops.

The new bill was laid before the Parliament in January, 1891. Its main provisions were the following: Each of the dioceses was to be compensated for the pecuniary loss sustained because of the withholding of salaries during the Kulturkampf. Whatever remained over out of the twenty millions was to be divided equally and placed at the disposal of the Bishops. When that was done, the State withdrew and the expenditure was left entirely to the discretion of the Bishops. This measure was at first severely criticized and fiercely opposed. But the same spirit of dissension and lack of unity in the ranks of the opposition, which had been the means of defeating the former bill, was still plainly evident and rendered effectual resistance to the measure impossible. In a few months it passed through all its parliamentary stages and became law. Before the end of the same year the money was disposed of in the manner laid down in the bill and the last vestige of the Kulturkampf had disappeared.

The rejoicings occasioned by the magnificent victory of the Catholic Deputies were considerably saddened by the death of Windthorst, which took place only a few weeks before the new bill passed into law. Up to the very moment before he was stricken down with his fatal illness he was the life and soul of the Catholic movement. He went into all parts of the country, organized and marshaled the Catholic voters, healed dissensions and filled every Catholic with a full sense of the responsibility that devolved upon him of standing up for the rights of his Church. His presence was marvelously effective in arousing enthusiasm, his great ability and powerful oratory attracted opponents as well as followers to all his meetings, for his invariable courtesy made it possible for all to do so. Many who listened to him were not followers of his policy and were not in sympathy with most of his principles, but no one could deny that his manner of propounding them was such as could not be objected to, for he never questioned the honesty or doubted the sincerity of his opponent's convictions. In January, 1891, he celebrated his eightieth birthday, and the occasion was made a national festival by the Catholics. From all parts of the Empire messages of congratulation and expressions of loyalty came

pouring in on him. Needless to say, Pope Leo did not fail to participate in the demonstrations got up in honor of this veteran defender of the Church. The Pontiff sent him a special message of congratulation, and showed his appreciation of his services to the Holy See by creating him a Knight of St. Gregory, an honor which he was not destined to enjoy for very long.

For even in the midst of this outburst of devotion and affection his friends could see clearly that he was failing rapidly. But the end came even sooner than most of them expected. Towards the end of February his condition grew worse, and soon it became a question of days. The most distinguished in the land, as well as some of the very poorest, gathered around him in these last moments. Just a week before his death the Emperor came in person to the humble home of him who only a few years before had been publicly stigmatized as an enemy of the Empire and the throne.

On March 14 he passed away. His death was like that of all men whose life has been noble and virtuous. Perhaps the only regret he had on leaving this world was that it did not please the Providence of God that he should be spared to see the last shackles of the Kulturkampf burst in twain. Like Moses, he had led his people into the promised land, but was not privileged to enter it himself. His funeral obsequies were such as might have been accorded to the Emperor. Round his cortege the rivalries of political partisans were hushed, and all Germans became brothers for one day to do honor to the memory of a man whom they all respected alike. One of the many wreaths that covered his coffin was sent by the Emperor, while in the immense multitude that followed his remains to their last resting place every political party and every religious body was represented. Nor was the mourning confined to Germany. The champion of a Universal Church must needs have friends and sympathizers in all parts of the world, and many who attended the obsequies of Windthorst had neither known him nor even seen him. They merely knew that he was the man who had, amidst unpopularity, calumny and abuse, upheld and led to victory the persecuted masses who professed the great world-wide doctrines of Catholicism and whose very name had become synonymous with loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. Even the official organs of Protestantism did not withhold from him their meed of praise. On the day following his funeral the *Berliner Zeitung* wrote of him: "He leaves no enemy behind him; his hearse is encircled with the sympathy of an entire nation, with whose demonstrations of affection even outside countries associate themselves."

By the Catholics of Germany his death, though deeply and sincerely regretted, was not exactly regarded as a disaster to their

cause. Probably no one could have accomplished as skilfully as Windthorst the work that had been done, but the task that lay before them now was comparatively easy. It consisted merely in preserving intact the splendid concessions gained for them mainly through the ability of Windthorst. And the doing of this was not very difficult, for the Catholic population of Germany is too strong and too well organized to be attacked with impunity. As a matter of fact, there has been a close alliance between the Government and the Catholic party ever since, and for many years past they have almost invariably voted side by side on all questions of importance. These harmonious relations, it is true, do not exist at the present moment, owing to the trouble over the question of the Jesuits; but in all probability this little squabble, like many others of the same kind, will soon be amicably settled.

We might have brought this narrative to a close here, for the Kulturkampf can be regarded as having come to an end in 1891. But two years later an important event occurred, a few details of which will not be altogether outside the scope of our article. We have already spoken of the first visit of William II. to the Vatican, as well as of the incidents on which the Emperor adopted a rather partisan attitude against the Papacy. And hence we would not like to close these lines without mentioning his second visit to the Eternal City, for this visit was not marred by anything resembling the disagreeable incidents of the first. In 1893 King Humbert of Italy was celebrating the silver jubilee of his marriage with his cousin, Margaret of Savoy. One of the sovereigns who visited him on the occasion was William II., Emperor of Germany. As on the occasion of his former visit, the Emperor expressed his desire to visit the Vatican and pay his respects to Pope Leo XIII. No difficulty stood in the way as far as the Vatican was concerned, except of course that the Emperor was obliged to comply with the etiquette of which we have already spoken. To this William offered no objection, and arrangements were made for the visit.

On April 23 the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, set out from the Quirinal to the Prussian embassy. Here he was entertained at luncheon, and renewed his acquaintance with several princes of the Church. After the luncheon the Emperor decorated Cardinal Rampolla with the Order of the Black Eagle, a distinction very rarely conferred on outsiders, except monarchs. But even more significant still was the fact that on this occasion also he presented Cardinal Ledochowski, the most prominent victim of the Kulturkampf, with a gold snuff-box. On presenting it to him the Emperor said: "Your Eminence, from this moment the past is forgotten."

From the embassy the Emperor and Empress proceeded to the Vatican. For twenty minutes the two conversed with the Pope, then the Empress withdrew for the purpose of visiting St. Peter's, while the Pontiff and the Emperor remained together for another hour. This time there was no incident which could give rise to jubilation in the columns of the anti-Papal press. The Emperor carried out to the letter all the arrangements that had been agreed on. After the audience he returned to his embassy, changed carriages there and then drove to the Quirinal in the carriage of the King of Italy.

The hostile press did not fail to manifest its indignation at the conduct of William II. The *Corriere di Napoli* declared that the visit to the Vatican had outraged the feelings of all and said that "there would have been universal delight if the Emperor had shown his appreciation of the fact that Rome has ceased to be the metropolis of Catholicity, or else that he had repeated his performance of 1888 and returned directly from St. Peter's to the Quirinal without changing carriages." The *Correspondenza Verde* almost brought the arm of the law on itself for what it said on the point. Commenting on the Emperor's visit to the Pope, this journal said:

"The conditions which the Emperor has been obliged to submit to for the purpose of being admitted into the presence of Leo XIII. make one believe that he has only seized upon the royal silver jubilee as an excuse for getting an opportunity of visiting the Leonine City."

Against this suggestion the official organ of the Government—*La Tribuna*—protested vigorously. This paper recalled the many tributes paid to the existing dynasty by the Emperor and described his attachment to the Vatican as "a black cloud between the young Emperor and the love of the Italian people." But a further suggestion thrown out by this paper, that the Emperor's visit to the Vatican was viewed with popular disfavor, was emphatically denied by other papers having no sympathy at all with the Papal claims. The Roman correspondent of a prominent Milan paper—the *Corriere della Sera*—though in sympathy with the liberal and rather anti-Papal views of the *Corriere*, did not endorse the unfavorable verdict of the Roman papers with regard to this affair. "It is said," he wrote, "that the young Emperor is anxious to be generally popular, abroad as well as at home. He certainly is so at Rome. I witnessed his journey to and from the Vatican, and I can say, notwithstanding all assertions of the official organs to the contrary, that he was enthusiastically applauded even on that day. What is more, I could see that the populace was as much impressed by the simplicity in which he drove to the Pope as it was by the

gorgeous trappings with which he was surrounded on his entrance into Rome." It is therefore more than doubtful if the *Folchetto*—another official organ—represented the feelings of the Roman populace when it protested against "the extraordinary action of an Emperor who, while a guest of the King of United Italy, goes in Italian Rome to pay his respect to an old man for whom the Italian sentiment of Rome has no love and regards as a personification of the diminution of its rights."

It is almost needless to say that William II. paid not the slightest heed to the criticism that was leveled against him for his audacity in visiting a ruler for whom more than twenty millions of his subjects would have laid down their lives. The freedom with which these offensive remarks were published may indeed have persuaded him, as similar events have persuaded many others, that the Pope is very far from being, as he is often represented, the petted darling of the present rulers of Italy, and that the Law of Guarantees, which promises all sorts of nice things to the Roman Pontiff, is nothing but the hollow sham that three successive Popes have not hesitated to pronounce it. At any rate, the attitude of William II. to the Holy See ever since has been of such a fair and conciliatory nature that his fiftieth birthday in 1908 was celebrated by the singing of a *Te Deum* in St. Peter's, the only occasion, as far as we are aware, that such a thing has been done in honor of a Protestant ruler.

Next to the Emancipation of the Catholics of the British Isles, the successful fight of the German Catholics was the greatest victory which the Church won in Europe during the course of the last century. It is a struggle the details of which future generations will recall with pride. Not long ago we heard a public lecturer in this country assert that it was almost impossible to defeat any movement which possessed three qualities—capable leadership, organization and a definite end to be obtained. That would go far towards explaining the victory of the German Catholics. They certainly could not have had two more capable leaders than Pope Leo XIII. and Ludwig Windthorst, while the numerous Catholic associations throughout the country were certain proof of their good organizing power. But perhaps the factor that contributed most to their success was the fact that the end which they wished to arrive at was perfectly well known to every individual taking part in the campaign. It required no pamphlets or no oratory to tell the Catholics what the May Laws were or why they were bound to fight them. But even these qualities are no guarantee of a movement's success, unless another is added to them, namely, a spirit of loyalty among its promoters. And certainly the German

Catholics were not lacking in this. The rank and file obeyed their leaders and the leaders obeyed the Pope. And thus, standing loyally together, they have succeeded in obtaining for themselves and for the generations which shall come after them a position which the Church does not enjoy in any other country of Europe to-day.

One last reflection arises naturally out of the history of the Kulturkampf. Just at the very time that Germany was relaxing her penal laws one by one her near and hostile neighbor, France, was entering on the anti-Catholic campaign which has now reached its climax. If, therefore, we contrast the present condition of things in both countries with the state that existed, let us say, in 1880, we can see how the enslavement of the Church affects the prosperity of a nation. Since that time the population of Germany has increased by more than a million, her external prestige has progressed to a degree that has excited the alarm of the great powers, while the patriotism of her sons is admitted to be second to none. Within the same period the population of France has decreased by just the same amount as that of Germany has increased, her military prestige has fallen so low that it would be regarded as madness for her now to enter unaided into another war against Prussia, the spirit of anti-militarism has made such progress in the ranks of her army that it would be impossible for her leaders to tell how many men they could rely on in case of war. Her protection is sought by no one now, while her larger cities, such as Paris and Lyons, show an increase of crime that is appalling. From the contrasted conditions of these two countries fair-minded men can see what little truth there is in the familiar shibboleth that Catholicism is opposed to the material prosperity of a nation.

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## LOUIS VEUILLOT.

THE date, October 11, 1913, coincides with the first centenary of the birth of Louis Veuillot, the most valiant and vigorous of the lay champions of the Church in the nineteenth century; the brilliant Catholic journalist in whose hands the pen was a powerful weapon with which he smote the French Philistines of his epoch hip and thigh; and the gifted author whose numerous works are among the most finished masterpieces of their kind which the literature of his country has produced within later years.

He was what is called a self-made man. Though of humble origin, he came of a good breed. "Je suis de vieux sang français et chrétien," he said. It was "de bon-ton," we are told, among people who regarded themselves as "superior persons" to belittle him on account of his lowly birth, to look down upon him as "a plebeian." But he made the name respectable and respected; he came to be honored as "the great plebeian" by another distinguished journalist, Edouard Drumont, who, in concluding an *éloge* spoken after his death, said: "What we pay homage to to-day in the tomb is, then, not only the great writer, but also the great plebeian; it is the image of the true people, incarnated in that indefatigable combatant and that convinced Christian; it is the worthy son of those men who, they too, have been to the Crusades, but without bringing back a title; the representative of that nameless multitude who built up the greatness of France. Peasants and workmen, they have for centuries led tranquil, happy, honest lives on their native soil or in the old corporate bodies; in firm and robust hands, which shrank from no labor, they hold, on occasion, the sword, the pen or the tool; they have given to our cathedrals architects like Pierre de Montereau, to our battlefields heroes like Stofflet or Cathelineau, to literature writers like Louis Veuillot."

Veuillot was one of nature's noblemen. As Dr. Lecigne<sup>1</sup> says, in default of quarterings of nobility, he exhibited acts of nobility. Self-centred and self-respecting, he did not hesitate to take down aristocratic pretensions ostentatiously displayed when the individual put on insufferable airs or repudiated the heritage of sacred duties. To an arrogant gentleman of that type he pointedly replied: "I have ascended from a cooper. From whom do you *descend*?" It must not be assumed from this that Veuillot was influenced by any class prejudice; on the contrary, he respected the *noblesse*, but in no servile spirit. There are some fine passages in "*Cà et Là*,"

<sup>1</sup> "Louis Veuillot," par Lecigne, Professeur de Littérature française aux Facultés Catholiques de Lille, p. 5.

where, in speaking of the old or modern aristocracy, he dwells on what is glorious, beneficent, legitimate and necessary in such a social order. In the preface to "*Le Lendemain de la Victoire*" he says: "The *noblesse*, despite errors and wrongdoing which I do not overlook (and from which one will, doubtless, not pretend that the *bourgeoisie* is exempt) has preserved, in proportion to its small number, more Christian and civic virtues than exist in other classes of society. Among them are still found grand and religious customs; they still guard themselves from the greedy love of gain; they still cherish the cult of the past; they still respect the memory of their sires; they still love the poor. And then I maintain that there is something in a name; I recognize in those who possess one a certain superiority over me who have none: *noblesse oblige*."

Though he could not boast of noble birth, he came of a good old French Christian stock. His maternal grandmother, Marianne Adam, in 1793, showed the stuff of which they were made. When the revolutionists wanted to drag in derision through the village of Boynes, in Gâtinais, the large crucifix that stood in front of the church, she seized the heaviest hatchet in her husband's workshop, and, along with other women, placed herself resolutely before it and declared she would strike down the first one who dared to touch the sacred image. No one ventured to insult the Christian emblem, which at nightfall these valiant women deposited in a safe place. The Veuillots were from Noyers, in the Department of the Yonne, where they rented a mill from a neighboring monastery. When the Revolution came, the mill, being monastic property, was confiscated and the Veuillot family dispersed.

"*Catholique et enfant du petit peuple*," as he loved to proclaim himself, Louis Veuillot was the son of François Veuillot, a native of Burgundy, an itinerant cooper, who knew nothing but his trade and possessed nothing but his tools; earning a precarious livelihood by going from town to town in search of work, yet hopeful and light-hearted withal, looking the whole world in the face, like Longfellow's village blacksmith. "My father," he says, "died at fifty. He was a simple workingman, humble, illiterate. A thousand misfortunes had vexed his hard-working days; the only little consolation he had was in the joyful possession of his unswerving, but ignorant virtues. For fifty years no one troubled himself about his soul; never, except at his last hour, did his grief-wrung heart repose in God. He had always masters to sell him water, salt and air, to raise tithes of his sweat, to demand of him his children's blood—never a protector, never a guide. . . . My father had then toiled, suffered and died. Upon the brink of his grave I pondered over the troubles of his life. I evoked them; I saw

them all; and I thought also of the joys that this heart, truly formed for God, might have tasted despite his servile condition—joys pure and profound! The crime of a society that nothing can absolve had deprived him of them! A glimmering of mournful truth made me curse, not labor, not poverty, not pain, but the great social iniquity, impiety, which robs the little ones of this world of the compensation that God was pleased to assign to the inferiority of their lot. And I felt the anathema flash forth in the vehemence of my grief! Yes, that was it. I was beginning to know this society, this civilization, these pretended sages. Disowning God, they have disowned the poor; they have fatally abandoned his soul. I said to myself: 'This social edifice is iniquitous; it will be destroyed.' I was already a Christian; if I had not, from that hour I would have belonged to the secret societies. I would have said to myself, like so many others: 'Why should there be people well-housed, well-clad, well-fed, while we are covered with rags, huddled together in garrets, obliged to work in sun and rain to earn what barely keeps the life in us?' And this problem had turned my head, for if God does not answer, nothing can solve it. In my childhood, when a certain employer came to sharply intimate his orders to my father, my heart leaped; I felt a frantic desire to crush the insolent fellow. I said to myself: 'Who made him master and my father slave? My father is good, brave and strong and has wronged no one, while this fellow is puny, wicked, immoral and a thief!' My father and this man was all I saw of society."<sup>2</sup> What he saw of it afterwards, as he grew up, only deepened the conviction which early in life had seized upon his mind—that French society was permeated by a moral poison, indifferentism or unbelief producing spiritual atrophy, which it had been imbibing for more than a century, and that the only radical cure was to expel the vicious element that was fast hastening its decay; in other words, that the only antidote to Voltaireanism was Catholicism.

"Child of the lowest and most ignorant of the poor people," he says elsewhere, "I was certainly without engagements of any kind. I owe nothing to the monarchy, nothing to the Republic, nothing to the Charter; I owe nothing to society. Under any régime and in any place in the world, I could not have been more of a savage; I could not have lived more abandoned than I was born and have lived. At our birth both my parents and I had, it is true, received baptism; was it by the care of men or by the mercy of God? Society had let us lose the grace of this baptism; our only good; the clemency of God alone restored it to us. That I learned to read in my youth, in place of learning, like a child of the Orinoco, to scalp a vari-

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<sup>2</sup> "Les livres-penseurs." *Preface* to the first edition.

quished enemy, makes no difference; only in my hands the knife was the art of writing. I assert that I knew not God; I was less civilized than the lowest peasant of Bretagne who goes to confession and says his 'Pater.' I was exposed to commit a thousand crimes of which that peasant had no conception. I was going by the literary road, or by the political road, or by a thousand others—it does not matter—I was going by the grand highway of life and the beaten track of society—where? To fortune, to pleasure, perhaps, but more certainly to eternal damnation. These are my obligations to the world! No; I owe nothing but to God—and I belong only to the party of God."<sup>a</sup>

Born on the 11th of October, 1813, at Boynes, a small town of the Gâtinais (Loiret), where the poor nomadic workman, tired of a wandering existence, found a wife and made a home for her, pitching his tent in the place where Providence enabled him to find the treasure of a good and faithful companion, persuaded that there, too, he would find bread—Louis, the eldest of a family of four children, was the first of his name who knew how to read. The loss of some hundreds of francs, the fruit of several years' work, through the failure of a local merchant with whom they had deposited all their earnings, having broken up their little household, they went, like many others, to conceal their misery in Paris, occupying the fourth story of a house in the Rue des Maçons-Sorbonne, and doing their best to keep the wolf from the door "with a stoical resignation and an indomitable heroism that cannot be described."

A very short time after the family had removed to Paris Louis was sent back to Boynes, confided to the care of his grandfather, a poor wheelwright, until he entered on his eleventh year. There he, along with his young brother, Eugene, picked up some scraps of elementary knowledge at the village school, until he had to leave it to rejoin the family circle at Bercy, where his father had obtained employment as an operative cooper, the wages being three francs a day for a working day of fourteen hours. It was with a pang that Louis quitted the green fields for Paris streets and the riverside. His heart was more in the country than in the busy boulevards. In a sonnet he later gave expression to this sentiment, to a longing for the fields, the woods, the moors and calm spaces, and his delight at the prospect of seeing again

les chaumes touchants,  
Les clochers élanés les maisonnettes basses,  
Les roseaux dans l'eau pure!

and "les bonnes gens et les bonnes coutumes," with "les seuils

<sup>a</sup> "Rome et Lorette," Chap. LIV., pp. 332-333.

fleuris bâtis par les aïeux," sights which bring songs from the heart and tears from the eyes.

The home of the Veuillots was poor, but peaceful and happy. "My father and mother," he relates, "regulated their conduct according to the rules of a rigid probity; they reared by the sweat of their brow four children, for after the two boys came two girls; they worked unceasingly; no holiday, no rest, no night, in some sort, for them; they only gave up working when excessive fatigue and privations brought on sickness; they nourished with their blood and their days that numerous family, who were always hungry; with sublime generosity they helped their parents, still poorer than themselves. Alas! they fulfilled all the duties of religion, except those that give consolation and hope. In sparing us all they could to save us from their sufferings, they could only say to us: 'Accustom yourself to work; you'll have plenty of it!' And not a word about God! I say it to the shame of my time, and not to theirs, they knew not God. Children, both, at a time when they were massacring priests, they found none in their villages to teach them; and all that they had heard of the Church and the ministers of religion, as they grew older, from persons who knew more than they did, inspired them with horror. Only my mother, through a remnant of traditions which came to her from her own mother, wished that I should go to the Sunday Mass, whither she went herself on great feasts, and had taught me some fragments of the 'Ave Maria,' which I recited at night at the foot of my bed."<sup>4</sup>

Recalling the struggles and strain of those early days in after life, he wrote: "The Lord laid upon me the cross of a wandering life. I early quitted my family; the nest was not large enough for the brood, and my parents themselves, forced like me to quit theirs, brought me from my native place when I had hardly emerged from the cradle and ventured my first steps upon a ground I did not see again, too young to long remember it, and old enough already to feel this first leave-taking; so that the liveliest recollection I have of my poor country is the memory of the tears I could not restrain at seeing the village steeple disappear below the horizon. Some one then said to me, smiling: 'Adieu, Boynes!' Adieu! It seems to me it was the first word that fell upon my ear, and I sometimes said to myself that it was like a presage of my whole life. I have rambled, pitching my tent to-day in one place, to-morrow in another, always obliged to leave at the moment when, feeling my heart taking root, it was pleasant to think I might remain."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> "Rome et Lorette," Introduction, p. 14.

<sup>5</sup> "Rome et Lorette," Chap. XXXV., p. 285.

Veuillot was largely self-taught. He learned little at school at Boynes or Bercy; in fact, he confessed that he could not get beyond the pronouns in grammar. A good-natured usher, however, conceived a kind of affection for the boy and taught him some syntax, history and rudimentary Latin. He deplores, among other things, not having had the advantage of being educated by the disciples of De la Salle, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, against whom his mother had prejudices, then sown broadcast among the people, and who were excluded, by the subaltern tyranny of the municipal council, from any participation in the direction of the *Ecole Mutuelle*. "I was then," he says, "thrown into that infamous *Ecole Mutuelle*, and it took two days' work from my poor father every month—I cannot think of it but with heated brow, my father nearly died of it!—it needed two days of devoted labor to pay for the lessons of corruption I received from my comrades and from a master who was drunk three-fourths of his time. This elect of the municipal council, not making enough for his thirst out of his class and his monopoly, also kept a circulating library, and made us carry the romances of Paul de Kock, Lamothe-Langon and, in fact, all the authors who could please the municipal councillors of the *banlieu* in 1824 to the ladies and big people of the place, after he had puffed these charming productions (that was his expression) in circulars written by us under his dictation. You are thinking whether we refrained from reading those fine books we thus hawked about. For my part, I did not fail; and it is of such accursed reading my soul still bears the odious wounds. Still, the school was 'religious;' we regularly got leave of absence for the smallest feast days when, not less regularly, our venerable teacher went to bed dead drunk; and we were taught our catechism! It was after this teaching I made my First Communion. Abominable memory! Let the crime fall on other heads; I have not to bear it all. Happy those who go through life under the protection of the recollections and graces of that glorious day! They robbed me of that happiness. Driven to the Holy Table by ignorant or impious hands, I approached without knowing of what a holy and dread banquet I was partaking. I came back with my stains upon me; I returned no more."<sup>a</sup>

It was now time to think of how he was to earn his living, and the author of "*Rome et Lorette*" relates with charming *naïveté* the perplexities of the poor workman and his wife, when they took counsel together one evening by the fireside, while the object of their solicitude feigned to be sleeping, upon the difficult question of giving Louis a start in life. It is a page of "the short but

<sup>a</sup> "*Rome et Lorette*," Introduction, pp. 14-15.

simple annals of the poor," such as Burns or Crabbe might have turned into melodious verse, and Dickens drawn with a few dexterous strokes of his graphic pen—a bit of homely *genre* that a painter would like to transfer to canvas, with all its traits of blended humor and pathos and local color. "Ah! philosophers, statesmen and friends of the people," he exclaims, "how little they see in the garrets of the fine things you think you are doing and the fine things you promise! Go there and see what an iron yoke the selfishness you have set up in society has imposed upon them; go there and learn what abominable falsehoods are all your works, and know for once that if you do not strive to render men better and more charitable, you will never succeed in rendering them less unfortunate. Everywhere my father and mother saw only hard, impenetrable hearts; they had no hope, but, resigned like savages, they accused neither God nor man; they thought that the world and life had everywhere and always been like this."

The first post Veuillot filled was that of junior clerk in a lawyer's office at twenty francs (sixteen shillings) a month. The office was that of Fortuné Delavigne, brother of Casimir Delavigne, the poet-dramatist, whose numerous plays and lyrics had fanned the flame which was soon to burst forth in the revolutionary conflagration that cast a lurid light upon the closing days of the Restoration. It was quite unlike an ordinary lawyer's office; it was more like a literary coterie. The staff included Auguste Barbier, Jules and Natalis de Wailly, Emile Perrin and Gustave Ollivier, who was destined to have an important share in shaping Veuillot's career. All of these made names for themselves afterwards in literature or art. Among the clients was a certain number of men of letters and dramatic authors, notably Scribe, Bayard and Germain Delavigne, second brother of Fortuné. When there was a "first night," or initial performance of a piece by one of these writers, the office was closed at 4 o'clock, and all the clerks repaired to the theatre to form a *claque* and lead the applause. This *milieu* helped to open his mind, to fill it with ideas and to develop his aptitude for literature; for every one sang, rhymed or painted; all thought more of future fame than of dry legal procedure. They lent him books, which he devoured, for he was an omnivorous reader, and he applied himself to the study of history and the classic seventeenth century writers. Natalis de Wailly, who later became a learned paleographer and member of the Académie des Inscriptions, and Gustave Ollivier, who became a journalist, gave him lessons in Latin. More attention seems

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<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, Introduction, p. 13.

to have been devoted to literature than law. Veuillot, of course, caught the contagion and began to write a tragedy at fifteen.

Meanwhile he was struggling upward slowly. When his salary was raised to thirty francs and he was given the use of an attic in the same building where the office was situate, he arranged in it some volumes that he called his "library," for reading and collecting were always his delight. To piece out his slender income he did copying work outside of office hours and helped to unload sand boats on the Seine for a trifling wage. Intent on self-improvement, he occasionally went to the Sorbonne to hear Cousin, Villemain or Guizot, then very much in vogue as writers and orators. His poverty debarred him from social intercourse. When one of the Waillys or Gustave Ollivier, who lived with their families, invited him to visit them in their homes, it was with a sense of humiliation he felt constrained to appear in clothes too wide, too small or threadbare. It was a hard life. When, with hunger not half appeased, he left the cheap eating house where he dined for eight or ten sous (fourpence or fivepence) and saw people seated in the fashionable restaurants, he did not envy them, but said to himself cheerily, "My turn will come."

Literature, of which he was already enamored, only presented itself to him under two forms—the romantic and the dramatic. He felt rather a repugnance for politics, though, in the sequel, it was politics which was to open the way to journalism, in which he shone.

He had by this time reached the grade of second clerk. He gives us a suggestive insight into this epoch of his life in a charming passage in the "*Libres Penseurs*," where he tells us how he and his brother Eugene, to whom he was much attached, used to meet every Sunday under the third tree in the catalpas walk in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and contrived to be happy with only seven sous and a half each.

The circle into which he was drawn was liberalist and Voltairean. While its literary tone allured, its irreligiousness repelled him. In one of his books he draws a striking picture, only too true, too realistic of the society into which the exigencies of his position had thrown him. It discloses more than one aspect of the social condition of France at that epoch—an epoch of transition when minds, stimulated by vague aspirations, were in a state of continuous ferment. "Abandoned in the world at thirteen, without a guide, without advisers, without friends, without, so to speak, a master—without God!" he exclaims, "O bitter destiny! I met good-hearted people; they were not wanting in generosity or indulgence to me; but no one took care of my soul, no one made me drink at the



sacred source of duty. The streets of Paris constituted the education of my mind; the conversation of a few young men among whom I had to live, that of my heart. Except one, who came too late and went away too soon, they did not imagine there was any need of reserve before childhood. They were honest young fellows, but they came out of college, were reading law, and, according to the fashion of the time, were liberals. Those who liked me best took me to the play; those who found me intelligent lent me books, and I continued by myself, at full liberty, the studies I had so well begun under M. Paul de Kock and M. Lamothe-Langon. In my father's poor house they at least sometimes said: 'May God have pity on us!' But now I heard nothing but impious scoffings. There the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français* were still prophets; there no one, unless myself, perhaps, wanted bread, and when, in my misery, my isolation, my servitude, I had such need of knowing a prayer, it was blasphemy they brought me; blasphemy I saw everywhere, heard in every discourse, read in every book, admired in every play I witnessed. Neither at the bottom nor the top of the ladder, around me nor above me, saw I anything that taught me how to pray. As I grew older I discovered nothing but unjust oppressions in life, nothing but iniquitous and injurious divisions; nothing but the accident of birth, fortunate for others, insupportable to me—an accident I was at liberty, no doubt, to get over, but could not get over except by myself alone, which rendered every means permissible. Such is the people they have formed, the cannibal they starve and disembarass of every scruple in abandoning it to the spur of its necessities! I pity those the ferocious beast will devour; but, remembering my past, it is not I can accuse it; no, indeed, I cannot. I was seventeen when I saw the little children of the *bourgeoisie* around me exult at having demolished the altar and the throne. I was eighteen when I saw the ferocious beast pull down the crosses. My former companions were already beginning to be less exultant; but I applauded in my turn. Neither they nor I thought of seeing in the Cross the symbol of salvation, the symbol of liberty—the two Divine arms stretched out to protect the world; but, like the government of those days, they contemplated that act of terrifying audacity with cowardly disquietude. All that fell aroused their fears; they had a dwelling somewhere. All that fell aroused my joy; I saw myself condemned to abide with the dust of the high roads, and already I was uttering things that terrified them.”<sup>8</sup>

Painful as these experiences were, they were a preparation for the part he was to play. The next stage in his formation was

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<sup>8</sup> "Rome et Lorette," Introduction, pp. 19-20.

reached when he drifted on to the press. He had written verses and sent them to his friends; he was then under the influence of Hugo and Musset. One of these friends, Henri de Latouche, who poetized like himself, but had recovered from his fit of romanticism and opened his eyes to the hollowness and meretriciousness of the young school, became his literary mentor and said to him: "You are a born writer. Work hard; I'll help you, and you'll succeed." When the July revolution occurred and led to changes of men and policies, the direction of the *Figaro* was entrusted to Latouche, who asked him to write a short article which he promised to insert, and kept his word, to the delight and encouragement of the budding journalist. At the *Figaro* office he met several prominent people, writers, chroniclers, romancists, etc., including Gozlan, Roqueplan, Felix Pyat, Jules Sandeau and George Sand. He frequented the theatres, outlined romances and wrote sentimental poetry, without, however, neglecting to gratify his appetite for study. Gustave Ollivier having procured him a position on the editorial staff of the *Echo de Rouen*, he made his formal *début* in journalism. With the usual self-confidence of the young journalist, he wrote on all subjects as they turned up—politics, the drama, economic or art questions, local affairs, history, archæology and tales in prose or verse. His readers, we are told, recognized in him the gift of expression and style. Already a hot polemist, he made enemies as well as friends, and in a few months fought two duels, one with an actor named Tilly on account of a dramatic critique and the other with one of the editors of the *Journal de Rouen*, a republican organ. In after years he made a penitential pilgrimage to the scene of these encounters in the vicinity of Rouen, and in broad daylight, with his brother and sisters kneeling alongside of him, they united in prayer, imploring God's forgiveness for the contrite duelist. He had joined the *Echo* as a *feuilletonist* and dramatic critic; but, plunging into politics, soon acquired the reputation of being a *conservateur fougueux*. "Without any other preparation," he says, "I became a journalist. I found myself in the party of resistance. I would have quite as willingly, and even more willingly, been in the movement. It is an avowal, the ignominy of which I do not shirk. I wish to have it known that it was religion alone that made me comprehend true honor and reëstablished me in my dignity. In the new society in which I found myself the grand question was to crush anarchy, consolidate order and reëstablish sound doctrines. I visited the most excellent fathers of families in the world, the shrewdest men of property, the most honorable citizens. They had one god: it was public order. They implored me to defend it. I defended order, which was also my god, and

which truly had had adversaries pitiful enough to make it a pleasure to defend it. I reestablished sound doctrines I knew nothing about; I crushed anarchy with great vigor; I sometimes even opposed 'the encroachments of the clergy,' which they would not have been sorry to see me do oftener; but soon—my good sense deserves the praise—I felt a repugnance to it. My esteem for my party did not prevent me remarking much difference between them and the clergy.”<sup>9</sup>

His progress in journalism was rapid. From 1833 to 1836 he was chief editor of the *Mémorial de la Dordogne*, an Orleanist or Ministerial paper at Périgueux. One of its conservative backers was General Bugeaud, whom he interviewed in Paris. “You appear to me very young,” said the General. “How old are you?” “Nineteen.” “I’d prefer you were twenty-five,” observed Bugeaud. “But I’d rather be nineteen. For the rest, General, have no fears; I’ll pull through.” “They told me so, but, all the same, you’re very young. Stop, sit down there and write something on Odillon Barrot.” “Most willingly.” Louis wrote a page, not *on*, but *against* Odillon Barrot and handed it to Bugeaud. “Perfect!” exclaimed the General. “I’ll guarantee you to my friends.” He had only a year’s training in newspaper work when he boldly assumed full editorial responsibility. It brought him in contact with types of people characteristic of French provincial society, particularly middle-class society, whom, with his great talent for character drawing or pen portraits, he later introduced into his curious romance, “l’Honnête Femme,” in “Cà et Là” and in “Les Libres Penseurs.” This society was all on the side of the new government of Louis Philippe, intent on personal comfort or gain, not troubling itself about the religious question, except to evince distrust of what was called the “parti prêtre.” Religion was tolerated rather than respected, interest centring in governmental politics and worldly gossip. Veuillot wrote up the Conservative side so vigorously as to provoke a third and last duel, when he “went out” with a republican who proposed, like the famous Galway blazer, to

take his life  
At ten or fifteen paces.

But, luckily for this combatant, Veuillot spared him, refusing to return his fire after he had received the bullet in his clothes, simply saying: “Let him go home; his parents may be uneasy.” The brilliant young journalist made many friends; he frequented the *salons*, notably those of the Prefecture; contracted the closest and friendliest relations with Romieu, the celebrated Prefect, and mixed

<sup>9</sup> “Rome et Lorette,” *loc. cit.*

among officials, magistrates and professors. He also came in contact with excellent priests, among others the Abbé Guigne, later known as Père Ambroise, and deemed it his duty to recognize their virtues, but never troubled himself to question them about the faith or the doctrines they taught. Since his First Communion, made in complete indifference and ignorance, he had hardly retained any remembrance of any religious custom or impression.

The *Memorial*, like the *Echo*, was, in the political jargon of the day, "a Conservative journal;" that is to say, ministerial, Voltairean, anti-clerical, but affecting a moderation which found favor with those wavering Catholics who stood with uncertain foothold upon the slippery incline of liberalism. "A certain little local paper of the breed that has given us the *Siècle*," says Veuillot, "by no means strengthened my dispositions to respect the Church, which it unceasingly attacked. Despite my ignorance, I revolted against those dishonest and clumsily expressed opinions."

The young journalist prospered and became well-to-do. "I possessed," he says, "what but lately I had thought my whole life were uselessly spent in dreaming of. I had got into a society my poor mother thought very fashionable. I had myself made the breach through which I had entered; the equals of my superiors of yesterday were now only very small people alongside me."<sup>10</sup> People congratulated him on the influence, fortune and consideration to which his talents had rapidly raised him and having had his lot cast in a time so favorable to their utilization. But the object of these felicitations was himself far from being thoroughly satisfied with a position that had all the outward seeming of success creditably achieved and agreeably enjoyed; he felt the need, the craving of something more than all this to gratify a mind capable of higher things than to have its powers wasted on petty newspaper squabbles and composing *feuillatons* in which the author affected to believe very little in religion or metaphysics and posed *en desillusionné*. Like his literary friend and mentor, Gustave, a veritable Parisian of the period, who, if he had a religion, it was that of the Scandinavians, Veuillot had what he calls the religion of the lyre, that piety of the rhymers of his time, which consisted in replacing Jupiter by Jehovah, love by an angel, and, by a detestable profanation, bringing the virginal name of the Queen of Heaven into elegies addressed to the Phillises and Chloes. "Without denying the existence of God," he frankly avows, "I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of the Christian law. I read in the writings of the deepest thinkers of our days, thinkers who most arrested attention and were most extolled, that Christianity had been beautiful and useful, but

<sup>10</sup> "Rome et Lorette," Introduction.

that it was dead; and I readily believed that, in fact, Christianity *was* dead. Nothing around me told me that it lived. In the town I lived in there were, undoubtedly, upright people; there was not a man of my acquaintance—not one!—neither functionary, nor professor, nor magistrate, old or young, who fulfilled his religious duties; not a mother of a family who had once spoken in my presence to her children of God, the Church, or anything that had the least connection with religion.”<sup>11</sup> Since the day of his First Communion he had not put his foot inside a church; Catholicism was to him an unknown quantity, he ignored it, but he did not abuse it like others; it rather had a vague attraction for him, despite his indifference. He was morally a mystery to himself, a mystery he could not unravel, which baffled his introspective scrutiny. He felt the need of prayer, for which his soul hungered. One day when he went to describe for his paper a pilgrimage to some shrine of Our Lady of Good Help he was pained at being unable to join them as they knelt in prayer. “I regretted,” he records in his journal, “at not being able to do like those around me; they were praying fervently, with such faith that I would have wished to bend my knees and pray. It must be so sweet to believe firmly that the prayer of your heart goes all luminous to heaven and is heard there.”

He was discontented with himself and his surroundings. A close observer, he saw on one side the social misery of the people and on the other the moral misery of the middle classes. He had been a republican for a moment, but the republicans disgusted him; they had no other end in view but a mad despotism; the people in their hands were nothing more than a machine to make war with, a slave they neither would nor could enfranchise, and only knew how to intoxicate. He sided with the government because it was attacked, and he loved fighting opponents. But in his heart of hearts he despised the liberalized, self-seeking *bourgeoisie*, in whose interests he defended law and order. As a man of the people, he felt like a renegade in going into that camp, felt as if he had betrayed his father and the cause of the proletarian masses from whom he sprang.

“I come from the people,” he said, “from those who have only their work, who live in abjection, who need everything, and for whom nothing is done.” Pointing to a shouting crowd on one occasion, he said: “There I have my father, whom they use like a beast of burden, and my mother, bowed down under a weight of care. Chance would have it that a ray of sunshine should warm their closing days.”

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<sup>11</sup> “Rome et Lorette,” Chap. I, p. 31.

He was in this state of mind, tortured with a self-contempt that resembled remorse, when news, strange and startling to him and his associates in Perigueux, suddenly reached him from Paris. It was in a letter from Gustave, whom he calls his protector rather than his friend, being more advanced in age, social position and education, who had taught him much of what he knew and had given him his first lessons in "*ce redoutable métier de la presse*," and who was now to be the providential cause of his conversion at a moment when the *tedium vitæ* weighed heaviest upon him, and he was striving in vain to argue down the pleadings of conscience by cold, rationalistic counter-pleas, or seeking relief in a kind of stolid stoicism from the *ennui* that pursued him like the Nemesis of unbelief. "He informed me," he relates, "that he was a Christian, adding to make himself better understood, that he had a confessor and that he was going to Communion. I thought that some dreadful misfortune had stricken my friend. I read his letter to the most 'enlightened' man I knew. 'What do you think of it?' I asked. 'Our friend,' he replied, 'is a fool.' Now, Gustave did not break out into one of those hymns of gratitude which gush from the hearts of new Christians as water gushed from the rock struck by Moses. Better inspired as to what he should tell me, he had calmly traced for me a clear and rapid outline of the consolations religion brings and the duties it prescribes. He is a fool! Such is the first judgment I hear delivered upon the Gospel and the hearts it subjects."<sup>12</sup>

A hurried visit to Paris convinced him that Gustave was no fool. "He told me the story of his struggles; they were mine. He urged me to imitate him in the last effort that had given him the victory. Alas! the very price of the triumph terrified me."

Fleeing from the light after he had caught a glimpse of it, he fell into a state of slumbrous spiritual lethargy. "If I could have enemies," he says, "there would be none to whom in my hatred I would wish the horror of such a repose. Gustave was, however, praying for me; he also thought of my temporal future, which I had ever abandoned to all the winds of earth, and through his solicitude I came to Paris. It was a great thing for him to venture. Never in my dreariest isolation and abandonment, when I was young, ignorant and cast adrift, had Paris threatened to be so hard and dangerous to me. I was going there to face other precipices, engage in other combats. I was twenty-three, poor no longer, no longer timid, and in the midst of my reveries on the way grew ambitious. Sincerely, I was entering Paris with thoughts of victory—quite decided to become a Minister as soon as possible. However,

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<sup>12</sup> "Rome et Lorette."

I was not big enough, nor, thank God, foolish enough to long dream of becoming a personage."

He left Périgueux at the close of 1836 with sincere regret, but with the good wishes of all his friends, who predicted great things for him, the Prefect Romieu saying: "Go at once; your future is in Paris, and it will be brilliant. If you like, you'll be State Councillor before me, or Deputy and soon Minister." His future certainly was in Paris, and a brilliant career was to follow his advent thither, but not such as his friends fancied. Ollivier, who had launched the young publicist on the provincial press, secured him an appointment on the editorial staff of the *Charte de 1830*, a semi-official evening paper, started under the auspices of Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction. Veuillot and Leon Masson were the political editors and imparted a very combative tone to the paper, which collapsed after a brief existence of six months, sharing the fate of the Ministry of the 6th of September. Veuillot then joined the *Paix*, another "Conservative" journal, likewise in Guizot's interest and that of the statesmen of 1830, who were vainly striving to dissociate the July *régime* from the Revolution. He was one of the first to realize the impracticability of this policy; but when the proprietor abandoned Guizot for Molé, the new Minister, he protested against this change of front. It was in the office of the *Paix* he first met Montalembert, with whom he was to be closely associated for a time as a comrade in arms in the struggle for Catholic freedom, until differences of opinion drove them into mutual opposition.

After breaking with *La Paix* he entered on an election campaign which took him to Mâcon, where he saw Lamartine; Toulouse, Nîmes, Aigues-Mortes, Avignon and Périgueux, where his brother Eugene had succeeded him as chief editor of the *Memorial*. Politics, ministerialist or anti-ministerialist, interested him less and less, while literature, which he had loved so much, seemed in its contemporary form vapid or unclean. Disheartened and disgusted, rejecting the offers of the *Constitutionnel* and *Journal des Débats*, which sought to attach him to their staffs, he lost all faith in politics, and having no religious faith to satisfy at once the desires of his heart and his intellectual needs, was a prey to very gloomy and distracting reflections. "I was ashamed," he says, "of the breaches made in my conscience; I was tired of the fragments of honesty that remained; I had no longer any political faith. A year of polemics had crushed, brayed, pulverized convictions that rested upon no solid basis in the past—that I saw lead to nothing in the future. Under the continual action of railleries and bad examples, the varnish of frail morality that covered them was dissolved.

Alone with myself, I could not combine, either in politics or morals, two ideas that were not at variance, and to either of which I was not indifferent. I lost the sense of what is upright and honest; I was losing even the will and the energy to combat. I only gave myself two months to be nothing more than one of those *condottieri* of the pen, who go from one camp to another to sell not so much their bravery as their inactivity. Illusions of youth, generous desires and generous loftiness of soul, pride of honor, pride of duty, self-devotion, friendship, love—everything was sullied, everything was dying out, everything was going to ruin." He had uttered his last cry to heaven and was abandoning himself to any fate that might await him, when his friend, Gustave, whose conversations had taught him many things and dissipated many prejudices, until one day he found himself defending the Catholic religion against some of his old arguments, persuaded him to be his traveling companion in a tour of Southern Europe. They met one carnival day when Gustave, finding him downcast, said: "I am going to Italy, Greece, Constantinople. Come with me." Veuillot was ready to go anywhere, but pecuniary resources were wanting. Although he had been for some time in receipt of a good income, he had saved nothing. The director of the *Moniteur Parisien* suggested asking for an official mission, the expenses to be paid by the Government. Two Ministers, Salvandy and Montalivet, supported his application, which was granted, and he was deputed to visit and report on benevolent institutions in Italy, the Levant and elsewhere. He rushed off to Bercy to embrace his parents, borrowed wherewith to pay in advance the *pension* of his sisters, whom he placed in a convent boarding school, and rejoined his faithful friend, who was like his earthly angel guardian. "Eight days after," he narrates, "I had quitted Paris, and already with lightened heart was traversing the Marseilles route. I thought I was going to Constantinople; I was going farther—I was going to Rome, I was going to baptism."

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## WHY CATECHISM IS STILL TAUGHT IN SPANISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE power of Freemasonry is well known. Europe and America can each point to its countless lodges. The inhabitants of France, England, Italy, Russia and Germany, the worker and the aristocrat, have all learned the mysterious grip, the secret password. Great is the influence of this vast body of men, and this influence (every Catholic knows it from his childhood) is used in the vain attempt to conquer the unconquerable Church of God. So well known is the hostility of Freemasonry to Catholicism that no one is surprised, if we except the Masons themselves, when the lodges try to banish the Catholic religion from Spain.

Sure that it cannot change the faith of the aged, Freemasonry attaches itself to another plan. Why not kill this hateful religion in the young, the innocent, the inexperienced? No sooner thought than done. And the lodges endeavor to wean the youth of Spain from the ecclesiastical mother that blessed them in their cradle. But to attain any end means must be adopted. Masonry is no exception to so sweeping a law. First, it establishes the modern schools (*escuelas modernas*) in Spain. Their founder is Ferrer. He it was that initiated Barcelona to the "Tragic Week" (*semana tragica*). His name is written in the blood of innocent women, in smouldering convents, on mutilated tombs. American Catholics know his career, know he was shot as a rebel to authority, as a plotter against his king. All this the world is aware of, and Ferrer's memory is forever doomed to the execration of posterity.

Ferrer was rightly shot. Masonry, were it just for once, would admit it. As it is, Masonry is convinced. But in the execution of Ferrer the lodges saw a powerful ally, one which would help them to further their perverse plans; naturally the lodges availed themselves of such a radical procedure against one of their number. The Conservative-Liberals were in power at the time. Masonry set every cog and wheel of the political machine in motion to eject them from office. They were overthrown. Justice had obtained the death of Ferrer; Masonry proclaimed that the rule of the Inquisition was not over; it held up Spain to the eye of the world as a bigoted, bloodthirsty nation; it fabricated terrible tales about the ecclesiastical government; it spread them broadcast; it sought, in brief, to bring Spain into disrepute with the modern world, to throw discredit upon the Conservatives who had seconded the efforts of the hoary monks so skillful in the use of the rack, thumbscrew and other

instruments of torture. Consequently, the Conservative party and Señor Maura, its leader, were overthrown. The intrigues of the lodges were successful, and the Radical-Liberals came into power. Señor Segismundo Moret first presided over the Radical-Liberals; he was succeeded shortly after by Señor Canalejas, the champion of "advanced ideas" and the protagonist of anti-Catholicism.

The Conservatives out of office and the governing faction made up of men who bragged of their Liberalism, Freemasonry and the rank and file of anti-clericalism could not but be satisfied. Now the Inquisition would be relegated to the fabled past. The lodges had a splendid ally in the Radical government. A fitter one, one more capable of entering heart and soul into the execution of its designs against the Church or against the religious education of the young, could not be found. The Government began its campaign at once. It broke off its official relations with the Holy See.

However, Señor Canalejas was soon removed from the chair of presidency by the bullet of an assassin. The ambitious Count Romanones next occupied his position. Foresighted, he surveyed the political situation. We can fancy him saying to himself: "How can I hold my position?" and answering: "I need the united support of Republicanism, Socialism and Freemasonry." "How can I obtain this support?" "By declaring that I am an out-and-out anti-clerical; this course of action cannot fail to firmly establish me in my position." The declaration which he made at the very beginning of his presidency proves that he must have entertained the thoughts which we have attributed to him or their equivalent. For he openly declared that his policy was the policy of Señor Canalejas; that he would not swerve a hair's breadth from the programme outlined by his predecessor. By this declaration he won the sympathy of the anti-clericals, whilst he lost the friendship of the vast majority of voters, all of whom are good Catholics. Cunning, a schemer of the first water, shrewd and alert, he is still undaunted. But without the masses he sees clearly that his reign must be short indeed; he must and will win the favor of the Catholic party. He is steering a dangerous course now; he must flatter the enemies of the Church, allure them by fair words and great promises, and yet he must appear as a promoter of Catholic welfare. Avoiding carefully the openly violent and rash irreligious policy of Señor Canalejas, he spares no effort to establish communication with Rome.

Ulysses escaped both Scylla and Charybdis, but Count Romanones escaped neither. He displeased Republicans and displeased Catholics. He was pressed and harassed by the anti-clericals, who taunted him, recalling the promises he had made to them and had never

fulfilled. The Church was still living in Spain; the monasteries had not been destroyed; religious walked the streets; Bishops and priests preached and catechized; the churches were filled; the people were still Catholic; the Cross still pierced the heavens! What had he accomplished? Undismayed, the Count strives to hush the clamor. How? Royal decrees are issued and promulgated which permit Spanish soldiers declaring that they are not Catholics, to omit certain religious duties prescribed in the military code. Again, the religious of Spain had always been free from military service; the Count forces them to leave the altar for the tent, the breviary for the sword and musket. In this manner the Count forces them to give up their religious duties. Thus the Count labored to satisfy the greedy maw of the Radicals.

This was not enough for them. Freemasonry and Radicalism had other and vaster schemes. They knew full well that the realization of their designs against the Catholic Church meant that they must strike religious education to the very heart. To do this the teaching of religion must be banished from the public schools. Children must be brought up "a la moderna." Superstition, bigotry, priestcraft must not be allowed to influence the child. No, the infant must be educated without God, without morality, without religion, without respect for their parents, without patriotism. And such must be the education of the coming generation! Such the doctrines instilled into babes endowed with free will and a God-given intellect! Is it possible that men are found who can advocate so fatal and so foolish a platform? Yet the Grand Oriente, Señor Morayta, the president of the *Institution libre de la enseñanza*, of Madrid; Señor Cosío and the Masonic fraternity urge, command, entreat Count Romanones to eject the catechism from the schools as a superannuated fantasy!

Will he do it? Will he aid them? Ready to please his sympathetic friends, the Count gives his word. Freemasonry knows that he is a man of honor. He can be counted upon. For once Señor Count Romanones reckoned without his host.

As soon as the Count gave the slightest indication of his intentions to the public, Spain sprang up indignant at such an idea. Vigorous, unanimous, persistent protests were made against the Government's action. Repeated cries of indignation rang out on all sides. Men who had helped the Government to perpetrate past outrages against the Church, men of well-known liberal tendencies, progressives of the advanced type, united together to oppose a measure which left their offspring no religious training. The aristocracy, the dignitaries of the Church, the toilers of the soil, men of all social ranks energetically denounced so terrible a procedure. Before the threat-

ening attitude of militant, Catholic Spain the Government trembled with fear. It had taken a false step. The mistake was a fearful one. It saw the ground was not yet prepared for the introduction of such innovations. To retrace its steps was impossible, to advance disastrous. If it withdrew, it would appear scatter-brained; if it enforced the plan, danger was ahead.

The Radical-Liberals tried to save the situation by saying that the Catholics had been needlessly alarmed, that they were ignorant of the Government's designs. "The Government," said Señor Count Romanones, "does not intend to do away with the teaching of the catechism in the public schools. No, Spain is a Catholic nation. The Government, although Liberal, is Catholic also; therefore it will not have schools where no religion is taught. The purpose of the Government is to give the child whose parents declare he is not a Catholic full freedom in the matter of the catechism. The respect due to the liberty of both boy and parent, as well as progress and the condition of modern society, strongly recommend the measure we have proposed. Moreover, the religious opinions, the duties of Catholic parents, who are the great majority in Spain, will be respected."

This political stratagem of the Count was seen through; the Catholics of Spain perceived the Government's purpose and guessed its plans. They redoubled their efforts and multiplied their protests. The movement grew; the enthusiasm was catching; the excitement of the people rolled like a huge billow from city to city. Catholic meetings were held in every hamlet. A great gathering of protesting Catholics was to take place in Madrid. The Court was ardent and thoroughly aroused. Preparations were made on a vast and imposing scale. The efforts of the countless committees gave promise of a demonstration never before paralleled. The disturbance was one of tremendous power, a truly national protest, and the display of Catholic energy was magnificently unequaled. Such an array of warlike Catholic forces could not but alarm the Government. It appealed to Rome. The President called on the Bishop of Madrid, entreating him to prohibit the meeting of this great congress. He promised that the Government would do nothing to hurt the feelings of the Catholics; he promised it would take no step in the matter without having consulted the Holy See. Madrid anxiously awaited the appointed day, Sunday, March 16, 1913. On that day the celebrated congress was to meet. Every preparation had been made, when Señor Herrera, director of the Catholic newspaper *El Debate* and leader of this glorious manifestation, received a letter from the Bishop of Madrid asking him to put off the assembly, alleging as reasons for the demand the advice of the Holy

See and the request of the Government. The blow came like a bolt from the blue. The impression it made on the immense throngs defies description. Comments on the occurrence were many and varied. As obedient and submissive children, the numberless crowds yielded with edifying docility to the wish of the Vicar of Christ. A sacrifice was called for, a fond hope shattered, a desire to manifest their fidelity was to be crushed, and the Catholics of Spain were ready. The manifestation that took place is a greater one than that which was scheduled; it was the unprecedented display of a nation's obedience to authority in an age of disobedience.

What was the effect of the dispersal of the Catholic body? In the camp of Freemasons, Radicals, Republicans and Socialists celebrations were held, speeches made, hands shaken in token of warm congratulation. Exultation reigned supreme. The joy of victory rang through their meeting halls. The Catholics were depressed, but believed that all would be well. At least, they had frightened the Government. They had hinted at their power. The Catholic and the non-Catholic press kept up a volleying fire of commentary on the proceedings of the Bishop of Madrid. His part in the affair was variously interpreted.

But the great object in the Catholic mind was attained; the Government was defeated; it gave up its first purpose; it could not suppress religious education in the public schools. The ruling faction had suffered a moral overthrow, and its forces were in full debacle. Nothing was left but to modify the original scheme, to propose a new one. In the meantime the anti-clericals urged the Government to action, and the Catholics stood decidedly defiant. To satisfy both parties was impossible. The party in power gathered in council, and a special bureau of investigation was formed. Señor Sanz, Señor Escartin, Señor Labra and Señor Vincenti formed this committee. They were to weigh the subject well and to give in a report. Señor Escartin strongly defended the Catholic position. He spoke of the rights of the Catholics; he upheld the Constitution, which called for the teaching of catechism in the public schools and made it a matter of obligation to acquire a knowledge of the catechism. The blunt and aggressive Señor Labra expressed exactly opposite views. According to him, not only should the children have complete liberty of conscience, but the teachers also should be left free to teach the catechism or not, as they thought fit. His opinion may be pithily summarized as follows: full freedom to the pupil and teacher and absolute abstemiousness in the use of the catechism to the point of not using it in the public schools. He supported his views by adding that his policy was in actual accord with the theory of separation between Church and State; this scission, he asserted,

of the body politic from the body ecclesiastic would be a kind of delicate chirurgical operation ; it would take time ; it must be gradual and as easy and painless to the separables as circumstances allowed. A painless operation was specially recommended, because the opposition of the Catholics would be more surely and easily overcome. When this extreme sectarian had descended from the platform, Señor Vincenti addressed the council. The best plan, he claimed, was to keep to the middle course, to avoid extremes, to flatter and fawn on both parties, to wound the feelings of neither, to teach the catechism and favor the Catholics, to abolish such superstition and delight the Republicans ; briefly, he was the representative of Count Romanones ; he proposed his master's views and exemplified his attitude.

As was natural, the Catholics were up in arms against the proposals of Señor Labra. They vigorously attacked them, and they were relegated to the category of absurd, abusive and abandoned propositions. This was no more than had been confidently expected. The Radicals then resorted to other means to accomplish their designs. Every effort was made to stir up a popular demonstration which would counteract the national display of the Catholics. Their efforts were pitifully unavailing. Failure crowned their labors. Again the anti-Catholics obtained the signatures of some of the professors teaching in some of the universities, requesting the Government to protect their consciences from the dangers they were submitted to while inculcating the doctrines of the catechism. In this document the learned body craved from the Government, as a boon, the privilege of attacking or defending the Catholic religion as the spirit of the moment suggested. The newspaper *El Liberal* published a list of these signatures addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction. It was signed by 272 professors, who demanded the banishment of the catechism from the public schools. To understand the value of this publication, we may point out that there are in the Spanish State institutions of higher education 27,279 professors, and that of this number only 272 signed the document. A balance of 27,007 professors, therefore, refused to come to terms with the Radicals. Such, then, was the work of anti-clericalism.

In the Catholic body the ladies of the highest rank, the female aristocracy of Spain, came forth and opposed Count Romanones in this glorious campaign against irreligion. Their committee called upon the Count. In polite, but earnest and energetic terms, they told him that they were representatives of thousands of Spanish women ; that they came to protest against the action of the Government. The Count, with all his cleverness, his acuteness of mind,

his polite and engaging manners, was unable to elude the attacks of this illustrious committee of noble women. They surrounded him and cut off his escape; they pressed him on every side and with every argument. They said: "Your Excellency assures us that he will do nothing in the matter of the catechism without the consent of the Holy See; we add that if the Government informs His Holiness that the concessions it asks for are indispensable because of the position of Spain, bounded on the west by Portugal and on the north by France, two atheistic nations, we on our part shall tell him should he grant you your request, wishing thereby to avoid greater evils, that your schemes are but foolish dreams; that the Government's plans are the plans of a few; that the nation, body and soul, is against such concessions; that such concessions are not necessary, because the women and men of Spain are true Catholics; that such plans are dire and deadly, because they aim at the destruction of Christianity slowly but surely."

That the influence of these noblewomen was tremendous the Count knew full well. He had confessed a few days before that if the women of Spain could vote, his political position would be untenable. The Count could well say this, for he had witnessed the enthusiasm and the concerted action of Spanish women in the campaign which lasted from March 12 to March 15, 1913. During these three days he had been visited by the committee of noblewomen a short time before the great Catholic meeting was forbidden by the Bishop of Madrid. Without posters, without placards, without newspapers and without exciting the people, the ladies of Madrid within forty-eight hours gathered ten thousand Catholic women of all ranks and classes at the palace of the Duke of Luna. All signed a protest, which was delivered to the Count of Romanones. And this enthusiasm of the women of Madrid spread itself over the length and breadth of Spain. Everywhere Catholic women displayed their energy, their faith and their influence against the irreligious projects of a sectarian government and in the defense of the platform of thorough and complete religious instruction.

Consequently when Count Romanones, in spite of protests and remonstrances, insisted on his, or rather on the ideas of the anti-clericals, the women of Spain introduced a new method of political warfare. The Count claimed that a great part of Spain wanted religious liberty in this question of catechism. They answered: "This is untrue, and that not only Spain, but the whole world may know that it is false, we ask Spain to speak for itself." On the very day after this meeting with the Count they announced in the newspapers that in every church of the land a box would be placed; in this receptacle all who were displeased with the action of the

Government were requested to deposit a vote by which they signified their displeasure. On the day assigned Spain presented to the world the aspect of a truly Catholic nation. Countless thousands of men and women of all ages and classes and conditions assembled in the temples of worship throughout the land and deposited their opinions in the boxes arranged to receive them. On the papers deposited, as was proved when before vast multitudes of the assembled people a reading of the same took place, were expressed in the most lively sentiments of faith the indignation of a nation against its governing body. And here it may be well to recall that this splendid declaration of faith was noticed by the Supreme Pontiff, who dispatched a telegram to the Marchioness of Aguila Fuente. It runs as follows: "The Holy Father is confident that the Catholics of Spain, with perfect unity of action, laying aside all distinction of party, and in accordance with the vital interests, the laws, the venerable traditions of their noble nation, will keep as obligatory the teaching of catechism in the public schools."

The anti-clericals of Madrid then planned a great meeting in the city itself for the purpose of obtaining unity of action. And to obtain a solid combination of all the Liberal parties against religious teaching, their leaders went to visit Señor Count Romanones in order that he, as the recognized leader of the Liberal party, might assign an orator or two for their gathering. This embassy was a joy to Count Romanones. It came at a most opportune time. It would strengthen his position. He was balancing to and fro between the Catholic and the Radical extremes, and he thought that a meeting with this embassy would strengthen his political power. In fact, his only safety lay in steering a middle course, in flattering the Catholics and in promising to the Radicals. On Friday, March 28, when the reporters of the leading newspapers called upon him, he spoke to them of the visit of the Radicals under the leadership of Señor Soriano. "I told them," he said, "that I could not grant them their requests because their policy was far more progressive than that which the Government intended. The meeting of the Catholics was put off at my request. If the meeting of the Radicals now took place, I would not hereafter be able to prevent the Catholics from making a public manifestation." The Government made up its mind to show a spirit of tolerance. It determined to respect the liberty of conscience of all its citizens. By no means did the Government wish to overstep this mark, because by so doing it would be implicitly and even explicitly ignoring the rights of a vast majority of fervent Catholics. "I shall have done much," he continued, "if I succeed in instilling this spirit of tolerance into practical life. It is little indeed if we consider what is demanded



of me, but in this we can agree: it is a great step to the attaining of that liberty which we so ardently wish for."

Now, it is well to know that the party in power is Liberal and had that character impressed upon it by Señor Sagasta; this party is not radical, therefore its tendencies in religious matters are not radical. The Liberal party intends to be liberal only—no more. "I would hurt the feelings of the majority of their party if I forced them to adopt the policy set down by the radicals."

On Sunday, April 6, the Committee on Public Instruction gave its opinion about the subject. It modified the propositions set down by Señor Vincenti. The decisions taken and approved are as follows:

"Article 1.—The teaching of the Catholic religion in the public schools destined for primary education will be kept up in the same form and degree as has been done heretofore.

"Article 2.—The children whose parents are non-Catholics, or whose parents desire that they should not be taught religion, will be entirely free in this matter; but Catholic parents in the same case must pledge themselves to give their children religious instruction at their own expense."

These articles were cunningly worded and were presented to the King for signature without consulting the Assembly, closed at the time. Meanwhile Catholic enthusiasm was not damped for a moment. The Catholics protested again and again. They multiplied their meetings. Thousands and thousands of signatures and protestations and remonstrances poured in from every town and city, from school and association, nay, even from indifferent institutions, upon Señor Romanones, and upon the King himself. Among these protests were numbered those of celebrated and renowned officials and professors, men of high rank in universities and institutes. All the great military officers, the Knights of Santiago, the Knights of Alcantara and the knights of the other great military organizations then in Madrid signed the protests. The Prince Don Fernando de Baviera signed his name to the documents presented to Count Romanones. Prince Don Alfonso de Borbon and Borbon also signed the protests. The wording of the protests could not be more expressive. It recalled the oath taken by the postulants when admitted to membership in the great order of Santiago. By this oath all pledged themselves to defend even with their lives the interests of the Catholic faith. The protest wound up by pointing out to Count Romanones that he himself was a knight of Santiago.

The intimate friends of Romanones, or those who pretended to be his intimate friends, did not cease for a moment in their effort to quench the enthusiasm of the Catholics. They said that the

Count would do nothing in this matter without first having consulted the Holy See. They claimed that the Spanish Ambassador in Rome had carefully and minutely explained to the Cardinal Secretary of State the purpose of the Government and the meaning of its action. They said that the Ambassador had received a formal promise from the Cardinal to the effect that the decree of the Government would be tolerated, provided that the promises of the Government to the Holy See were carefully kept, and so forth and so forth. This was the tenor of their harangue to the Catholics. But they begged the anti-clericals to be satisfied that so much was gained for the cause of liberty of conscience. The energetic attitude of the Catholics made it impossible to hope for more.

Such was the policy of Count Romanones. The Catholics knew not what to think nor what to do. The Bishop of Madrid requested the Catholics to avoid making any demonstration. On the other hand, it was said that everything was done agreeable to the wishes of the Pope. Finally, *L'Osservatore Romano* in its issue of April 5 threw light upon this complex and difficult position. It said: "The remark was made, among others, in the correspondence from Madrid to a newspaper of Barcelona that a great meeting which was to have been held in Madrid was suspended by an order of the Pope, and that the modifications in the present laws about religious teaching tending to diminish its obligatory character would be carried out with the sanction of the Holy See. We, duly authorized, affirm that all these reports are absolutely false and of a nature to create dangerous mistakes about the conduct of the Holy See in a matter of great importance."

"This much stands out clear in this embroiled and obscure state of affairs," said the Catholic review of Madrid, *La Lectura Dominical*. "The action of the Catholics has been one of remarkable efficacy, otherwise the effect of its action would not have been as pronounced as it is. It is clear that the decree banishing the catechism from the public schools would have been passed without a word when Señor Cossio handed it to Señor Alba, the Minister of Public Instruction."

If Romanones has confined himself to the limited programme of letting non-Catholic boys only free in the matter of the catechism, if he has done much less than the *Institucion Libre* desired, and had already obtained as far as the Government was concerned, if he declares that his party is not radical, but only liberal, one such as was formed by Señor Sagasta, if he has petitioned the Holy See, all this is due to the loyal attitude of Catholics who have stood their ground on the battlefield of religious education.

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## CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE.

## THE IRISH PRIEST.

I HAVE long felt that there is probably no man in the world who is more thoroughly and universally misunderstood and misjudged than the Irish priest. This is probably due to the circumstance that he is almost always judged in the light of some accepted conventional social or ecclesiastical standard; scarcely ever in that of his national characteristics and temperament.

The people who understand him least of all are certainly the English people. Their minds and judgments in this respect seem to be "held" by a kind of inherited dislike and prejudice, which may not always find open expression, but which seldom fails to manifest itself in one way or another.

So great indeed and, as it seems to me, unreasonable is this prejudice that I have often asked myself the question: Do they really *desire* to understand him? Do they ever pause to inquire fairly and honestly into the grounds of their dislike and ask themselves whether it is well founded and justifiable?

It is not here possible, of course, to enter into even the briefest consideration of Ireland's political history, with which the history of the Catholic Church and her priests is so intimately bound up. The really honest inquirer who desires to get at facts and not merely to secure confirmation of what he has been taught or what he may find it expedient to believe will know where to look for accurate information on this subject. The more critical study in recent times of all national histories has thrown much light upon difficult problems and has led to the reversion of many a time-honored verdict, however unwelcome and uncomfortable such reversions may sometimes be. I am confident that in proportion as the real facts respecting Ireland's history become better and more universally known will the judgment, too, respecting Ireland's people and clergy be reversed. If I am not very much mistaken, that reversal of judgment is even now in progress—with all serious students, at least, and with all open-minded and unprejudiced persons.

There is one very remarkable circumstance with regard to the Irish people in general which has caused me much food for reflection, and of which, so far as I remember, I have never heard mention made in English circles. It is the extraordinary difference between what an Irishman is said and believed to be at home and what he is abroad in the colonies and the United States of North America.

Life in Protestant England is calculated to fill a man with the

idea that the Catholic Irishman is a troublesome, lethargic, unpractical and unprogressive sort of person and neighbor. He is supposed to be a sort of social anarchist, who has no respect for law and order and whose history and status show that the superstitious fears and beliefs with which his creed and his priests have inspired him have paralyzed all his natural gifts and endowments and have incapacitated him from participating in that economic development which characterizes the life of other nations.

He is represented as the embodiment of intellectual and moral stagnation and ignorance—a creature who can only be kept in check and under control by a form of government which rules with a rod of iron and which leaves him the least possible amount of independence and self-government.

These are the impressions which life in Protestant England and contact with English thought and literature are apt to create in the mind. They are something like universally accepted facts or truths, such as the changeableness of the English climate, which no sane and educated man is expected to doubt. The boys at school, the students at our colleges and universities, inhale them with the very air they breathe. And the man who ventures to dispute them is looked upon as a crank, or perhaps as a fanatic. For the educated Protestant there can, it is assumed, be only one opinion on the subject, and that is the opinion which I have expressed. Any dissent from it, expressed perhaps on the grounds of some vague sense of unfairness and injustice, is invariably met with the crushing rejoinder: But do not the facts speak for themselves? Look at the state of things in the South and West of Ireland: the dirt and squalor and ignorance of the people. Contrast them with the Protestant progressive North; or, if you like, with any other Protestant continental nation. Observe the disastrous influence which the clergy exercise over the people—the poverty of the latter and the comparative wealth and affluence of the former. Is it necessary to adduce evidence where the evidence is so abundant and so incontrovertible?

When I started for the colonies, a few years ago, I had not been to Ireland; I had therefore no personal knowledge of the matter from actual observation. And I cannot speak from extensive knowledge of the existing conditions in Ireland itself to-day. I only knew that vast numbers of Irish families were annually leaving the old country in order to seek for happier conditions in the New World. I consequently expected to find in the New World, amongst Irish Catholics, conditions similar to those declared to prevail at home. Beyond description great, therefore, was my surprise when I found the very opposite to be the case: Irishmen here and there

and everywhere, and, in some of the great cities of the American Union, the dominant and dominating element. And these Irishmen healthy and wealthy and progressive from every point of view; respected and honored men in every profession and rank of society—in the Senate, on the judicial bench and at the bar, in the medical and scholastic professions, in the Church and in the seats of learning; the presidents of universities and of great educational institutions, Governors of States even and directors of great economic and commercial undertakings, working hard and intelligently everywhere to help forward the development of a great nation and forming, in the most literal sense of the term, that nation's moral and economic nerve and muscle and backbone.

How, I asked myself, is this extraordinary difference to be explained? Where precisely lies the solution of this mystery? I have thought much and long on this subject; I have studied and observed and recorded, and I have come to the conclusion that there must be underlying the accepted view of things at home some grave misapprehension, or perhaps some still graver injustice. For if all be true of Irish Catholics that is asserted at home, how can we account for this extraordinary change, this more than miraculous transformation? How comes it to pass that these "indolent and poverty-stricken and priest-ridden" people are, within a few years, turned into energetic, progressive, intelligent and universally respected citizens, the dominating power in many a great American and Australian city, and, in the matter of intellectual and economic achievement, often far outstripping the Englishman?

I do not pretend to know very much about the matter; I can but judge it according to the facts observed and by ordinary common sense; but it seems to me that Ireland's troubles cannot possibly be attributed to the causes to which they are habitually attributed at home.

Nor can they be sought for in the influence which the Catholic clergy are said to exercise over their people. For that influence is, if possible, stronger abroad even than it is at home. The Irish Catholic, as is well known, takes his religion with him wherever he goes, and there is certainly no interest in life for which the Irishman abroad is more ready and willing to make sacrifices than for his priest and his Church. But in the New World, so far as I know, the domination of the clergy over their people—if domination it be—is most certainly working for their moral and educational well-being and for the maintenance of their religion and the integrity and purity of their family life. In my own opinion, therefore, it admits of little doubt that the Catholic Irishman at home is most thoroughly misunderstood and misjudged, and that it is this funda-

mental misreading of his character and of his possibilities which lies at the root of the whole matter. One is forced to the conclusion that he would most probably develop those powers and qualities of which he proves himself possessed, at home in his own country, were those powers sufficiently recognized and did the conditions under which he lives make it possible for him to put them into operation. I fail to see how any man of fair judgment, provided he have accurate information, can come to any other conclusion. And it seems to me that similar grave misconceptions are entertained respecting the Irish clergy. The things which are asserted respecting them are true in a sense; they are utterly untrue in the sense in which they are understood in England.

It must be borne in mind, in the first place, that to the Irish Catholic his religion is not a sort of comprehensive Christian philosophy such as Protestantism is to the average Protestant Englishman. It is to him a fixed law of life, indeed one might almost say his very life itself, which neither admits of any kind of modification nor of the exercise of any choice on his part and to which he is expected, in every condition and circumstance of life, to render the strictest possible obedience. It is so interwoven with his national and social and personal ideals that he cannot, except at great moral cost and sacrifice, dissociate himself from it. The Irishman who, for some temporal advantage or benefit, has effected this rupture cuts in every part of the world a very sorry and contemptible figure. With him belief in the verities of his religion and devotion and loyalty to his Church are almost constitutional characteristics, part not merely of his mental and moral life, but of his very muscle and bone—forces indeed controlling his very heart's beats.

When unbelief or, to speak more accurately, disloyalty happen to take possession of him, he does not join himself to some other religious body (nobody would believe in the sincerity of such a step, but he remains out in the cold and invariably, in later years, returns a penitent to the fold.

The Protestant may not unfairly regard his religion as a coat which he may wear or not as it may suit his feelings and inclinations and his momentary belief. He can throw it off when he is morally too hot, or he may put it on when he is feeling chilly and uneasy. His fellow-Protestants will think none the worse of him because of such periodical transformations.

The Catholic Irishman can only live happily if his religious coat is always on his back. He presents a miserable appearance without it. And it is in any case quite impossible for him to hide his consequent nakedness from his fellows.

It is so difficult to make this fact clear to those who only know the Catholic Irishman and his religion from hearsay and who have never studied the subject face to face with actual fact and reality. But it is only in the light of such fact and reality that one can hope to understand the Irish priest and the relation in which he stands to his people.

Now, it seems to me that there is no man living who has so keen and deep and persistent a sense of the reality and constant claim and operation upon him of the supernatural as the Irishman. He has this sense largely by reason of his constitution and temperament. He may not indicate it much by outward expression, but it is with him an ever-present reality. His eye flashes and his soul is kindled when matters Catholic are discussed, and if your attitude be sympathetic, you will have secured his affection and friendship. The other world is very near to him. In the sacramental life of his Church he seeks constant contact with it, and, for the satisfaction derived from that contact, he is willing to surrender much of what he may have laboriously acquired and of what the world values so highly.

He has the clearest possible perception of the position which the priest occupies in this sacramental life and order—as the dispenser of the mysteries of God, as the one through whom all blessings and graces come, and as the one person, consequently, who is above all other persons to be esteemed and revered. He stands to him, in fact, in the place of God, binding the soul to or separating it from the supernatural order.

And in this intense conception of supernatural power and authority there is for him little room for mere personal and secondary considerations. The reality of the sacraments is not affected by a priest's personal life or character; he may be a good or a bad man; he may be a saint or a manifest sinner—he is in any case a priest who ministers the things of God, and, whether saint or sinner, he is the representative of God in the world.

It seems to me that it is in this light that the Irish priest is always regarded by his people; it is in this light, therefore, that we must study him and the relation in which he stands to them. Now, there is most certainly this further characteristic which distinguishes the Catholic Irishman, and that is the natural tendency, in spite of all the worldward interests and activities of life, to maintain a hold on and to cultivate the supernatural. He has the unique and quite natural and simple habit of combining and reconciling the two forms of activity. Where the Protestant, therefore, or the non-Irish Catholic sees incongruities or inconsistencies in matters of the outward life and of conduct, he sees no inconsistency at all. He

views matters from an entirely different standpoint. He does not see why a man should not enjoy the ordinary good things of life, be jolly and cheerful and make his home comfortable, be a generous friend and neighbor, even occasionally fall into sin, and yet retain his hold on the things unseen and cultivate the life of his soul.

In saying this I am neither asserting that for the majority of men these things are possible, nor am I asserting that we are here presented with ideal forms of the Catholic life. I am merely insisting that the Catholic Irishman regards matters from this point of view, and that it is only in the light of this point of view that we can hope to understand him and to judge him aright.

It is thus, for instance, most untrue and inaccurate to say that the Irish priest, by reason of an undue emphasizing of his supernatural powers, works on the imagination of his people and takes from them, in the way of money and of material things, what they are seldom in a position to give. The very opposite really is the case. So great is the affection of his people for him, by reason of the things of God which he ministers to them and which they value so highly, that they are more than willing to give to him liberally of all they possess, and they will even insist upon his making things pleasant and comfortable for himself, even though he himself may be unwilling that it should be so.

I remember visiting districts in the New World inhabited by the working and agricultural classes, and what certainly often struck me was the fewness of the comforts and conveniences of life which they possessed in comparison with those enjoyed by the clergy. Often the houses and homes of the people seemed poor and barren, while those of the priests were comfortable and even luxurious. I know well how apt one is, at the sight of these things, to judge harshly and to call to mind statements with which one has become familiar at home. But things are not always what they seem. Many a priest abroad has told me that he has protested against the building of his comfortable presbytery. It seemed too large and too expensive for him—quite beyond what he actually needed and could conveniently maintain. But my people, said one, would have it so. They would not listen to my protest. They pointed out to me that they were not building for me alone, but also for those who would come after my time, when probably the congregation would be much larger and the needs of priest and people correspondingly greater. They pointed out to me that it was a matter of honor with them to see their priest comfortably housed and to make matters as pleasant for him as their circumstances permitted. They did not look upon the expenditure incurred as a burden, but as a



privilege, for what, after all, did they work and for whom were they more ready to spend their earnings?

It is in this way that a priest often finds himself the possessor of a fine house and surrounded with many of the comforts of life. His people will have it so, and all we can do, they say, is to use for their benefit as well as for ours what they are so ready to give.

And no one who knows the Irish priest and his big, generous heart can doubt that he carries out this latter duty to the letter. He is hospitable and generous to a degree, and he certainly does not stand by and shrug his shoulder when a parishioner is in want or is suffering misfortune. He can be depended upon when things look black and when the shoe pinches.

I remember on my journey from New York to New Orleans observing a number of very poor Irish emigrants in the steerage of the boat on which I was traveling. They were a body of very young men of evidently somewhat rough type. The party was in charge of a priest in middle life, who looked far from robust and who was manifestly suffering severely from the discomforts of the journey. He was, as I learned subsequently, by no means a poor man. He had organized this little party with a view to giving the young men of his parish a better chance in the New World by settling them in some promising district. He had already made the journey with them from Ireland, traveling, like themselves, steerage all the way. The young men evidently entertained for this priest the most profound respect and looked upon him as their trusty friend and leader. I had chummed up with another priest on board who was traveling with me in the saloon. We often went down to the steerage of the boat to talk with this interesting man, for whom we both began to entertain a very high regard.

When the weather became rough and he did not seem to relish his food, we urged him to join us in the saloon, offering to pay the trivial difference in the fare. But he steadfastly declined our advances, assuring us that it was his duty to stick to his people, since they would be likely to misinterpret such action. In view of what lay before them, it was his duty to share their life and its hardships. All that we could persuade him to accept was some fruit which we supplied to him from the saloon table.

Here is a striking illustration of what I mean. I have never forgotten that splendid Irish priest and the simple sense of duty to his poor people which animated him. It is surely such an action as this, this other side of the picture, which must be taken into consideration when judging this matter and when indulging in the conventional phrases respecting the influence of the Irish priest over his people.

When my health broke down in America and I had to suspend my lecturing work for a time, I took to my pen and endeavored to express in writing what I could no longer express by word of mouth. When my book was ready for publication, it was pointed out to me that, since it would be likely to have a good sale, I might earn the means of carrying on my work by publishing it at my own cost, thus securing the larger share of the profits. It meant the expenditure of a considerable sum, and I had some hesitation on the ground of family responsibilities and my own ill health. It was a moderate sum only which I could conscientiously invest in the undertaking. Before I knew what had happened a poor young Irish priest, deeply interested in my work, had gone and surrendered his life insurance policy, handing me the money paid in by him in premiums to make up the deficiency. He looked upon this action as quite a natural and ordinary thing and was quite willing to make further sacrifices should it be necessary.

I would ask my non-Irish readers: Do they know of this aspect of the matter? Have they studied the character of the Irish clergy from this point of view? It is but an example of deeds of kindness and charity performed by them daily all the world over, of many of which I have heard in my intercourse with their people. It seems to me that an influence or domination attended by such splendid results is not at all a bad thing, and would to God that the priests of other nations could be found to exercise a similar domination and influence.

Can one wonder that such priests as these are sometimes overwhelmed with an abundance of gifts and that their people regard it as their duty and privilege to make them thoroughly happy and comfortable? It is the only practical way in which they can show their devotion.

And, strange as it may seem, the good things of the world and their generous use do not seem to affect the Irish clergy as a body in the same degree in which they are apt to affect other people. They do not, generally speaking, cause them to lose their moral balance or their priestly zeal. There is no neglect of duty when money is abundant and all is well with them.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course, as there are exceptions to every rule. One does occasionally meet with an Irish priest who has grown too fond of ease and plenty, who has learned to love the good things of this world too well. We also meet with the Irish priest who is laying up treasure or who is autocratic and overbearing in his relations with his people. But it would be quite untrue to assert this of the Irish clergy as a body, as, I am confident, every traveler in America or in the Australian colonies can testify. It

is a fact universally admitted by both Protestants and Catholics that the Irish priest is ready to obey his people's call in season and out of season, and there is probably no man in the world who, at the call of duty, is so ready to face every kind of inconvenience and hardship.

I could in this respect tell many stories of priestly loyalty and devotion, of utter disregard to health and comfort, of rides of many miles in all kinds of weather to attend some sick call, of sleepless nights spent at the bedside of the sick and the dying. I remember a delicate young Irish priest leaving his bed three times during a bitter winter's night to attend to the spiritual needs of Catholics who were not members of his congregation. They were, moreover, the poorest of the poor, who had nothing at all wherewith to show their appreciation and gratitude.

I know another appointed to an emergency hospital who, after preparing the Catholic patients for operation, remains with them during the operation, so that they might find him near them when they recover their senses.

I am thus not speaking from sentiment or from some kind of predilection which may dispose one to interpret things in a favorable light, but I am speaking from what I know and have seen and observed. It is on the ground of this long observation that my own present better judgment came to be formed. It seems to me about time that this bubble of ignorance and prejudice respecting the Irish clergy and their relation to their people was pricked, and I shall be very pleased, indeed, if my pen will in some little measure assist in pricking it.

There is one peculiarity about the Irish priest which impresses one very forcibly in personal contact with him. He seems to be the very embodiment of traditional orthodox Catholicism. One cannot associate with him the idea of Modernism or of what may be called liberalism in religion. When he speaks of matters of faith, his note always rings true. He hates the very idea of compromise and diletantism in all that pertains to the priestly office. He is the very antithesis of it and dislikes the popular modern priest who charms fashionable congregations. He distrusts him and, indeed, distrusts many of the modern methods by which converts are made and by which the return of England to the Catholic fold is to be effected. He has a sort of contempt for it all.

I cannot venture to pronounce any opinion in these matters. All I can say is that I have to confess to a good deal of sympathy with him. I cannot exactly tell why, but I know that the sympathy is there, and there must, I suppose, be some reason for it, due perhaps to impressions lying deep down in the depths of the sub-

conscious life. There are some things in life which we find it difficult to explain and to analyze.

I know, too, that I like to go to confession to him and that I never have a difficulty in telling him the whole truth about myself. The brogue somehow seems to give me an undefinable sort of confidence—a feeling that it is all the genuine thing, a real transaction between God and my soul.

There is another point in connection with Ireland's strange history and her people to which attention is not often enough drawn, but which can scarcely fail to impress the minds of those who have moved about much in the larger world.

A higher purpose, it seems to me, is working behind the conditions at home that have for so many years past driven Irish men and women from their country and have scattered them all over the earth. In any case, it is difficult to doubt that God is overruling this scattering of the nation for a great and holy purpose. For it has become the means in His hands of sowing the seed of Catholic truth in the most distant parts of the world and of enlarging the borders of the Universal Church wherever the English language is spoken.

Few people in England seem to be aware of the immense progress Catholicism is making in all parts of the New World. To those who have had opportunities of seeing things with their own eyes the familiar newspaper talk about the steady decay of Romanism can cause nothing but an amused smile, and, of course, the arguments drawn from this supposed fact are equally fallacious.

We can well afford to admit the manifest decline through which Catholicism is passing in some of the countries of the Old World. Every educated man knows the true cause to which this is to be attributed. It is that debasing materialism of life and those false ideas respecting progress which have been imported from Protestant lands that are responsible for the mischief. People find it convenient to forget that these same nations were once great when their Catholicism was at its strongest and that they do not to-day really abandon the faith and turn to Protestantism, but simply become indifferent and self-indulgent and turn their backs upon the supernatural, thus unconsciously imitating these Protestant nations. But that intellectual and commercial progress are irreconcilable with true Catholicism is strikingly refuted by what is going on in the New World—by the steady progress of the Church in the great cities as well as in the most outlying districts of the bush and the country and by the vast number of highly intelligent persons, occupying the most prominent positions in life, every year joining her communion. Life and activity and sympathetic interest are everywhere

in the New World the characteristics of the Catholic life, and it is a fact which no informed person can gainsay that the losses of the Church in Europe are compensated for a hundredfold in the colonies and in the United States of North America. Everywhere in these countries churches and monasteries and convents and educational institutions, with abundant means at their disposal, are rising up as a witness to God's truth and as a living testimony to the reality of the supernatural life which animates the Church of the Redeemer. I have no great belief in statistics, and I have no intention to quote them; those who put confidence in them can get from printed sources all the information required. I am speaking of what I have seen and know and what the practical experience and observation of years have taught me—what I have gathered from talks with accurately-informed and prominent men not of the Catholic faith. Some of the great cities of the American Union, officially regarded as belonging to a Protestant State, are virtually Catholic, their one dominant religious force being manifestly the Catholic faith. Other religious organizations quite cease to count by the side of the Church, and their influence, already insignificant, is bound to still further diminish if the present rate of progress towards Rome should be maintained. In some parts of the States and of Australia one seems to feel the Catholic life throbbing all round one, causing the impression in one's mind that one is actually living in a Catholic country.

And what is perhaps of still greater significance and importance is the immense respect and the sympathetic interest which are everywhere being exhibited towards Catholics and the Church, the entire absence, in so many places, of that bitterness and jealousy which characterize the religious life at home. I have heard of instances where Protestant lecturers were chased from towns in which they sought to stir up strife and where the feeling of all the inhabitants of the town were so forcibly expressed that not a hall could be secured for the giving of a lecture. I have heard of a Unitarian minister closing his chapel on a Sunday and urging his people to go and listen to a famous Catholic scholar who was visiting the town and who had come out from England to deliver a course of sermons or lectures. They could not do better, they were told, than listen to what he had to say. A similar friendly and sympathetic attitude, a better sign still perhaps than the actual successes achieved, cost certainly distinguished the entire religious life of the New World.

And who is responsible for this happy state of things, for this re-creation of the Catholic life everywhere? It is the poor Irish emigrant and his priest, carrying as they do the truths of the faith

in their hearts and manifesting them by noble sacrifice and splendid devotion under all conditions of life and allowing no worldly success or temporal achievement to push them in the background or to dim or diminish them.

These are simple facts which no rightly instructed person can gainsay and respecting which any inquirer can at any time secure abundant and satisfactory evidence.

I am very profoundly convinced, therefore, that when all these facts come to be better and more universally known and when inherited prejudice no longer "holds" the mind, the world's judgment, too, respecting the Catholic Irishman and his priest will be reversed. It will be seen, then, what a prominent element they are in the working out of the divine scheme of things and how very near and dear they are to the heart of God.

#### THE MONASTIC LIFE.

When I left the city of Los Angeles, in Southern California, I promised the Bishop that I would, on my way to San Francisco, pay a visit to the famous old Franciscan monastery and mission of Santa Barbara, of which American Catholics have such just cause to be proud. I was in failing health, and consequently anxious to accomplish the journey to San Francisco with the least possible delay. But the good Bishop insisted and wrote to announce my coming, and much cause have I had to thank him for this kindly act of courtesy and foresight. My health broke down completely at San Francisco, and it was with the kindly fathers of Santa Barbara that I subsequently found a home and a resting place. I count the weeks spent with them as one of the most interesting and instructive experiences of my life. It brought me in touch with the monastic life as it really is, and I cannot better convey my impression of this historic old mission and its life than by printing here what I wrote to my old friend, the editor of the "Ave Maria," at the time:

"Knowing how anxious you are to learn of the impressions which I am forming respecting Catholic life and activity in this great country, I send you a brief account of my visit to Santa Barbara, California, and of the thoughts and feelings which are uppermost in my mind. Such thoughts are best and most accurately expressed while the impressions are still fresh in the mind and while no change in external environment can tend to weaken and modify them.

"Of the old mission itself, its foundation and history it will be unnecessary for me to speak, as you are probably better acquainted with it than I am. It is bound up with the life and work, with the trials, difficulties and triumphs of the Church in this country. One

realizes here what God has accomplished through the zeal and devotion and self-sacrifice of those early pioneers who planted the faith in these lonely wilds and who turned a very desert into a garden of roses. I do not think that we, in this modern age, can form an adequate idea of what they have endured and over what difficulties they have triumphed. The record of their labors is written in letters of gold upon the pages of American history, and the beauty of that writing the Last Day only will disclose. We can but thank God for that gift of grace which set these human forces in operation and which, through such humble and simple instruments, accomplished such great things.

"Santa Barbara stands as a memorial of a great and heroic time and as a testimony to the constraining, wonder-working power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and of the great Church of the Redeemer. One cannot live in this old Franciscan mission without being impressed with the romantic side of the Catholic religious life and with the wonderful way in which the Church adapts herself to the needs and requirements of the modern age. And it is this aspect of the matter which presents so many features of interest to my own mind.

"We have here a perfect and natural union between the spirit of the past and that of the present, and in this union we recognize the marvelous potency and elasticity of the Catholic faith—its power to meet the changing needs of every succeeding age, while preserving intact its spirit and integrity. Indeed, it presents us with a complete refutation of the many objections which moderns are so apt to advance against the work and mission of the religious orders in these days, and which have such weight with superficial and half-instructed minds.

"If anybody imagines that in this old Franciscan monastery he will find evidence of stagnation in the matter of the religious or intellectual life, a crowd of ignorant and narrow-minded friars who live in the ideas and spirit of the past, and who neither know nor care what men are thinking, who are preserving and inculcating impossible and Old World methods of thought and of life—such a one will find himself greatly mistaken. I doubt very much whether any secular priest is so well informed and up-to-date and so accurately acquainted with the movements of modern thought as these brilliant young friars at Santa Barbara, who devote their lives to the training of the young and who pass their days in the isolation and seclusion of the cloister. The wonder is that they can achieve so much, considering the conditions under which they live and the inevitable social limitations which the rules of their life and order lay upon them. But the problem is solved when one comes to live amongst

them and has an opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface and the mere outward appearance of things.

"They are preëminently men of deep and solid piety and of strong and fervent faith. It is not that kind of faith which seeks for compromise with the spirit of the times, which senses danger in every new phase of science or philosophy and which fears to look modern problems and difficulties in the face. It is the faith which rests upon calm confidence and inward assurance—upon that sense of certainty which fervent and constant prayer, joined with accurate philosophic thought, alone can impart. It is the faith which vividly and constantly realizes the things unseen and eternal. These Franciscans know the difficulties of the times as well as they are known by other educated and thoughtful men who are in immediate touch with the intellectual life of their age. They have read the books which reflect that intellectual life. They are acquainted with the problems which in these days confront the Church. They are in the habit of carefully weighing and considering them; and their splendid philosophic training enables them to lay their fingers upon the flaw in a plausible argument or to refute the claims of a scientific proposition. They are intelligent and careful students of our great modern thinkers; they have a wonderful knowledge of Newman's writings and of our modern religious and secular literature; and they are thus in a real sense in touch with the thoughts and speculations of that world from which the conditions of their life of necessity exclude them. It is immensely instructive and interesting to observe all this; and I feel that it is an aspect of our Catholic life to-day of which little is known in the outside world and respecting which the most absurd and false ideas are apt to be entertained.

"And there is about these men a wonderful kindness, courtesy and tactfulness which they have certainly not acquired in the school of the world and which is therefore manifestly the product of the operations of divine grace in the soul. They seem to know and instinctively to interpret one's feelings, ideas, sentiments and prejudices, and, as a consequence, there is a large and generous charity in their treatment of the guest and the stranger. Their piety is simple and true and sincere, but it is never obtrusive; a restraint, a sweet reasonableness, seems to be its very keynote. One must love and admire these men, who have surrendered so much and who amidst environments such as theirs have developed such splendid traits and characteristics. But how different is all this from what the world imagines and believes! How mistaken is its judgment respecting the conditions and possibilities of the religious life in the modern age!

"There is connected with the old mission St. Anthony's College,



in which a number of boys receive their education free of charge and from which the ranks of the Franciscan friars are recruited. This college is beautifully situated; it has good and airy classrooms fitted up with modern requirements, and there is about the boys that quiet and subdued air which suggests the spirit which animates the institution, but which is far removed from anything approaching mawkishness or morbid piety. They have their outdoor games and exercises—baseball, tennis and sea-bathing—but regulated in such a fashion that the main aim and purpose of their life and work are not lost sight of. All the teaching at the college is done by the young fathers, set apart and trained for their work; and very hard and trying and often, I am sure, monotonous work it is. But all is accomplished quietly and unobtrusively, and there is an entire absence of that fuss and flurry which characterize so many secular educational institutions. Each man knows his work, and goes about it quietly, and performs it for the good of men and the glory of God.

“Less than half the students educated at St. Anthony’s College give clear proof of their vocation to the sacred priesthood; more than fifty per cent., therefore, receive a splendid education entirely free of charge and take with them into life the wholesome lessons which they have learned at Santa Barbara. I venture to think that the good fathers need have no fear as to the future of those boys. I am confident that the impressions formed at a place like this will prove to be permanent ones, and will not easily be effaced in after years. Will these boys ever fully realize, I wonder, what they owe to these quiet religious, to these kind and simple-hearted men who give themselves so unreservedly to their great work?

“It is difficult to realize that all this is going on without endowments and without regular and settled sources of income—that the entire work of the Franciscan Fathers here is being maintained by the gifts and alms of the faithful. It is with them, in the strictest sense, a living from hand to mouth; and one is distressed to think that there are often empty coffers, and, as a consequence, troubled hearts and restless nights. I am told that frequently the last cent has been spent and no one knows how further means are to be obtained. Special prayers is then made to God, and there is often relief from immediate care and distress. Would that one could free these men, or induce others to free them, from that ever-recurring care and anxiety!

“I shall be leaving Santa Barbara to-morrow; but I am leaving it with a grateful heart; for it has not only given me both bodily and spiritual refreshment, but it has taught me many a useful lesson. I feel that it has been good for me to have been here and that I am a better man for having come in contact with these good fathers. I

pray with all my heart that God may prosper them and their splendid work and that, amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life, it may be my good fortune to meet them again."

I have also been the guest of the Passionist Fathers at several of their monasteries, both in the United States and in Australia, and I have come to the conclusion that for the spiritual man the life of these stricter orders is perhaps the happiest life of which we have any record. I have certainly met in these houses the happiest and most contented set of men some of the finest types of human character. One cannot help being amused when one compares what one has thus seen and witnessed day by day with what the imagination of the Protestant mind has pictured and described. I am persuaded that a fortnight's stay at one of these institutions would bring about a very great disillusionment in the minds of both Dr. Horton and of Mr. Hocking. There is in these houses a kind of cheerfulness and merriment, an amount of good-natured fun and laughter and a rational and sustained sort of happiness which one finds nowhere else in the wide world. In no sphere of life of which I have personal knowledge have I seen less of the assumed and the hypocritical and of that artificiality of life and thought that is so characteristic a note in the life of the modern man. All is simple and natural and normal, and there is no man who has a more accurate knowledge of human nature and who judges it more kindly and leniently than the monk who lives the secluded and separated life of the monastery.

I have often asked myself how this is to be accounted for, and I have come to the conclusion that it is partly through the confessional, partly through a peculiar kind of enlightenment of the mind, produced by much prayer and meditation, that this knowledge is attained. One feels somehow that some of these men are really men as God mean them to be and as they may become by the operations of divine grace; men who have learned by consistent discipline to govern both their bodies and their minds, and in whom self-control and self-restraint have marvelously shaped and moulded the character and the inner life.

In several of these monasteries of the strict orders the rules and regulations with regard to laymen and the secular clergy were set aside as regards myself. I was, by special permission, admitted to the community life, and I shared that life with them so far as this was possible. I asked it as a special favor that no exceptions in the way of food or accommodation should be made on my account. I regarded it as a real privilege to live my life with the monks while I was the guest of their house. This gave me an opportunity of studying their life at close quarters and of realizing, in some

measure at least, what it really felt like to be a monk. What impressed the mind, coming as I did into these solitudes from daily active contact with my fellow-man in the world and from all the vicissitudes of a public life, was the genuine and consistent and honest kindness and courtesy which these men habitually displayed towards each other. This may seem to some minds a very small matter, but it is not really so when one bears in mind what human nature is and how very difficult it is for the best of men to cultivate this virtue. Those who have traveled much or who have held posts in schools or seminaries or public institutions know very well how apt one is to weary of persons whom one meets day by day and from whom one cannot get away. Familiarity of this kind breeds contempt. It tends to break down the barriers that the amenities of the social life have erected. Flaws in character and faults of disposition and temperament become emphasized. One is apt to chafe under them and not merely to form strong dislikes, but to express them openly or at least to manifest them in one way or another. One seeks in various ways to secure a change, to get away for a time from the ordinary and perhaps galling environment which is too often the sphere of much bickering and jealousy and unkindly and ungenerous feeling. The best of men will in the course of time exhibit under these conditions that very common human weakness of saying unkind things about their colleagues, repeating some gossip about them which reflects unfavorably upon their character. I must confess that I have never found this kind of thing in the monasteries of the severer orders, such as the Passionists and the Franciscans, where, according to human judgment, one might surely expect it to be in the fullest bloom. Indeed, I have been much struck by its absence. These men are consistently kind and courteous to each other. A fault or blemish of character here or there is generously judged or at most referred to in a spirit of banter. The stronger man is always ready to take up the defense of the weaker one, and there seemed to me to be no such thing as one bearing a grudge against another or of perhaps cultivating a dislike of him. A generous Christian spirit and judgment pervade the community life, which makes it easy for one to bear the burden of another, to praise his particular work and to think and speak kindly of him. And these manifestations of kindly feeling have about them nothing approaching conventionality, imposed perhaps by an external law; they are natural and spontaneous in their character and are thoroughly genuine and sincere. One becomes most conscious perhaps of this sincerity and genuineness when, after having shared this community life for a time, one leaves such a monastery and returns once more to the ordinary life of the world.

It is not so much from that life and its duties that one shrinks then, but from the sham and superficiality and heartlessness which so largely characterize it.

#### MONASTERIES.

What one is constantly conscious of in the life of the monastery is the sense that one is moving in and breathing a wholesome spiritual atmosphere of peace and contentment from which those elements which cause us agitation are absent. There is nothing to be agitated about, nothing to explain and to set right. There is nothing in the least calculated to lead to unprofitable thought and reflection. One knows that one will meet the same man in the same frame of mind to-morrow morning in which one left him to-night. And as a consequence one sleeps and eats well, and what is still more important, one learns to pray well. One comes to realize with the monks that there is, when all is said and done, only one thing in the world that is really worth seriously aiming at and thinking about. The united prayers, said in community and at stated intervals, the daily long meditations, made in an absolutely quiet and darkened chapel, the natural, unrestrained talk about the soul and the things of God—all these act upon the mind and soul of a layman in a manner highly beneficial to both his moral and his physical health. A kind of sadness takes possession of him when he realizes that this happy state of life and mind is coming to a close.

But this little volume is to record some *general* impressions. I do not, therefore, propose to give a description of the daily life of the monastery. This has been done by much abler pens than my own. It is, moreover, the record of such *general* impressions of things Catholic made upon the mind of a layman and a convert which will, I think, be of most interest to those who are likely to read this book.

I may say briefly, therefore, that my experience of the religious life has confirmed in me the conviction, formed many years ago, that the happiest Christian life is in the end the life of a complete and unconditional surrender. The real difficulties of the Christian life, it seems to me, are likely to be experienced by those who in this matter attempt any kind of partial surrender or compromise. With the Christian who has thoroughly realized the immense significance of divine things it must be all or it will be found to be nothing. We seem to be so constituted, as God seems to have so ordained it, that we cannot really enjoy both worlds. We cannot entirely possess God and enjoy Him and in any sense possess and enjoy the world as well. These things are contrary the one to the other. And it is perhaps along these lines that we come upon

the chief difficulty which attends the life of the secular priest. He has to be in the world, and he must sometimes find it very hard not to be of it. It is necessarily urging its claims and its interests upon him. And unless he be a man of strong faith, vividly and constantly realizing and experiencing the supernatural, there is a natural tendency to compromise and to the acceptance of a very moderate and "rational" view of matter. And this attitude may be a perfectly proper and legitimate one, with which no man has a right to find fault, yet it tends to lessen in both that keen enjoyment and appreciation of the things unseen which is beyond doubt the happy lot of the true religious.

And the same applies to those congregations which have been formed in more recent times. Most of them are bound together by very simple rules, which do not distinguish them very greatly from the secular clergy. The only difference between them and the latter seems to be that they are living a community life, cannot so freely dispose of their time and their means and have to submit to certain restrictions.

In other respects they do not present any characteristic which is not that of the secular priest also. On the contrary, I am almost inclined to think that whatever good and useful work they may be doing in the world they are attempting something which can never in the very nature of things be quite a success. They are trying to combine two principles and two modes of life which cannot be very easily combined. The religious life is one thing. It has its distinct laws and principles, and it can only be a successful and happy life if those laws and principles are strictly and rigidly obeyed and adhered to. The secular life is quite another thing, and it seems to me that the attempt to combine the two by a kind of reasonable compromise will be found to be a failure in the long run.

And I do not believe that any considerable relaxation of the rule of the stricter orders will ultimately work for the good of religion.

In America the old orders, in their unrelaxed rigidity, are doing a splendid work. In many places they are the very salt of the earth, exhibiting as they do to a people immersed in business and industrial enterprises, and in danger, consequently, of accepting lower standards of Catholic thought and morality, the very highest type of the Christian life and constantly recalling it to a sense of the transcending claims of the unseen world. They stand as the ever-living and uncompromising witnesses to the reality and truth of the supernatural.

I believe that the old and rigid orders have a great future both in the Old and the New Worlds, and those of us who have a somewhat wider knowledge and experience of Catholic life and

thought in the larger world can but welcome their increasing appearance and activity in our midst.

#### THE EDUCATION OF THE SECULAR CLERGY.

I do not think that there is any subject in connection with Catholic life and thought on which I have heard such diverging views expressed, by both priests and laymen, as the question of the education of the clergy. It is not very often that one meets with two persons who quite agree on the subject, and this, I cannot help feeling, is due to the circumstance that, in the discussions of this matter, fundamental considerations and distinctions are apt to be left out of sight. It is surely quite impossible to form a correct judgment in this respect unless one takes account of the fact that nations vary in their modes of education no less than in their characteristics and temperaments, and that what commends itself to one does not necessarily commend itself to the other. National sentiment, too, but above all things, traditional customs, are probably factors which play an important part in a determination of these matters. In speaking, for instance, of the advantages or disadvantages of a university education for our clerical students, we are speaking of one thing in England, of another thing in Germany and again of quite another thing in America. University education is an entirely different thing in each of these countries; and the educational, moral and social conditions peculiar to each, and necessarily influencing the student's life and character, vary, of course, correspondingly.

When considering therefore, the pros and cons of different systems of clerical training we can scarcely hope to come to a satisfactory conclusion unless we first of all clear the ground by taking each nation individually and studying its specific needs and its peculiar educational developments. It seems to me that much confusion of ideas on this subject would be avoided if this principle were steadily kept in sight. I remember, for instance, in America hearing the matter discussed between two priests, one an Irishman who had lived in England and was acquainted with English institutions and the other a German who had spent some time at a German university, but who had never been in England. They were speaking of the advantages and disadvantages of a short university course for the theological student preparatory to his more specific seminary training. Of course, they did not agree and were never likely to agree—for the simple reason that one was thinking of Oxford or Cambridge, while the other had the German university in mind. And there is the greatest possible difference between these two. Not only do they differ fundamentally in the sense that the English university is quite a different national institution and

development from the German university, but they also differ in their respective intellectual, social and moral characteristics.

The American university again differs, both in form and character as well as in aim, from both of these, and when a man in America speaks of a university training for the students for the priesthood he is thinking of something altogether different from that which is in the mind of the Englishman and the German.

But it is certain that, quite apart from these considerations, the subject bristles with difficulties innumerable, and it may be doubted whether anything like unanimity is ever likely to be arrived at—so much depends upon individual views of life and religion, upon impressions left upon the mind by one's own education and by the ideals which one has formed of the Catholic priesthood and its functions in the life of the modern world. All these elements are bound to enter into a consideration of this question, whether one is conscious of them or not, and the elements inevitably contribute toward the shaping of our ideas and the forming of our judgments.

When a layman, therefore, interested in this important subject ventures to express his ideas, it is with a feeling of diffidence and hesitation that he does so. He speaks under correction and with the consciousness that there are necessarily always aspects of the subject which tend to modify the views he has formed and which he has possibly left out of sight. Still, there are many of the clergy, especially in America, who want to know what laymen think about the matter and how it looks from the standpoint of practical observation and experience.

The subject of clerical education is, here in England, as we all know, a favorite topic of discussion with those who have entered the Church from the ranks of the Anglican clergy and who have themselves received an English university training. They have brought with them into the Church all those ideas and impressions which are characteristic of the 'varsity man and for whom Oxford and Cambridge constitute the very ideal and perfection of modern education. They are apt to be emphatic in condemning, or at least to speak lightly of, other existing systems, and they are never tired of commending for our future priests the incomparable advantages of a university training. They are convinced that many of the difficulties and disabilities under which the Church is laboring at the present time are due to the circumstance that so many of her priests are not men of culture—at least not in the sense in which they interpret that term.

But it seems to me that there are underlying these views some grave errors and misconceptions. It is an aspect of the matter which is dictated by Anglican and Protestant modes of thought.

It is a forgetting of Catholic ideals and traditions and the setting up of a standard, the legitimacy of which may be very seriously questioned. There are not a few highly educated men who are by no means enthusiastic respecting the educational advantages of Oxford and Cambridge, and there are others who are convinced that while these universities are well adapted to the needs of the Anglican parson, they are scarcely adapted to those of the Catholic priest. It is apt to be forgotten that, in the training of her clergy, the Catholic Church has the observation and experience of centuries at her disposal.

It is certainly a very desirable thing that the clergy of the Catholic Church should be men of culture; but this does not necessarily imply that they should be men of culture in the sense in which Oxford and Cambridge interpret that term. I know numbers of priests, in all parts of the world, who cannot be said to be men of culture in the latter sense, but who are highly educated and cultured men certainly in every other sense—a circumstance over which the Church has, I think, much cause to rejoice. It is very easy to overdo this kind of thing and to exclusively claim for a system what experience and observation do not in the least justify. My own experience and observation and my intimate intercourse with the Catholic clergy of many nations have taught me that a training such as is given in Rome, at the College of Propaganda, for instance, where the men of many nations meet and live together, with its long course of study, involving hard brain work, its rigid discipline, tending to create force of character and self-control, its opportunities of cultivating the true spiritual life, is calculated to develop far higher types of refinement and more culture than the looser English and much lauded university system is apt to do. While the gentlemanliness and culture of the first is apt to be that of an interior spiritual refinement, due to real knowledge and the training of the whole man, the second is often but productive of a kind of mannerism, a sort of veneer of speech and attitude, too often hiding an entirely uncultivated and undisciplined nature and but too frequently expressing itself in unspeakable snobbishness.

The intellectual attainments of the English university man, moreover, are apt to be much overrated. A pass-degree is a very ordinary achievement, to which a lad in Germany must have attained before he can enter the university at all, and the short course of three years, taken up, as a very large proportion of it is, with sports and entertainments, cannot in any case give a man much of an education. The Roman student, with his six or seven years of training, by the best teachers in the world, is at all times an infinitely better educated man than the English university graduate. Every



accurately informed man knows this; it is the superficially informed alone who doubts it.

The English graduate possesses a very moderate and general kind of culture, together with a good deal of worldly-wiseness and self-confidence and assurance—qualities which may serve him in the work which he hopes and intends to do in the world, but qualities which no Catholic cares to observe in his clergy and which are not likely to be of any service to him in the difficult and delicate work which he will be called upon to do in life.

It is a remarkable fact that the English university men who find their way into the Catholic Church and ultimately into the Catholic university or seminary are almost always under a disadvantage. Their difficulty often is not that they fail to learn what is expected of them, but that they have to unlearn much of what they have acquired, and, above all things, that they have to cultivate the attitude of mind of the true learner. And it seems to me that those alone prove their vocation and become really useful priests who recognize this fact and who approach the entire question of their education from the true Catholic, not from the insular and English point of view.

I have while writing this many amusing and interesting stories in mind told me by the rectors of seminaries and forcibly illustrating my contention. Much, I know, can in fairness be urged against my contention. But I am nevertheless very thoroughly convinced that, while our English universities are what they are, it is not at them that that kind of culture can be obtained of which the Catholic priest stands in need and that they do not provide the sphere, or rather atmosphere, in which a vocation to the priestly life is apt to be created or confirmed.

I am speaking, of course, of a university career with a view to a degree and as *preparatory* to the more specifically theological training. There is, I know, the present system of a quasi-combination of the two, the students attending the university lectures while living a separated life and under clerical control. This manifestly is a kind of compromise, and it will most probably suffer the fate which all compromises of the kind are apt to suffer. No one certainly so far would call it a success. It is a "being in" the university while not being "of it" in any definite and real sense, and it is difficult to see in what the practical advantage of the system can be claimed to consist.

A university *degree* can be obtained outside of Cambridge and Oxford, and if it be the general university tone and culture which are aimed at, it is surely too manifest that these are not secured by this system. Freedom of individual action and the absence of

any but a very general control, the individual participation of the students in the general university life are surely necessary essentials to this end. What most forcibly strikes the visitor to Oxford and Cambridge is the palpable fact that their Catholic clerical students are not part of the university life or are not 'varsity men.

In saying all this I have that large class of young men in mind from which our priests are for the most part taken, the men who have received a middle-class education and who, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, have definitely decided in favor of a vocation to the priesthood; I am not thinking of the men who have passed through their preliminary training at Beaumont or Stonyhurst and who may have some leaning towards the priestly life. It is not really necessary to consider them, for the simple reason that we seldom find them in the ranks of the secular clergy, the larger proportion of them generally joining a regular order or in the end reverting to some secular calling or profession. And it is with the training of the secular clergy that I am here concerned. It is practically only the first type of man who comes under consideration, and, speaking generally, I do not believe that a university course, either under the ordinary conditions or under the conditions specially created for Catholics, would help him much or tend to increase his priestly efficiency and usefulness. The English university system, as it exists in our modern times, is an Anglican creation and is well adapted for men entering political life or the public services and for aspirants to the Anglican ministry; it is, in my opinion, not adapted for the moulding and shaping of the men aiming at the Catholic priesthood.

I must confess that my own views as regards the training of the Catholic clergy were formed some years ago, and all that I have heard and seen since, both here and in other countries, has gone to confirm and strengthen those views. I am convinced that the Roman system, speaking broadly and having in mind the full course of six or seven years, is the very best system in the world and that there is nothing that can be compared with it. It produces the best men—men morally and intellectually most efficiently equipped to meet the peculiar errors and difficulties of the times and to help the modern man *to recover that power of accurate thought in matters of religion* which perished in and with the Reformation. It is, to my mind, the form of education best adapted for furnishing the modern priest with that kind of knowledge and those moral and intellectual qualities which can alone enable him efficiently and incisively to do his difficult and complex work in the world.

I have often, in my talks with the younger clergy, been struck

by one very remarkable circumstance. While the seminary student on looking back upon his past life and work is often full of complaint and is apt to declare that his subsequent experience on the mission has led him to look upon much of his time spent at the seminary as wasted and much of the work done there as unprofitable, the Roman student almost always speaks in the highest praise of what the Roman system has done for him, and sometimes only too bitterly regrets that he did not at the time make better use of his opportunities. The experience of his life invariably seems to confirm the excellency of the system and to create a desire for further opportunities of study. I have been assured by many a young priest in America and Australia that he would give much if he could return to Rome with his now widened experience of life and attend further courses of lectures. When one considers average human nature and its impatience of all educational restraints and the eagerness with which most young priests look forward to their freedom in the life of the mission, such statements as these are more than insignificant. They are perhaps the best testimony to the excellence of the Roman method of education which can be given.

I should not like to say one word derogatory to the seminary trained priest or his qualifications. No one knows better than I do how many excellent and loyal and hard-working priests it produces; but the fact remains that the Roman student who has made good use of his time is necessarily the superior man. This is a fact which impresses itself upon the minds of all those who have mixed much with the clergy of different countries. I have often, after half an hour's talk with priests, present at some social or diocesan gathering, singled out those whom I believed to be Romans, and I do not think that I have made a mistake in a single instance.

I will briefly state what I believe to be the peculiar and distinctive benefits which are conferred by the Roman system, and I need to say that I am speaking with no preconceptions and solely from what experience and much observation have taught me.

It seems to me that it tends in the first place to produce *great accuracy of thought*. The mind is trained to grasp fundamental and essential principles, to cultivate a sense of the proportion of things and to draw correct and logical inferences. It is not easily reduced into the consideration of side issues or tempted to be led away by clever-sounding phrases or bold assertions, even though they may emanate from recognized modern authorities, philosophical or scientific. It acquires a certain power of instinctively discerning the fallacies underlying modern and superficial modes of thought. It is taught to cultivate a habit of taking broad and truly philosophical

views of things and never to lose sight of the fact that, however plausible and convincing a particular theory or proposition may seem, there is another aspect of the matter which demands consideration and which may go to discredit or at least to greatly modify it. It stays itself, as it were, upon and directs all its operations from great philosophical principles, the accuracy of which centuries of the best thought and reflection have confirmed and which no kind of modern speculation or science can upset. It does not, therefore, confirm or modify these fixed principles to meet some demand of modern science; but it insists that any form of modern science must conform itself to them, since these principles are recognized and held on more grounds than one and are elementary and fundamental ones. I have always felt that the ultimate intellectual difficulties in the matter of religious belief are philosophical rather than theological, and I therefore naturally incline to the opinion that a training which produces this kind of real mental culture and accurate thinking is of the utmost possible importance at the present time, and that no amount of modern knowledge and information can compare with it in value. The modern man may speak contemptuously of the scholastic philosophy, but I am pretty certain that nothing else in the world can restore to it true accuracy of thought and the power of correct reasoning and inference. But to produce these effects years of a carefully arranged order of teaching and of sustained and hard study and mental application are necessary. The simplest and most fundamental truths in the world sometimes take longest and are the most difficult to learn.

The Roman system again seems to me to produce that power of self-control and force of character which are such useful and necessary qualities in the modern priest. And I am inclined to think that here, too, institutions like Propaganda take the very first and foremost place. Its students, as is known, are of almost all nationalities, and they are drawn from every class and rank of society. There is an inevitable intermingling, therefore, of all these varying elements, with the result that conventional notions and prejudices are rubbed off, large and generous views of life and human nature are formed and the habit of a certain wholesome self-restraint is engendered. The students get rid of the tendency to judge rashly and falsely of men and of conditions of life different from their own and to recognize in the men of other nations qualities and characteristics at first sight appearing strange and unattractive, perhaps, but on more intimate knowledge worthy of imitation, or, at any rate, of study.

They come to know how religious truth presents itself from stand-points wholly different from their own and how very complex the

problems are with which the Roman authorities have to deal. They in any case escape the danger of fostering the fatal "insular" attitude of mind which judges all things by a certain narrow-minded standard by the application of which all things not distinctly English are condemned, or at least called in question. In other words, it produces true catholicity of mind, both as regards matters of faith and matters of ordinary social life and interest. I have often observed the excellent effect which is apt to be produced upon human nature by a long sea voyage on board a small ship with passengers of different nationalities and characteristics. There is at first a very marked shrinking from personal contact. Each passenger hugs his own prejudices and indulges his likes and dislikes. He makes up his mind to snub or ignore one person or the other. But it is soon recognized that this kind of thing cannot be carried through with any degree of comfort, since there is no getting away from the ship. And as a consequence approaches are made after a while. The apparently objectionable fellow-traveler on closer acquaintance turns out a very decent and even interesting fellow, and in the course of time a general feeling of friendliness and good-fellowship is established. Prejudices and preconceptions are thrown overboard and a catholic state of mind is produced. Often at the end of such a voyage the men and women of half a dozen different nationalities and of the greatest possible diversity of temperament and social position have become the closest of friends and quite dread the moment of parting. They have, through the force of circumstances and compulsory conditions of life, learned to understand and respect one another, appreciating diverging standpoints and views of life.

Similar conditions, it seems to me, prevail at the Roman colleges, and similar benefits and advantages are conferred in them—benefits of very great importance to the Catholic priest, who may have his immediate sphere of work in some particular country, but whose sphere, in the higher sense, is the wide world.

Again, concurrently with the training of the intellectual man, there is the true and serious training of the spiritual man. There is the well-ordered and rigid discipline of the house, instituted and regulated not by the whims and notions of a particular superior, but by the experience and tradition of centuries, and consequently far more readily accepted and submitted to by the students. There are the long periodical retreats, conducted by the most experienced masters of the spiritual life and on lines admirably adapted for the formation of the priestly character. There is finally the true Catholic atmosphere pervading and permeating the entire daily life of the student. And this may not unreasonably be regarded as perhaps the most important element of all, since it is so instrumental in

shaping the character and ideals of life on definitely Catholic lines. And in this respect Rome alone can provide the proper kind of environment. The best and oldest seminary in the world is modern by comparison with it and cannot provide it. When one considers these various points, it is not difficult to understand how it comes to pass that the Roman training leaves such a distinctive and perceptible stamp and character upon a man.

Much may, of course, be urged against certain regulations and restrictions at some of these colleges, which are contrary to modern ideas and in some respects more adapted for a community of boys than of full-grown men. It has always seemed to me that if, in their private and personal life, these men cannot be wholly trusted, they should not be in Rome at all as candidates for the priesthood. Their very presence in Rome should be sufficient guarantee on this point. But riper experience tends to modify even this view of the matter and leads one to trust the judgment of those who are so much more intimately acquainted with these matters. It is a question, it must be remembered, of creating an inclusive rule of life for the men of all nations, not merely for the Englishman or the Italian.

But it is evident that at present all our students for the Catholic priesthood cannot go to Rome and they must therefore be content with such training as the diocesan seminary can give them and for a period corresponding with the needs of a particular diocese. Many a young student's course has to be shortened because there is a scarcity of priests and his Bishop has need of him. This, I cannot help feeling, is at all times a misfortune, since it is difficult if not impossible in later years to supply what is lacking. The opportunities for systematic study pass away quickly, and in some instances they never return again.

There is one element in connection with the seminary system which I cannot help thinking is anything but a wise arrangement and is calculated to put the student at a very grave disadvantage. One is struck in many of these institutions by the number of youthful men engaged in professorial work, in appearance often scarcely distinguishable from their pupils. They have manifestly only just themselves left the student's bench, and one wonders where they could possibly have acquired the difficult art of teaching and that wider knowledge of life and of men which can alone make the modern teacher's work useful and effective. With the complex difficulties which in our day await the Catholic priest on the mission, it seems to me to be of primary importance that all theological instruction should be given in the light and from the standpoint of at least some human experience, thus guarding against the acquisition

of that contracted and classroom knowledge and view of things which must always fail to impress really thoughtful, and certainly all cultivated minds. A professor should be acquainted with and should be able to deal with forces opposing themselves to the life of faith in the world as they really are and as personal experience has impressed them on the mind, not merely as they are represented in text and class-books. They should be able to impart a certain element of life and reality to their teaching, quickening the interest and stimulating the zeal and enthusiasm of the student.

It is surely only thus that the naturally somewhat dry bones of theology can be made to live. But how is this power to be acquired by the professor if he has himself passed straight from the seat of the learner to that of the teacher, has seen nothing of life and of the work of the mission, and no trouble has ever been taken to ascertain whether he really possesses the difficult gift of conveying information to another mind?

Is not this a defect which is likely to make itself most seriously felt by the theological student in after years? What strikes the layman most forcibly in the life of the seminary is a certain stereotyped and conventional way of looking at things; the application to the problems and difficulties of life and faith of a contracted and class-book kind of knowledge; a sort of happy delusion that the most formidable opponent can be overthrown by some dogmatic definition or an effective quotation from the Fathers. One is conscious in this sphere of a certain lack of elasticity and naturalness, a failure to apprehend life as it really is. One has the sense that one is moving in the artificial atmosphere of a hothouse in which plants are being reared which the first breath of the world's natural winds is calculated to destroy and which are not the kind of plants that will take firm root in healthy and natural soil.

What an inestimable advantage would it be to the student if the professor could vivify his subject with the facts of his own personal experience of life in the world and on the mission, showing from actual events and occurrences how human nature is apt to act and in what form the difficulties of the priestly life will actually present themselves. From how many grave mistakes and errors of judgment and stumblings in the dark would he not be saving the young priest! With what feelings of gratitude would he not be remembered by the student in after years!

And it would be so easy to secure all these advantages to the students if the present system were less rigidly adhered to and a larger number of our seminary professors were to spend some years on the mission preparatory to their professorial work. It seems to me that with the more recent enactments regulating the general reading

of our students during their course of study such a modification of the existing system has become almost a necessity. Our seminary students will otherwise be like stuffed birds, possessing all the equipments necessary for flying, but lacking that life element which can set the well-formed wings in operation.

I have often during my stay in seminaries been astounded at questions surreptitiously put to me by the students to which they were most anxious to obtain answers, but which they had not the courage or confidence to ask their professors, and yet questions bearing on subjects on which the future priest must possess accurate knowledge. The questions seemed prompted by a feeling that the professor either did not himself know the answer, or that he was likely to misunderstand the motives which prompted the question. These young men seemed to be in fear of giving expression to some heresy or of making a statement capable of unfavorably influencing the professor's mind in forming his views to their soundness in the faith and the integrity of their character. A thoughtful man is apt to ponder much and long on experiences of this kind.

And I cannot think that the present system can act very beneficially upon the mind and character of the young professor himself. It places him in a false position. He is called upon to speak and teach respecting the most serious and important matters of life before he himself has had an opportunity of acquiring some practical knowledge of those matters and of putting his faith to the test. All his notions are necessarily theoretical and abstract. And the prestige which his position carries with it is not always conducive to his own intellectual and spiritual development. It is difficult for him, with the best intention in the world, to cultivate that spirit of meekness and humility which the inevitable failures and disappointments incidental to the work of the mission are so apt to create and which are such beautiful and attractive marks of the priestly character. And there is in his own heart the constant sense of a certain undefinable kind of dissatisfaction. He feels that he is not really exercising his priesthood. The ideals of the priestly life which he has formed and which have sustained him throughout the years of his studies and the monotony of the seminary life remain unrealized, causing in him that vague kind of longing which in the course of time overshadows his ideals and paralyzes his enthusiasm and his energies. There are, of course, some men who love teaching and dislike mission work; but it is safe to say that they are the few, not the many—most newly ordained priests being bitterly disappointed if at the conclusion of their course of studies they are retained at the seminary. It is difficult, too, at a maturer age to adapt oneself to the entirely different environment of the



mission life and to learn things which one should have learned at a much earlier age. I have so often heard these views and ideas expressed during my stay at seminaries in various parts of the world that I know I shall have the larger proportion of the clergy and of the students with me in saying these things.

But here, too, I am speaking under correction, with a sense that there may be considerations which a layman is apt to leave out of sight and which may put a different complexion upon the matter. I can but state the layman's point of view, formed as it has been in my case by practical observation, due to keen personal interest in the subject. Nothing, indeed, would please me better than to see the subject fully and fairly discussed and from various points of view—from those of the student as well as of the professor and of other experienced Catholic laymen. It is not a question as to who is right in such a matter or who has happened to say the right thing, but what is the best method to be adopted in the interests of the Church and of the great cause that she has at heart. It is obvious that in the modern age that cause can only prosper if the instrument through which she acts upon the world and the souls of man be rightly moulded and fashioned in accordance with the needs of the case as the complex experiences of life disclose and indicate them.

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## THE DEVELOPMENT OF DIOCESAN ADMINISTRATION.

FROM the earliest days of Christian history it has been recognized that one of the most important duties belonging to the episcopal office is that of ecclesiastical government in a clearly defined area. A Bishop's work consisted not merely in carrying out the essential functions of the episcopate, but in ruling the Church in his diocese. The development of the application of this double mission to actual life is a long and complicated story, and the history of it has never been written in detail. The subject is one of great interest not only to the Church at large, but especially to the Bishops and clergy, to whom the origins of the Church's rule, which they either carry out or live under, must be of fascinating importance. My aim in this article is to outline the growth of diocesan government, especially in connection with administrative detail and to bring the history down to that point where modern methods appear. I conclude with a short survey of the

subject in England, as the feature of it in that country will be of special interest to English-speaking Bishops and clergy. As a rule, I omit authorities, as an article such as this does not lend itself to a detailed reference to them. I shall, however, be glad to supply them to any one of the readers of *THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW* if they wish for them.

I.

As the Catholic faith spread through the Roman Empire certain features in connection with the episcopate and its duties emerge, which, if not universal, are at least sufficiently prominent to form a basis for argument. Thus the earliest centres of Catholicism were the larger cities, and from them in descending scale it spread to the towns and villages along the great Roman roads and thence into the country districts. A city or a town or a large village became the centre of missionary effort and ecclesiastical organization. When we come to deal with the country districts we are face to face with a serious question. Was their government carried out from a town or city centre, or was it planned independent of such a centre? Evidence on both sides is wide and varying, but I am inclined to the position that the country districts became organized independent of the greater centres of life and population, and that episcopal government advanced in them parallel with its advance in the cities and towns.<sup>1</sup> However, the question is not of vital importance in relation to the subject under discussion, and the fact remains that in the earlier centuries after the foundation of the Church there were, especially in the East, a great number of Bishops who for convenience of reference may be divided into "town Bishops" and "country Bishops."

With the conversion of Constantine and with the Edict of Milan wider attention was given to the organization of the Church and to ecclesiastical discipline in general. Before long there emerges a desire to reduce the number of Bishops and to gather up the country districts round the rule of the "town Bishops." The distinction which we made for purposes of reference now becomes an historical reality. The term "country Bishop" (*chorespiscopoi*) comes into use as a term in ecclesiastical nomenclature. I recognize the difficulties connected with the meaning of the term, and if my interpretation of it cannot be here supported by authorities, I must at least ask my readers to accept it on good faith, as supported

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<sup>1</sup> The subject may be read in some detail in Gillman, "*Das Institut der Chorbischofe*" (1903), and for the later developments it is necessary to consult Schröder, "*Entwicklung des Archidiaconats*" (1890). See Hardouin, "*Concella*," I, 199, for an apparent distinction between the two kinds of Bishops.

by considerable evidence and many careful historians. When the desire to erect the town or city into the centre of government began to be felt in the development of organization, we soon arrive at the embryo stage of the modern diocesan system—the centralization of rule in a place of some considerable population and the practical administration of that rule in the town or city and in the district in which either lay. Efficiency seems to have been the ruling principle of the change, but whatever the cause, it is abundantly clear that there was a pronounced movement to transform the “town Bishop” into a “town-country Bishop;” in other words, to provide him with a diocese and to eliminate the purely “country Bishop,” or *chorespicopoi*. Thus we find that the latter type disappears as an independent class and emerges as an auxiliary to the new diocesan Bishop, especially in those provinces of the empire in which Catholicism had made the widest progress among the scattered rural population. Once the government of an area became centralized in some city or town, it soon became evident that the *chorespicopoi* would be useful auxiliaries; they ceased to be “country Bishops” in the original sense. They appear as assistants to the diocesan, especially in carrying out the work of visitation. One piece of evidence will be sufficient to illustrate the transition. We find in councils before the middle of the fifth century signatures of *chorespicopoi* of definite rural districts, but in 451 at the Council of Chalcedon there is only one such signature, while several *chorespicopoi* sign as representatives of their diocesan or “town Bishop.”<sup>2</sup>

Now, it is at once obvious that this arrangement helped the efficiency of the new ideal of central government. When the dioceses were large and unwieldy there was need for help in administration. On the other hand, however, the question seems to have arisen as to whether it was necessary to multiply *chorespicopoi* in a diocese merely for the work of official detail. The diocesan, as a rule, could carry out the work peculiar to the episcopate—confirmation, ordination, etc. Was it healthy for ecclesiastical organization to have in a diocese several *chorespicopoi* carrying out merely administrative details? Some such consideration seems to lie behind the origin of the office of diocesan archdeacon. The new type of Bishop—a man ruling a wide and varied area—found it best to have his general administrative work in the rural districts of his diocese carried out by some one in close touch with himself, as the man was who carried out such work in the city or town. With

<sup>2</sup> See signatures at Neo-Cæsarea (Hardouin, I., 285); at Nicaea 325 (cf. Thomassin *Ancienne et Nouvelle Discipline* II., c. I.); at Ephesus (a difficult question, but see Hardouin under Ephesus and Chalcedon); at Chalcedon (4b. II., 58, 278, 373, and note Canon II.).

the development of organized parishes and the completion of the parochial system, episcopal work became easier, and soon we find that the diocesan archdeacon or archdeacons take over the administrative work of the diocesan Bishops and that the *chorespicopoi* gradually disappear and become the exception rather than the rule. Indeed, in the middle of the sixth century—for example, at the Second Council of Constantinople—we find no trace of them, though they appear at Second Nicæa, but without full episcopal powers.<sup>3</sup> They had fulfilled their function in Church history as far as the East was concerned, and isolated instances of their continuation are only the relics of a once flourishing system. I am not concerned with the name or office in the modern East. Their disappearance is marked by the rise of a temporary class of priests called "*periodeutai*,"<sup>4</sup> who carried out visitations when the Bishop was hindered from carrying them out himself. This class was purely transitory in Eastern ecclesiastical life, where the aim was to make small dioceses and for the diocesan to visit himself. On the other hand, it must be pointed out that elsewhere, as Catholicism advanced and new dioceses were at first large, we find assistant Bishops. The whole history of the *chorespicopoi* in the East is one of difficult complication, and there is wide difference of opinion about the office. These lie outside the sphere of a general survey, in which a writer must assume a position as a working basis. My position may not be that generally accepted, but it has strong advocates, and there is behind it a strong body of evidence. The question, however, needs fuller elaboration than it has received, and I think that it would be best approached from the point of view of visitations, as it is, at any rate, clear that the office was closely connected with them, whatever else may have been its functions or duties. Indeed, any one who attempts to trace in close detail the history of diocesan administration will be compelled to begin very early in his study with this subject, as it occupies a serious place in the early centuries and one of emphatic importance in the development of ecclesiastical organization.

## II.

In Italy in earlier Catholic history there were many "country Bishops," but we have no evidence of *chorespicopoi*, or auxiliary Bishops, such as we considered in the East. With the development of organization already referred to, Italy did not pass through the transitional stage represented by the *chorespicopate*. Indeed, it

<sup>3</sup> See Leclercq, II., 1218 sq.

<sup>4</sup> Hardouin, I., 791; II., 431, and compare St. Athanasius *Apol. cont. Ar.* 74, and St. Basil *Epist.*, 95, for the meaning of the word *periodeuta*.

seems that there was a marked movement there to reduce generally the numbers of Bishops, and for Bishops of the cities or towns to undertake personally the government of areas and to carry out the visitations without any auxiliaries. Thus Italy was divided up into many small dioceses (as it still is). The Bishops of the cities and towns were sufficiently numerous to make the rural area divisible into easily managed dioceses. I believe it still remains customary for the Italian diocesan Bishops to carry out visitations personally without such assistants as auxiliary Bishops or archdeacons. Indeed, it may be said that from the fourth century onward it has at least remained an ideal of diocesan life that a Bishop should rule an area which he can effectively visit. The extension of the Church has modified the ideal arrangement, but Church history shows all along a uniform striving after it.

Thus, for example, Africa was divided up into many dioceses, and the ideals of episcopal visitation were so high in that continent that, although the dioceses were small, there emerges evidence that the diocesan Bishops at times consecrated assistants,<sup>5</sup> and many of the reconciled Donatist Bishops acted as auxiliaries to the Catholic diocesans.<sup>6</sup> In Africa also there seems to have been an attempt made to enforce annual visitations<sup>7</sup> (Hippo. 393), and proof is not wanting that efficiency in visitations was obtained by subdivision of dioceses. Thus, for example, St. Augustine<sup>8</sup> tells us that he divided his diocese and founded a new bishopric in order to ensure efficient ecclesiastical supervision. The evidence for this desire to further episcopal government on a workable scale extends to Spain and France. In the former country annual visitations were ordered at the beginning of the sixth century.<sup>9</sup> Subdivision was more than once called into effect the valuable work, and even the civil power was not slow to compel a Bishop to have his diocese divided were he unwilling to do so<sup>10</sup>—adequate visitation being recognized as absolutely necessary to successful ecclesiastical administration. In France a similar history can be traced, and we find there also the growth of the idea of a metropolitan visiting a province, diocese by diocese.

But as in the East so in the West, the question arose: May not these visitorial offices be carried out by a diocesan official or a set of diocesan officials? Is it necessary to subdivide dioceses, to multiply diocesan Bishops, or even to multiply assistant Bishops,

<sup>5</sup> Hardouin, I., 894.

<sup>6</sup> *Ib.*, 922, 931.

<sup>7</sup> *Ib.*, 961, 971.

<sup>8</sup> Epist. cclix.

<sup>9</sup> Gratian, Decret., II., x., q. 1, sec. 10.

<sup>10</sup> Hefele, III., 395.

for a purely administrative function? Once again we meet the two old types which we have considered in the East—the archdeacon and the chorespicopoi. In the earlier period, as I have pointed out with regard to Italy, the chorespicopoi were unknown in the West. They appear to have existed, however, in a few cases in the West before the eighth century, but their presence was either abnormal, or their office was somewhat curtailed like that of those chorespicopoi already mentioned in connection with the Second Council of Nicæa.<sup>11</sup> With the expansion of the Church in the eighth century among the German tribes the name chorespicopus came into use for a missionary Bishop, responsible, however, to the organizer or leader of the mission. On the other hand, as they increased they awoke the old spirit of hostility against the multiplication of Bishops, and in addition they came, in their visitorial capacity, into contact with the office of archdeacon, which had by this time grown strong in the West. From being a mere superintendent of finance or liturgical discipline in personal attendance on his diocesan Bishop, the archdeacon had developed into a representative of his Bishop throughout the diocese, in work not inherent in the episcopal office. Gradually visitations came within the scope of his representation.<sup>12</sup> It is possible to trace this development along clear lines; but leaving out details of evidence, it is evident that the principle was largely recognized, at least at the beginning of the eighth century. Thus when the chorespicopoi appeared in the West, it was clear that there would be friction. The history is too complicated and too difficult to be dealt with in a general survey, but the story of the East is repeated in the West. Gradually the chorespicopoi disappear and leave the field open to the archdeacon, to visit when requested by the Bishop. Gradually, too, we find that the number of archdeacons increases in a diocese,<sup>13</sup> especially as his powers as a visitor develop and are recognized. With this increase there arose definite areas or “archdeaconries,” and thus a diocese became divided into districts, each with its archdeacon, who carried out in his prescribed area the work of visitation.

It is well to stop here and to consider what purpose a Bishop fulfilled in visiting his diocese. It is obvious that in the early ages of Catholicism his work was largely missionary. With the growth of the Church this work devolved upon the parish clergy, and the Bishop's duties became more clear cut with regard to both clergy and laity. First of all, he visited different centres in order to administer confirmation, to hold an ordination, or to distribute the

<sup>11</sup> Hardouin, III., 559. Probably a corrupt text.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Migne, LXXXIII., 896.

<sup>13</sup> Eg. Council of Paris (Hardouin, IV., 1213).

holy oils. These duties were to a large extent centralized. In connection with them, he worked from some chosen parish church, and the people came to him. On the other hand, there were occasions when he was compelled to go to different places. For example, to bless a bell, consecrate a church or enthrone a religious superior. All these duties, however, are outside the special aspect of visitation which I have under consideration. Thus in this connection one of his most important duties, and one which was enforced by conciliar authority, was that of seeing that the parish churches and the parish buildings were kept in good repair.<sup>14</sup> In the middle of the sixth century, too, evidence is forthcoming to show that a Bishop was required to visit each parish, to have a personal interview with the clergy there, to see how the services were conducted and to give instruction on the faith if necessary.<sup>15</sup> In addition, the Catholic Bishop was a Christian judge, and his arrival in any parish was the occasion of hearing cases and settling differences. As time went on his duties in visitation became inseparably connected with his diocesan synod, which as early as the sixth century was annually summoned in France. The advent of the diocesan synod as a normal event in the life of a diocese brought with it a lessening of the Bishop's work in connection with our subject. Thus he was able to meet them in a body, and he could delegate the actual parochial visitation to an archdeacon. Of course, it could not entirely eliminate personal visitation by the Bishop, as his office required him to visit for definitely episcopal functions; but it tended to throw the burden of administrative details on his official representative. These details assumed clearness and precision in the ninth century. The title lands and belongings of each parish church must be handed in. It must be kept in good repair, free from secular abuses, with bells and ropes. The altar must be worthy of the austere sacrifice, with proper hangings and a pyx for the Blessed Sacrament. The holy vessels, the relics and their safekeeping must be diligently inquired into. Finally, in this connection, vestments, candles, etc., must be provided. Thus the first division of inquiry and command was connected with the Church fabric and the necessities of Catholic worship. Then the visitor passed on to the public life and work of the parochial clergy. Inquiries must be directed as to their moral character and freedom from secular dress and work. Were they diligent in visiting the sick and afflicted, attending the dying, administering the sacraments, absolving and baptizing without any charge? They must say Mass every day at 9 A. M., served by the parish clerks, and their office

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<sup>14</sup> Hardouin, III, 587.

<sup>15</sup> *Ib.*, 386.

at the appointed hours, not in private, but in choir. Every detail of their teaching must be carefully scrutinized, care being taken to see that they were diligent in instructing their people, especially with regard to confession in Lent and Communion at least quarterly. In fact, the inquiries prescribed in connection with a visitation of the clergy cover the whole ground of priestly duty and efficiency—not merely moral character and public ministrations, but financial abilities and capacity for preserving the parochial property. Such is the outline given by Regino of Prum, and it can be read at length in Migne (Ed. of 1853, cxxxii., 187). Not only is it of exceptional interest in itself, but it is the model for every visitation which can be traced right down at any rate to the Reformation, and it appears almost in identical terms in Bishop Bonner's elaborate<sup>16</sup> visitation of London Diocese in 1554 and 1555.

### III.

It is now necessary to turn from the general outline of the Church's organization in connection with visitations through Europe, to England in particular. Before the Norman Conquest annual visitations were aimed at in England,<sup>17</sup> but with the general uncertainty in political life we may assume that the ideal was seldom realized, and records are practically non-existent. Indeed, the study of the whole question of visitations in pre-Norman Britain is beset with complications and difficulties and hardly repays study. With the advent of the Normans, however, the whole face of ecclesiastical life is changed. They came fresh with a new enthusiasm for discipline and before very long this enthusiasm made itself felt in English diocesan life. Thus diocesan boundaries were more clearly defined, and the centres of diocesan rule were changed in many cases to places more convenient for the carrying out of visitations. In addition, regular synods were called every year, and these applied to the everyday life of the diocese, the general and provincial legislation of the Church. Indeed, these synods became more important in connection with visitations than any general mention of them would imply. It gradually became customary in England for the Bishops to carry out investigations at their synods along the lines already referred to, and at the end of such inquiries and before the synod closed, to issue orders based on the replies received. On the other hand, the popularity of the synod in the eyes of the Bishops increased the influence of the archdeacons and accelerated the perfecting of their discipline. The dioceses were

<sup>16</sup> Bonner, *MS. Register*, folio 365 ff., and his *Injunctions*, printed by Cawood, 1555 (British Museum, 1026, e. 14 [2]).

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Hauck, "*Kirchengeschichte*," I., 620 ff., and Haddan and Higgs, III., 360, etc.



divided into several archdeaconries, generally coëxtensive with the divisions for civil administration—these divisions are seen in full working activity by the middle of the twelfth century, and they practically carried on their work to Reformation times. Thus with a diocese definitely divided into several archdeaconries and with several archdeacons at work, we find that visitations begin to proceed normally along the lines of these divisions, and that they are normally carried out in their parochial connection by such officials. Thus it is possible to trace the development of a clear line of demarcation between the visitation of the Bishop and that of the archdeacon as distinct from acts in the synod. The former was confined more and more to acts proper to the episcopate—confirmations, consecrations and such like—the latter dealt more and more with the details of investigation as outlined by Regino of Prüm. The Bishop became more stationary, if I may use the word; his visits less frequent to the parishes. The archdeacon, however, visited the parishes of his archdeaconry personally at stated intervals. I have assumed a general harmony of working between the Bishop and his official. Students of Gratian, however, will remember the disgraceful disputes between English Bishops and archdeacons over jurisdiction. I merely recall the matter in order to show that it has not escaped my attention; it would be impossible here to go into the details necessary to elucidate it. In the issue, however, the archdeacon established a jurisdiction peculiar to himself, with courts proper to his archdeaconry. Thus there grew up in a diocese two sets of courts—episcopal and archidiaconal—which soon overshadowed their origins in visitation. At the same time, when a visitation was in progress, the normal jurisdiction of the courts was suspended, their business being carried out as part and parcel of the visitation.

Such, then, is the system in full working order. As such it existed in the Middle Ages, in the reign of Henry VII. and in the earlier years of Henry VIII. We find it again in full working order under Queen Mary, when Cardinal Pole visited the entire Province of Canterbury, and in other places diocesan Bishops visited their own dioceses. The development of the system is complicated with serious abuses and unedifying disputes. Indeed, there was a time when the name of archdeacon carried with it no enviable reputation. Broadly speaking, however, a Bishop or an archdeacon issued at some stated time a series of searching questions to the clergy, church wardens and laity of each parish in an archdeaconry. These were called the Articles of Inquiry. When the answers to these were received and considered, orders were issued called Injunctions, which were based on the answers—that is, new commands

owed their origin to new defects in parochial discipline—and these Injunctions had the force of ecclesiastical law within the definite area for which they were issued. In many instances, however, it was not uncommon for one Bishop to take over somewhat bodily the Injunctions of his neighbor and apply them to his own diocese. Failure in ecclesiastical discipline runs along somewhat similar lines.

There remain many difficult questions with which I have not now space to deal, but I hope to refer to them in another article. Such are exemptions from visitation, both episcopal and archidiaconal; the relation of the cathedral and monastic bodies to visitations, and metropolitanical visitations. These form almost a separate study, though intimately connected with the broad outline. The history of them is by no means easy, but finally certain generally accepted lines of action appear clearly defined, and these, considered in connection with what I have already written, will, I hope, form an introduction to the fascinating subject of diocesan discipline—an introduction sufficient to throw some light on a subject largely unworked and sufficient, I hope, to inspire some one to undertake its full historical elaboration.

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## "OUR SEPARATED BRETHREN."

QUIS ENIM TE DISCERNIT?—I. COR. IV., 7.

**I**T is not for us, as Our Blessed Lord told His Apostles, after His Resurrection, to "know the times or the seasons" (Acts i., 7) of God's dealings with nations or with individuals; why, in the matters of faith or heresy, of union with or separation from the Holy See and the Vicar of Christ, "one should be taken and the other left." (St. Matt. xxiv., 40.) Still less does it become us, whether we be born of Catholic parents or brought by no less a miracle than was St. Paul himself into the one fold in later life (in this last case, least of all) to attempt to determine who is and who is not in good faith by the mere fact that one becomes a Catholic, while the other remains outside the visible communion of the Church on earth, or to judge therefrom that one was "better" than the other.

The exact reverse of this must, indeed, have impressed itself on the mind and heart of every convert who, conscious of his own utter unworthiness, looks round on those of his acquaintances and

friends, on his nearest and dearest, from whom God, in His inscrutable Providence, has (it would seem) withheld this supreme reward of their faith, their piety, their love and devotion to Himself. And, so reflecting, the convert must inevitably gain in humility, and exclaim, with the first and greatest of all converts: "By the grace of God I am what I am." (I. Cor. xi., 10.)

Newman, if I read his life aright, was fully and deeply conscious that he owed his conversion (and I should venture to rank him with St. Paul and St. Augustine) solely and wholly to the super-abundant and unmerited grace of God. It is for this reason, as it seems to me, that he kept till the very end such an affectionate regard, I had almost said a reverence, for those fellow-workers of his in the "Catholic Revival" (the Oxford Movement) who were unable to follow him into the City of Peace, and for John Keble most of all. And who, indeed, that has studied the lives of these two men, of the real originator (Keble) and of the premier leader (Newman) in the most marvelous spiritual revival ever seen outside, that is, of the one Church, would presume to say which of them was more sincere, more earnest, more consciously submissive to the will and guidance of God's Spirit than the other? Yet John Keble died an Anglican, while Newman died "fortified by all the rites of Holy Church." Truly and beyond our understanding, "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and rewards their faith in His way, not in ours.

It is of John Keble, moreover, that Newman has written words which have, as it seems to me, a very special bearing on the present attitude of our Anglican brethren towards reunion; in connection, that is to say, with the relation between good faith (in an "Anglo-Catholic") and the duty of immediate and personal submission to the Holy See. "If," we are wont to say, "they admit the Primacy, by divine right, of the Vicar of Christ, why do they not submit to him?" Let us hear what Newman, out of the depths of his (perhaps) unrivaled spiritual, mental and even ecclesiastical experience, had to say concerning this matter on learning of Keble's death. "It seems to me," he writes to a Catholic friend,<sup>1</sup> "no difficulty to suppose a person in good faith on such a point as the necessity of communion with Rome. Till he saw that (or that he was not in the Church) he was bound to remain where he was."

I have quoted these words, and especially the last, for the distinct purpose of emphasizing a truth which some among us (dare I say it?) appear to be in danger of forgetting, the duty, namely, before God and towards God which is laid on every individual soul and which no soul can evade or escape, of taking no single step in

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<sup>1</sup> *Life*, Vol. II., p. 93.

the spiritual life save and except in the clear light and consciousness of God's will and purpose concerning it. The end for which God created us was to glorify Him, and we can only glorify Him in His own way. If so, then doubtless Keble glorified Him as much and as truly (though in a different manner) by remaining and by dying an Anglican, as Newman glorified Him by becoming and by dying "a prince of the blood royal of Christ."<sup>2</sup> And if I be charged with making submission to the Holy See a matter of small account, I answer boldly that I make it of supreme account by making it conditional on and absolutely identical with submission to the will of God.

To go back, however, to my chief reason for quoting Newman's words as to a man's duty to "remain where he is" until God's call comes, clearly and unmistakably, as to Abraham, or to St. Paul, to go out from his kindred and from his father's house "into a land that I shall shew thee:" That reason is this, that there appears to be a tendency to receive, in season and out of season, certain phrases of "Anglo-Roman controversy;" to question the motives, to cast doubt upon the sincerity of those who "remain where they are" . . . because it allows, possibly because He wishes them (for the present at all events) to do so. Is He not the keeper of His own honor?

And after all has controversy, as generally understood and carried on, ever brought a devout soul into the fold of Christ's Church? Is a challenge (I speak with all respect) to produce an Anglican Bishop's pastoral insisting on the duty of "attendance at Mass" likely to help those to whom it is made? Will it not savor rather of "Roman arrogance?" In any case, what concern is it of ours? It is not we, but they who will have to answer to God for correspondence with grace or resistance to it in this matter of submission to the Holy See, though we, indeed, as I shall try to show presently, have our responsibility in this matter as well.

Let me add, first, however, a few words concerning the Catholic League, of which we have lately heard so much (in England, at all events). The attitude assumed towards it by the Anglican Bishops, and by the Bishop of St. Albans especially, appears to an esteemed Catholic editor (also a convert) a clear indication that "the 'Catholic' revival in the Church of England . . . is on the wane, and the action of the Bishop of St. Albans indicates that reaction has set in against it."

I quote this passage, even as I quoted Newman, for a distinct and definite purpose, namely, to make clear to American Catholic readers the present state of our relations with our "separated

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<sup>2</sup> Mgr. Benson's name for a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

brethren" of the Anglican communion, and also by way of introducing what I shall have to say, in conclusion, as to our responsibility for their continued state of separation. Yet even in quoting the above opinion (an opinion, I fancy, very prevalent at the present time) I must take leave, as a convert of nearly thirty years' standing, to differ entirely from it. The opinion is, of course, in either case purely a personal one and to be taken as such. Yet personally, and with my recent reading of Newman's life of the history, not of the Oxford Movement only, but (most especially) of what the *Guardian* is pleased to call (quite consistently) "the Caldey secession," I should say that the Bishops of London and of St. Albans are following very closely in the footsteps of their right reverend predecessors, who planned the Oxford Movement "in every mood and tense"—and were the instruments, under God, of Newman's conversion and of countless others. They are following still more closely (and this is of more immediate interest) in the path followed by the Bishop of Oxford in connection with the Caldey community. Episcopal censures (Anglican) have not had in the past, and are not likely to have in the present, a happy effect on the spiritual fortunes of the "Church of England," unless, indeed, it is to the advantage of that communion that her most loyal and devoted sons and daughters should be "driven into the Roman camp." We know (and we thank God for) the result in Newman's case; in that of the Brighton clergy; in that of the Caldey Benedictines. Shall we have equal reason for thankfulness in the case of the Catholic League and the Bishop of St. Albans?

To that question I answer, boldly again, yet with all humility, as becomes a convert: It depends, under God, on the Catholics of England chiefly, yet in no small measure on the Catholics of the United States as well. Let me quote this time a non-Catholic, I should say, perhaps, an anti-Catholic writer, Charles Kingsley, who was yet great enough (and Christian enough) to get at the heart of many things and to reveal their realities. In his "Hypathia," then, he makes his hero (now an abbot) speak as follows: "On the Catholic Church alone lies the blame of heresy and unbelief, for if she were but for one day that which she ought to be, the world would be converted before nightfall."<sup>8</sup>

Using the words in the right sense, of the men and women who make up the "Church" in Great Britain and the United States, I would say, fearlessly, that the continued separation of "our separated brethren" is largely, if not chiefly, to be laid to their charge. We have the gift of faith; they have not; we are the children of those saints and martyrs whom their fathers (and ours, if we be

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<sup>8</sup> Edition of 1899, p. 342 (Macmillan).

converts) slew, thinking thereby to glorify God (St. John xvi., 2); how shall we answer to God for our brethren? It is so easy (and so comforting to ourselves) to accuse them of pride, of obstinacy, of insincerity; easier still (and so devout!) to say that God is responsible; but, speaking with all reverence, is He?

Let me remind those who have followed me so far of a scene in Our Lord's earthly life. It is written of Him that on a visit to His native city "He did not there many wonderful works, *because of their unbelief.*" (St. Matt. xiii., 58.) Human want of faith tied the hands of God Omnipotent! There are, I am told, as many Catholics in England to-day as there were inhabitants (all Catholics) prior to the great spiritual rebellion of the sixteenth century. There are many millions of Catholics in the United States. Yet England and Scotland, drenched, literally, from end to end with the blood of countless martyrs, remain for the most part "Protestant" or indifferent. And the United States, notwithstanding all that Ireland's sons have done and suffered,, notwithstanding the lives and faith of Catholics "of every nation under heaven," remain unconverted. Who shall answer for this before God in judgment but those to whom He has given the gift of faith, and upon whose lives it has had so little effect that they have come to believe (or to profess) that the conversion of England or of America is "impossible;" to hold those who (like myself, if I may say so) are convinced that it is not only possible, but inevitable, *if we have faith*, as vain dreamers of vainer dreams? "According to your faith be it unto you." Are we, by any chance, tying the hands of God's omnipotence? Shall it be said of us that, like the Apostles of old, we failed to cast out the devils of heresy and schism "because of our unbelief?" (St. Matt. xvii., 20.) Truly, they are of the kind "that goeth not out save by prayer and fasting." (Ibid. v., 21.)

And yet in the conversion of the Caldey and St. Bride's communities in England, of the Graymoor community in America, to name no others, God has surely shown us plainly enough what He can do in the way of "corporate reunion." After such miracles of His grace, what may we not expect—if we will but ask Him? What judgment may we not look for it by our want of faith, by the discrepancy between our lives and our professions, by our spiritual degeneracy, we remain responsible for the continued exile of our "separated brethren," Anglican, Methodist or Presbyterian? These are the souls for whom Christ died, no less than for ours, for whose exclusion from His fold He will most surely hold each and every one of us responsible.

The conversion of the Caldey community has been attributed by one who knows to the prayers of one to whom they showed a

Christlike charity; prayers offered, it is true, after he had passed within the veil and had seen things as they really are, as God sees them. How many of those who may read this article will agree to pray, to continue praying and to live lives of prayer until God brings about not the conversion of the "Catholic League" only, but of all and every one of our separated brethren?

Do you say that no prayers of ours could ever gain so much? Have we ever found God to fail us? And with Him all things are possible; even this, that by our faith and by our lives we may win back to the one fold those who "have erred and strayed like lost sheep," but who shall yet (if we will but ask it) "return to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, v. 21.

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## THE PRETERNATURAL ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE.

THE classic tragedies of ancient Greece were replete with oracles and the vengeance of the gods. Ignoring man's free will, they were fashioned upon a secret force of destiny or the interposition of supernatural agencies that directly interfered with human events. Far otherwise is the preternatural in the modern drama. Without dominating human destiny, it presupposes human liberty and reconciles it with the moral law. Shakespeare above all takes for granted the Christian truth that man in the freedom of his will is the architect of his own fate, either for good or evil. With him preternatural agencies, such as ghosts, apparitions, portends and witches, instead of determining or destroying man's freedom, only intensify and illuminate it in action. Always portraying the tragic catastrophe as resulting from man's wilful rebellion against the moral order, his tragedies picture the direful effects which passions when misguided or uncontrolled produce upon human life. This truth is perhaps best illustrated in the tragedy of "Macbeth," wherein preternatural agencies visibly embodied in the *Weird Sisters* control the drama from first to last.

If the preternatural has always exercised a peculiar power over the human mind, it is because man's natural desire to know the future prompts him to attempts in every age to lift the veil of futurity. Owing to this impulse, often heightened by a desire of personal gain or advantage, superstitious practices, even though

inhibited by divine command, have been widely diffused among all peoples and have persisted through all times. Superstition, however, like idolatry itself, is but the outward expression of some religious truth which, inherent in our nature, is coextensive with human kind. After wandering away from the cradle lands of our race, tribe after tribe lost in time the knowledge of the true God and His worship, and fashioned new, but idolatrous religions, in which Satan, substituting himself for the Creator, received under varied forms of idols and oracles and superstitious practices the supreme homage due alone to Almighty God. This fact Milton commemorates in verse:

By falsities and lies the greater part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God, their Creator, . . . . .  
And devils to adore for deities.  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the heathen world.  
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix  
Their seats long after, next the seat of God,  
Their altars by His altars, gods adored  
Among the nations round.

—Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

With idolatry arose superstitious practices, which grew with its growth, and, flourishing through the heathen world, attained most summit of their culture. Divination, sorcery, magic, necromancy multiplied forms when ancient Greece and Rome had reached the and witchcraft were all ready instruments by which evil spirits intruded themselves into the affairs of human life. Superstition, however, found in Christianity from the first an implacable foe. Banished from the light of day, all forms of diableries could ply their trade only in secret hiding places. But they regained new life when the wild hordes of the North in repeated incursions poured down upon Europe, bringing with them their tribal gods and their sorceries; and again when centuries later the spirit of the Renaissance engendered by means of pagan literature and art a widespread recrudescence of pernicious practices. These in turn were followed by others consequent upon the "Reformation" in Germany and England in the days of Shakespeare. Belief in evil spirits and in witches as their agents was common to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Witchcraft had become so prevalent in England during the reign of Elizabeth that in 1562 was enacted a statute that made it a crime of the greatest magnitude. James I., himself a firm believer in the black art, issued in 1599 his famous work on "Demonology," as a counterblast to the skeptical book of Reginald Scott; and on ascending the English throne enacted a penal law which minutely defines the practice of witchcraft: "Any one that shall use, practice or exercise any invocation of any evil



or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ any evil or wicked spirit to or for any purpose, or take up any dead man, etc., such offenders duly and lawfully convicted shall suffer death." King James prided himself upon his knowledge of demonology, says Lingard,<sup>1</sup> and "Macbeth," it is commonly supposed, was written with a view of complimenting him. After the royal enactment against witchcraft the mania became epidemic in every part of England, and, crossing the sea, caused great disturbance, notably in Boston and in Salem, Mass. The latter part of the nineteenth century witnessed, especially in England and America, a strange revival of all sorts of superstition. Necromancy, or Spiritism, claims to-day far more adherents than is commonly believed. As on the testimony of Josephus, sorcery flourished most in Israel during periods of religious decay, so in modern times it appears that Satan, whose activity was curbed by the light and influence of the Gospel of Christ, is reasserting his power and regaining his ascendancy in proportion as men, abandoning the one and supernatural religion, practically revert to irreligion, to heathenism and infidelity. Hence, in communities where dogmatic or revealed religion is weakest, there superstition thrives the most. This spirit of irreligion, as well as materialism, has exercised an evil influence upon the modern stage, as is seen in the travestied presentment of the *Weird Sisters*, so different from their preternatural reality in Shakespeare's day. Hence, says Hazlitt,<sup>2</sup> "We can conceive a common actor to play *Richard III.* tolerably well. We can conceive no one to play *Macbeth* properly, or to look like a man who has encountered the *Weird Sisters*. All the actors that we have ever seen appear as if they had encountered them on the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but not on the heath of Forres, and as if they did not believe what they had seen. The *Weird Sisters* are ridiculous on the modern stage, and we doubt if the Furies of Æschylus would be more respected."

To the Christian mind the tragedy of "Macbeth" mirrors forth in sensible expression the secret efforts of the powers of evil to lead man to moral ruin by means of his ruling passion. That all who live godly must prepare their souls for trials and persecution is a divine axiom. Temptation is the common lot of all, because

<sup>1</sup> He demonstrated the existence of witches and the mischiefs of witchcraft against the objections of Scott and Wierus. He even discovered a satisfactory solution for the obscure but interesting question, "Why the devil did work more with ancient women than others." From the commencement of his reign there scarcely passed a year in which some aged female or other was not condemned to expiate on the gallows her supposed communication with the evil spirit.—Lingard, "History of England," Vol. VII., p. 281.

<sup>2</sup> "Characters of Shakespeare," p. 23.

man's present existence is by divine ordinance but a short, passing life of probation, in which he must align himself with one or other of the two antagonistic spiritual forces that have made earth their battleground of good against evil. These truths were first principles to peoples of the Elizabethan age, and Shakespeare was in harmony with the thought of his day. He believed in the existence of good spirits who are God's "ministers of grace" and "guardians of men," as well as in fallen angels, those counter spirits of evil that from envy and hatred tempt men to moral ruin. They try and experiment with mankind in order to discover each one's natural disposition to virtue or to vice, with the sole purpose of injuring him by seducing him to sin. Such is the special function of Satan and his legions, though too often wicked men wittingly or unwittingly share in his work.

This doctrine, so emphatically inculcated in Sacred Scripture, is further expounded by the fathers of the Greek and Latin Church. St. Augustine (A. D. 354) writes: "Christ came and bound the devil. But if he is bound, why does he still prevail so much? It is true, he dominates the tepid, the negligent and those devoid of a true fear of God. Bound like a chained dog, he can bite only those that in deadly security approach him. He can harm none save the willing, for he injures not by force, but by persuasion; he seeks, but he cannot extort our consent." A striking example is that chronicled in the poetical book of Job. "As a work of genius and of art, it occupies well nigh the first rank in Hebrew literature, and is unsurpassed in sublimity of imaginative thought by any poem of antiquity." The hero is an inhabitant of the land of Hus, "upright and just, fearing the Lord and avoiding evil." In the poem God is pictured on the one hand as delighting in the virtue of His servant, and Satan, on the other, as boasting in confidence of his power to seduce him. This confidence springs from his belief that Job's piety is prompted by worldly motives. With God's permission, the demon, with the one exception that he spares Job's life, is allowed to test his fidelity by the most severe sufferings. Having stricken him in succession with six great afflictions, Satan discovers that instead of shaking his loyalty to God, he but causes his heroic virtue to shine the more brilliantly. In his last attempt the demon finds auxiliaries in Eliphaz, Baldad and Sophar, friends of the afflicted man. As friends they come to condole with him, but in the erroneous view that suffering is always the result of evil-doing, they sit with him in his terrible affliction of mind and body, and day after day drone into his ears their conviction that he is a great sinner, and that he should repent and confess his transgressions, and perhaps the Lord will

forgive him. Job's insistence upon his innocence they blame, resent and stigmatize as rank hypocrisy. Their rash judgments are, however, rebuked by the Lord, who, coming in a whirlwind, defends His servant's innocence, puts an end to his long suffering, glorifies his well-tried fidelity and crowns his victory over men and the demon with wondrous munificence. Job's trial by the demon, like that of *Macbeth's*, is an external manifestation of secret temptations that are experienced by many a Christian. Man alone with his natural forces can effect little against the greater and preternatural powers of tempting demons; but, like Job, the Christian is, under trial, fortified secretly by supernatural aid or grace all unseen by the tempter, and in consequence is enabled to conquer the arch-enemy of God and man; and from this victory results a manifold good: the Christian is roused to vigilance, perceives his own weakness, turns to God in faith and in deep humility, strengthens his virtue, merits for himself, gives glory to his Heavenly Father, and by defeating the malicious efforts of a superior being, humbles the gigantic pride of Satan and overwhelms him with confusion.

The action of demons who in the visible form of the *Weird Sisters* accosted *Macbeth* and entangled him in their snares of equivocation is again exemplified in the votaries of modern Spiritism. This ism is not a new discovery of science, as some pretend, or any "new light come into the world," but simply the recrudescence of the practice of necromancy with which non-Christian nations are only too familiar, and which the Church has in every age most emphatically condemned. Spiritists, in consequence of their disregard of the divine command, which forbids all superstitious practices and dealings with spirits, are deprived of God's grace against the tempter, and, abandoned to their folly, become the blind dupes of lying spirits, who lead them to deny the truth of the incarnation of the Son of God, of His supernatural religion, of sin and its future punishment, and of the essential distinction between vice and virtue, until in fine they lose all notion of morality, and in many cases their end is insanity or suicide. From his own experience, says Dr. W. Potter, who was formerly a Spiritist, "They teach that there is no high, no low, no good, no bad. That murder is right, adultery is right, lying is right, slavery is right. That nothing we can know can injure the soul or retard its progress. That it is wrong to blame any; that none should be punished; that man is a machine and not to blame for his conduct."<sup>s</sup> The late Professor Lombroso, after long experimenting with Spiritism, manifested much anxiety from fear of losing his mind; and the

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<sup>s</sup> "Modern Spiritism," J. Godfrey Raupert, p. 201.

late Professor James, of Harvard University, an eminent psychical investigator of the preternatural, displayed a very distinct leaning to the Catholic view of the proscribed cult.

Though evil spirits have no power to act on man's will interiorly, they can, nevertheless, by presenting objects to the senses, by rousing the imagination, by stimulating the passions and by external suggestions, exteriorly incite the will to evil. Persons once in their power, they confirm in sinful habits by inspiring them with a false feeling of security. If a man desire to turn from evil, they harass him with imaginary obstacles, perplex him with sophistical reasonings and entangle him more and more in their snares, until sunk in the quagmire of despair, he resigns himself to his fate as did *Macbeth* in the words:

I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Though Satan be the indirect and remote cause of all sin, because he seduced our protoparent, from whom all have received their fallen nature with its proneness to evil, he is, however, far from being the direct cause of every sin. This truth St. Gregory expands in the following lines:

Quid culpam in hostem semper ipsi vertimus  
Cum nostra praestent fobur ipsi crimina!  
Te criminare prorsus, aut certe magis,  
Ignis tuus nam est; flamma vero daemonia.<sup>4</sup>

Since, then, man's passions kindle the fires of sin and Satan but fans their flame, his power is proportioned to the moral disposition of the person tempted, and is, therefore, greater or less in accordance as a man cultivates or flouts the moral virtues and restrains or indulges his passions. When indulged in their tendency to evil, passions necessarily create in man an affinity with fallen spirits or demons, and in consequence there arises a harmonious relation, an affinity, one for the other; and man's soul by reason of this affinity not only attracts evil spirits, but even welcomes their visits. Thus *Macbeth*, intent on crime, gladly welcomed the *Weird Sisters* in their first visit, and afterwards eagerly sought their presence; and *Lady Macbeth*, with thoughts of murder, invoked them as "spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, murderous ministers that wait on nature's mischief." Their power is, therefore, always relative, because it depends on the affinitive tendencies of man's passions to evil, and in proportion as those tendencies are stronger or weaker, they give these demons a greater or less power in leading man to moral ruin.

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<sup>4</sup> Why always impute our sins to Satan when our passions give power to tempt us? Let us blame ourselves at least in the main, for we kindle the fire and he but fans the flames.

Shakespeare's belief in witches was that common to his times. To the popular mind, witches were but the wicked and willing instruments of evil spirits that sought to inflict injury on mankind. By tradition they were un-Christian old hags, whose ugliness no less than their malevolence inspired disgust rather than awe and terror. If they inflicted temporary injury on the victims of their envy and hate, they were powerless to lead them involuntarily to spiritual ruin. According to popular belief, they entered into a compact with Satan, who, appearing in some visible form, promised the witch what she most desired on the condition that she abjure Christianity and swear fealty to himself. The powers of witches, as well as their rites and incantations, were substantially the same in Christian as in pagan times. In presence of this popular belief, the poet found it unnecessary to elaborate *Macbeth's* relation to Satan, or to picture an open compact between him and the powers of evil; all this was clear to the minds of his audience. Building on this popular belief, the poet gives us in "Macbeth" not the witches of common superstition, but a new creation unique and altogether his own. The *Weird Sisters*, says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare as his *Ariel* and *Caliban*, and while wholly different from witches of other writers, yet present a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar superstition to act immediately on the audience." The Greek Hecate and her sister witches of Middleton, as well as of other contemporary dramatists, are, says Charles Lamb, "the plain, traditional witches of our ancestors—poor, deformed and ignorant, the terror of villages—themselves amenable to a justice; but he, indeed, should be a hardy sheriff who, with all the power of the county at his back, should attempt to lay hands on the *Weird Sisters*; they are beyond human jurisdiction." If in them the poet designed to give a visible expression to a moral significance in the workings of human guilt, which, beginning with the fall in Eden, has continued under varied forms through all the ages, he was obliged to clothe the *Weird Sisters* with as much resemblance to the traditional witch as would give them credibility and rouse the attention of his audience. Hence, while assigning them the feminine garb of the common witch, he yet differentiates their nature by making them heavily-bearded women, by giving them the new and distinctive name of *Weird Sisters*, and by endowing them with unusual preternatural powers. Moreover, to preserve their truthful reality, he scrupulously insists on picturing them as positive, objective existences. This was the more necessary, since, dominating the whole action of the drama, they lead *Macbeth* on through doubts and conflicts to his final ruin, and as a consequence, to appreciate the

tragedy, the reader must consider them as real, as did *Macbeth* and *Banquo*. By gliding forth amid lightning flashes, like ghosts from a thunder cloud, the *Weird Sisters* indicate at their very first appearance their kinship to the dark and tempestuous elements of nature. Two persons behold them at the same time; both address them, and are in turn addressed by them in prophetic terms. If in our materialistic age, certain critics affect to view them as mere fantastic creations of *Macbeth's* overheated mind, such a notion is amply refuted by the drama itself, as well as by the historic fact that on Shakespeare's own stage the *Weird Sisters* appeared and enacted their rôle with no less reality than *Macbeth* himself.

As real witchcraft is the work of Satan, so are its religion and its liturgy. "We cannot quite dispense in this life," says Professor Dowden, "with ritualism, and the ritualism of evil is foul and ugly. A liturgy, however, is nothing more than an outward and visible expression of inward religious faith and worship; and religion of some kind is shown by the experience of ages to be essential to social life, and if essential to social life on earth, it is no less so to the society of hell. Lucifer, who would not serve in heaven, rules in hell as Satan, or adversary of God, where he receives the gruesome homage of ruined legions. In dealing with his willing tools on earth, he must perforce adopt means in harmony with his mysterious and preternatural character, and employ, moreover, a ritual, a liturgy by which he may give human expression to his diabolical religion, and such expression must be especially accommodated to the senses and minds of men. Hence, when dealing with *Macbeth*, the *Weird Sisters*, though but the visible embodiment of evil spirits, employ the language and ritual of witchcraft, as best suited to their purpose and best understood by him. Having by preternatural means learned of *Macbeth's* purpose to question them further, they, with the view of inspiring confidence in their guidance, prepare for a religious service in his presence. Making a brew of infernal charms, they in ecstasy over intended crimes sing in hellish glee and in mystic rhythms dance around their fiendish caldron, disclosing in their abhorrent rites the passionless malignity of their diabolical nature. Darkness is their light, storms their sunshine; tumults, murders, insanity, suicides and Satanic liturgies their sole religion.

The invisible presence of evil agents in our moral world is admitted by many non-Catholic Shakespearean critics. In reference to the nature of the *Weird Sisters*, Professor Dowden says that "the history of the race and the social medium in which we live and breathe have created forces of good and evil which are independent of the will of each individual man and woman. No great

realist in art has hesitated to admit the existence of a dual force which is known to theologians as divine grace and Satanic temptation. The idealist may dream of divorcing himself from the large, impersonal life of the world and of erecting himself into an independent will, but in truthful reality there is no such thing as "naked manhood." Between the evil within and evil without subsists a terrible sympathy and reciprocity, and the constitution that is morally enfeebled supplies appropriate nutriment for the germs of disease. It is enough to know that such powers auxiliary to vice do exist outside ourselves, and that Shakespeare was scientifically correct in his statement of the fact." "The undeniable though dark and mysterious connection between this life and the next," says Professor Ulrici, "constrain us to ascribe to the spiritual world a certain influence on the spirits yet embodied on this earth. In this truth lies the profound meaning of the Christian doctrine of devils and evil spirits." To ignore this truth is to miss the key to the tragedy of "Macbeth." The idea of a spiritual realm of demons, who full of malignity exercise their dark secret powers to gain human souls to the cause of evil, and do gain them, except so far as they are opposed, has been a definite conception recognized through all periods of human history and in all stages of civilization. As a definite conception it is found embodied in a Dr. Faust in the legendary lore of every race. Shakespeare himself was penetrated with the idea, for the truth of which he saw many proofs in Sacred Scripture. Hence, recognizing the existence of evil spirits that with Satanic cunning lie in wait for human souls, his Christian mind clothed them with visible forms in the creation of the *Weird Sisters*. They are "the Vestal Virgins, as it were, of hell," the incarnation of demons or fallen angels, who, all intent upon man's moral ruin, boast with the arch-fiend:

To do aught good, never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill, our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to His high will  
Whom we resist.

—Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

The Apostle cautioned the early Christians against the wiles of Satanic tempters who transform themselves into angels of light, and Shakespeare is in harmony with his words:

. . . The devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape.

—Hamlet, II, 2.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
—Merchant of Venice, I, 3.

When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.  
—Othello, I, 3.

To judge aright of Shakespeare's "metaphysical, moral and re-

ligious meaning" of the drama of "Macbeth," it is necessary to guard against the ordinary critical error concerning the origin of *Macbeth's* criminal purpose. To suppose that the poet represents the spirits of darkness as absolutely seducing *Macbeth* manifestly vitiates and debases the moral to be drawn from the tragedy. Did *Macbeth* project the murder of *Duncan* because of his encounter with the *Weird Sisters*, or did they accost him because of his fixed ambition for the crown? Evil spirits, it is certain, cannot know man's secret thoughts and purposes with certainty. If at times, by reason of their greater intellectual acumen and experience, they can conjecture them more or less correctly, nevertheless, they labor by varied wiles to discover man's interior disposition with the view of tempting him to that vice to which he is most inclined. In a treatise on "Discernments of Spirits" St. Ignatius Loyola writes: "As an able general who wishes to capture a citadel first takes a careful survey to find where it is weakest and most open to attack and then begins the assault, so the arch-enemy of our human nature carefully examines our state and position in regard to the theological, cardinal and moral virtues, and then exerts all his power against us at that particular part where we are weakest." But the weakest part of man's nature and the most open to attack is his ruling or predominant passion. If once mastered, it becomes the most powerful engine for good; but if uncontrolled, it enslaves man and inevitably leads him to the lowest depths of moral degradation.

*Macbeth's* ruling passion, which he had more than once revealed, as the drama shows, was an evil ambition for the crown, and through the sympathy which evil has for evil, it attracted the attention of malevolent spirits whose purpose was to quicken the wicked design already germinating in his mind and to foment the mischief already brewing in his heart. They knew better than his royal master, who tells us: "There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face." They visit him because he invites them, because in secret sympathy with them, he wilfully opens wide the portals of his inner world, which they enter, and breathing into his soul the contagion of hell, they quicken its germ of evil into vitality and action. Their action is illustrated by another Ignatian principle, which states that evil spirits, speaking only to the imagination and the senses, act upon the human soul according to the attitude it assumes towards them. "If a man be friendly, they flatter him; if hostile, they trouble him." Hence evil spirits, finding *Macbeth* in harmony with evil, flatter him with the salutation:

All hail, *Macbeth*, that shall be king hereafter.

He is not only visibly surprised at their knowledge of his thoughts





murder, and though these are yet but fantastical, they fill him with fear and abhorrence:

Macbeth (aside):

Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.

(Aside.)

This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor;  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

Happy had been *Macbeth* had he been true to his nobler self; happy had he listened to the voice of conscience and followed the light of reason, which exposed the wickedness of "the supernatural soliciting" that prompted criminal suggestions. But with will dominated by his master passion of ambition, his nobler self was deaf to the voice of conscience. Hence, neither rejecting the temptation nor repressing his ambition, he continues under the influence of the *Weird Sisters* to love and foster it until in giant strength it crushes all opposition, impels him deliberately "to jump the life to come," and in barter for the crown to "give his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man."

In *Macbeth* is pictured the moral history of every man. In bodying forth the evil within the heart, temptation makes each one conscious of his true character. Tried by temptation, like gold in the fire, man learns whether his inclination is to virtue or to vice. In the *Weird Sisters* the poet clearly discloses that the influence of evil spirits over man is measured by his own character, for their malignity extends only to minds predisposed to evil. Some, like *Macbeth*, they inflame to crime; others, like *Banquo*, they cannot sway. Unlike the Fates of old, they are not irresistible, and this truth Shakespeare inculcates in all his tragedies. He knows no blind fatality nor makes demons the master of man's fate, but always portrays the Christian idea that we in the freedom of our will are the architects of our own destiny.

S. A. BLACKMORE, S. J.

## AMAZING DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA.

**D**URING our moments of leisure we have all perused the peregrinations of mendacious Munchausen, the weird passages of fertile Haggard, the chimerical ascents and descents of romantic Verne, the adventures of fanciful Defoe, and one and all have been consigned to the archives of ephemeral pamphlets, for such visionary chapters are based on fleeting sands. But those who have kept in touch with the gigantic growth of that vast region known as Western Canada, reaching from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast and embracing about 1,000,000 square miles of the most productive lands of the earth, realize that the most facile penman has failed to surpass the marvelous scenes that have been enacted above the northwestern line of the American frontier within the memory of men still on the sunny side of forty.

Toronto is the second city of the Dominion and contains 400,000 people, drawn from many climes. It is a progressive community on the western end of Lake Ontario, but its inland position will probably never allow it to supersede Montreal as the metropolis. However, its clean, well-paved streets, costly public and private buildings, the Ontario House of Parliament, the attractive Queen Victoria College and fine churches of various denominations, particularly Presbyterian, together with elaborate homes of the affluent, give it an air of much prosperity. Yonge and King streets, the principal thoroughfares, are Broadways on a smaller scale, and at King and Simcoe we find a unique spot always pointed out to the tourist. On the left is the Lieutenant Governor's palace, styled legislation; immediately opposite stands a college—education; to the east, a handsome church—salvation; to the west, a saloon—damnation! The town has been named the "Canadian Belfast," inasmuch as a coterie of shoalbrained "latitudinarians" years ago did and said many things well calculated to somnambulize those of a benighted trend of thought; but it is only fair to announce that this misconception is subsiding and a better feeling prevails among the disciples of various creeds, which are quite numerous in Canada, for we find old England (the land of one sauce and a hundred religions) to be an adolescent amateur in comparison. In the entire Dominion the Catholics number 2,900,000, or 40 per cent.; Anglicans, 1,050,000, 15 per cent.; Methodists, 1,110,000, 15 per cent.; Presbyterians, 1,115,000, 15 per cent., and there are others; for instance, Christadelphians and Christian Catholics, Daniel's Band and Deists, Doukhobors and Exclusive Brethren, Holy Rollers and

Hornerites, Millennial Dawnites and Saints of God, Gospel People and Shintos, Theosophists and Dowieites; nor should we overlook our less numerous brethren the Sikhs and Hindus, Dunkards and Helping Handers. Verily, there are many men of many minds!

In ten years Anglicans have increased 53 per cent., Presbyterians 32 per cent. and Methodists 18 per cent., these increases, it is stated, being mainly by immigration from Great Britain and the United States. Catholic emigrants; *very regrettable to say*, rarely sail for Canada, but the faithful hold their own with an increase of 27 per cent. The Reformed Church displays the largest percentage of increase, having risen from 20 to 922, or 4,510.00 per cent., rapidly followed by the Unionists, who now number 633 souls, compared with 29 in 1901, or 2,082.76 per cent. Our prudent friends of the Hebrew persuasion have also increased their ranks to 75,000.

Travelers not pressed for time may continue westward via the Welland Canal (constructed at a cost of about \$30,000,000 in order to round the vortex of Niagara), through Lake Erie and Lake Huron, entering the Sault Ste. Marie Canal to Lake Superior and Port Arthur; but many prefer to cross the peninsula to Port McNicoll, embarking at that point aboard a modern steamship running to Fort William, at which point the twenty-four-hour system of time begins on the Canadian Pacific; for example, 13 o'clock is 1 P. M., 14 o'clock 2 P. M., and so on to 24 o'clock, which is midnight; if we desire to convert afternoon hours into P. M. time, we subtract twelve, thus:  $16.40 - 12 = 4.40$  P. M.

It is not generally known that the largest lock in the world is now being constructed at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, through which all vessels must pass from Lake Huron to Lake Superior; the largest lock now in operation is 900 feet long, but the latest addition will be nearly 1,200 feet in length. During the season of navigation a vessel is raised or lowered every five minutes of the day; some of these fine ships are 400 feet long and 52 feet beam, carrying 600 first-class passengers, which outranks many on the Atlantic course.

At no distant day Port Arthur and Fort William, at the western end of Lake Superior, will be incorporated under one charter, for the thriving cities are energetically preparing to become the market for the world's granary—the mart through whose portals must pass the foodstuffs of a great and flourishing empire to Montreal, thence along the aquatic highway leading to the ports of teeming Europe. The Canadian Pacific has long been identified with the life of transcontinental Canada, and its building marked an epoch in the development of pristine wilds known only to that indefatigable

searcher after the souls of men—the dauntless Jesuit priest—and an occasional wanderer on a still-hunt for the golden fleece. Opened in 1885, after sorely trying the ingenuity and energy of the ablest engineers, this system now embraces 12,000 miles, reaching from Halifax to Vancouver. Branch lines radiate in every direction from the main stem, and towns have sprung up over night even before the last spike has pierced the tie. But another competitor has entered the Western field, and bids fair to become a rival of the first magnitude—the Grand Trunk Pacific, whose lines will soon stretch from the storm-beaten coast of New Brunswick, across the hills of Quebec, over the prairies of Ontario, through the vast grain fields of Manitoba, along the far-reaching virgin lands of Saskatchewan, up and down the fertile hills and vales of Alberta, to finally reach its goal in 1915 at the noble haven of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, 1,500 miles north of San Francisco and 3,700 miles from Halifax. Two other systems, the Canadian Northern and Great Northern, have an enormous corps of workers laying out townsites, erecting stations and placing the steel bands along which will roar the golden products of a land so often referred to as the “bleak and dreary Arctic regions”—an impoverished and inhospitable province of the world wherein are found the swarthy aborigine and his dog, whose sustenance is brought home by the unerring fling of his piercing bow, who dwells in frigid darkness until the aurora borealis flashes through the cerulean vault a kindly beam to illumine a pathway to the river or the trap. It will be asked if future prospects justify the outlay of so many millions of money in a country heretofore placed on the roster of forbidden lands; but a moment's reflection will convince the skeptic that the bridging of roaring cataracts, the climbing and tunneling of massive mountains, all within walking distance of the Circle, are more than worth while in the exciting race to conquer the gigantic obstacles nature has placed in the path of man.

Let us pass on to Winnipeg and view the well-built, substantial capital of Manitoba, with its 200,000 people, 120 churches, magnificent boulevards, wide streets and handsome structures, a short distance away being St Boniface (population 17,000), archiepiscopal seat of Archbishop Langevin, O. M. I., who, with Bishop Budka, the Ruthenian Bishop of Canada, rules 130,000 Catholics, of whom 30,000 are of the Greek and Ruthenian rites. A generation ago Winnipeg was a mere trading post; to-day it is the leading grain centre of the world, and its bank clearings last year reached the stupendous sum of \$1,600,000,000, or about \$200 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion; \$100,000,000 has been expended

on improvements of every kind in the past ten years. St. Boniface, connected by bridges over the Red River, a manufacturing and live stock centre, is the home of St. Joseph's College, attended by 400 students. Of course, it is cold and dry in winter; summer days are clear, long and warm. It will also be recalled that Manitoba is as large as Germany and Ireland combined, and in its 160,000,000 acres (yielding 100,000,000 bushels of grain) are found forests of sufficient size to furnish millions of feet of lumber for many years to come. These are some of the reasons why the half-million Manitobans are a healthy and satisfied people; and let us not forget that 700,000 Americans have hearkened to the trumpet call of the West Canadian Provinces.

It is stated that there are fully 500,000,000 acres available for agricultural development in this section, the following figures conveying some idea of the work that is now being done on less than ten per cent. of the land being worked: Wheat (1912), 200,000,000 bushels; oats, 220,000,000; barley, 35,000,000; flax, 10,000,000. Owing to liberal grants by the Dominion Government to the various Provinces, taxation in Western Canada is very low. The Prairie Provinces have practically adopted the "single tax" system for the creation of provincial revenue; that is to say, all buildings, improvements, equipment, live stock, etc., are exempt in rural districts; in other respects the burden of taxation is removed as far as possible from the shoulders of the farmer. Field workers are in great demand, and average \$25 per month, with board and lodging; domestic servants can always be placed at \$15 to \$35 per month, according to qualifications; clerks, however, are warned to remain away, the supply outranking the demand.

While it appears visionary to many, the day may not be far distant when the traveler can eat breakfast in London on Monday morning and dine in Winnipeg the following Saturday night. At least, such is the object of a fast crown subsidized rail and steamship system which is planned to operate between the British capital and Sydney, Australia, reducing the running time between those centres to twenty-one days. Twenty-six-knot steamships, it has been stated, will run from Blacksod, a new harbor on the northwest coast of Ireland, to Cape St. Charles, Labrador, in three days. Passengers will be raced westward over an air line railway in thirty-six hours to Winnipeg. From the Manitoba metropolis to the Pacific Coast one of three routes is to be determined upon by the promoters of the "Imperial All Red Route," as the latest highway to the Antipodes is known. Lowering of the time of passage between London and New York, as well as Toronto and Chicago, is an important con-

sideration in the working out of the new project. If the project comes to pass, this great highway through England and Ireland across the Atlantic to Labrador, over British America to Prince Rupert or Vancouver, and diversely across the Pacific to distant Yokohama and Shanghai and to yet more distant Auckland and Sydney, is planned to serve the purposes of war as well as the pursuits of peace.

Sir Thomas H. C. Troubridge, of London, it is stated, has let contracts for commencement of constructing work upon a line of railway which is to connect Blacksod with the northern cross-country routes of the Irish Railway system terminating at Larne, on the North Channel, near Belfast, where car ferry connection will be effected with Stranraer, on the Scottish coast, near Dumfries. The All-Red Steamship Company, originally planned to operate between Blacksod and Halifax, was incorporated under Federal charter by the Canadian Parliament in 1907, and this corporation will operate steamship service between the Irish port and Cape St. Charles, whence the railway is to be constructed, under heavy Dominion subsidy, to Winnipeg.

Australia and New Zealand, by the saving of almost a week in the journey to and from London, will derive manifest commercial advantages. Canada must become the central province of the empire and the carrier of all traffic between the Australian colonies and the mother country. Proportionately, however, Ireland must come to enjoy yet greater advantages. For the making of the erstwhile lonely and isolated Blacksod Bay, on the Mayo county coast, the Atlantic terminus of a railway line from London must bring about the concentration at that point of a multitude of interests sure to follow a sudden diversion thither of a traffic universal in its scope and gigantic in volume. Grain elevators, coal and oil storage warehouses and all the equipment of a great harbor terminus, whereto a vigorous and spreading population is sure to be attracted, will place Blacksod well in the race for maritime supremacy among the port cities of the British Isles. The consequent effect upon the industrial position of the north Irish country, of which Blacksod will be the logical gateway, is obvious.

The establishment of a first-class seaport so far north on the Atlantic coast of Ireland as Blacksod would not only afford greater security to the United Kingdom as a nation, but would better insure the entry into the country under stress of war of provisions, for which the British Isles are quite dependent upon the outside world.

In this respect Vice Admiral Campbell is quoted as saying: "In the undesirable, but not impossible event of war between Great

Britain and two or more European powers, the position of Blacksod Bay would force the enemy's cruisers, should they attempt to prey upon the vessels using it, to run the gauntlet of the English Channel and near Atlantic and operate on a prohibitive and almost impossible radius, with absolutely no recuperative base.

"Although a well-known fact, it has never been brought home to the British people how absolutely dependent we are on importation for their food supply, and it is hardly realized that, with a decreasing proportionate command of the sea, a week with supplies cut off would badly pinch even the wealthy portion of the community and a month would certainly bring about starvation, followed by anarchy!"

Speeding along to most modern Saskatoon the train passes through a land of health, wealth and energy; and as we viewed the signs at the innumerable stations that but recently exuded from the earth between sunset and sunrise, we recalled the work of His Grace of St. John's, Newfoundland, as chairman of the Nomenclature Board, for we observed many and varied euphonious appellations, such as Cut Knife, Czar, Eyebrow, Forget, Killarney, Medicine Hat, Seven Persons, Moose Jaw and a thousand other cognomens that found origin in some fertile brain of rare profundity; but perhaps the founders lacked the necessary time to more appropriately designate these habitations of this Western Eldorado.

Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, was almost blown to perdition by a terrific storm in 1912; but things of mediocrity never perturb the equanimity of 40,000 people who have erected a city much more substantial than others thrice its size. They are of many nations, the two Catholic churches containing Germans and Poles, English and French, Bishop Mathieu ruling 65,000 of the faithful and the Grey Nuns maintaining the well-equipped General Hospital. Ten years ago Regina was merely the village headquarters of those sturdy preservers of the law known as the Northwest Mounted Police; neither was Saskatoon on the map at that period, but it is now a thriving town of 35,000 souls and the centre of the grain belt of the Province, which contains over half a million people and annually produces crops valued at \$150,000,000; the area of this territory is about the size of the French Republic. As illustrating the enterprise of Regina, the *Leader* has recently erected an immense six-story building in order to accommodate the 240 men who daily produce 16 to 48 pages, which last year contained over 10,000,000 agate lines of advertising—a feat equaled by only a few of our greatest American journals and far surpassing the leading publications of England.



Saskatoon has a fine Provincial University, several handsome churches and the City Hospital, the good Grey Nuns also maintaining the splendid St. Paul's Hospital. Down at Idylwild Park we find the mansions of the aristocracy, sturdy men who a few years ago were striving to exist in humble quarters in other lands.

Rolling into Melville we were reminded that in the year 1670 King Charles II. of England gave to the Hudson's Bay Company "all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and sounds lying within the entrance of the watery body commonly called Hudson's Straits," with one limitation, viz., except those "which are now actually possessed by any of our subjects or by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state." From 1762, shortly after the conquest of Canada, the fur traders of Montreal began to extend their trade and build forts throughout the wide region from Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods westward to distant Saskatchewan. In 1772 the Hudson's Bay Company left the shores of the bay, which it had tenaciously hugged for a century, and erected in the Saskatchewan district its first inland post at Cumberland House, and in 1802 a young Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, was planning to bring a colony of his Highland countrymen to settle at the south end of Lake Winnipeg. Lord Selkirk's first colonists to the Far West left the Scottish Hebrides by ship in 1811, and reached York Factory, on Hudson Bay. After a trying winter they ascended the stream from the fort in heavy boats, and on the 25th of August, 1812, the first party reached the site, on the banks of the Red River, where the great city of Winnipeg now stands.

The intrepid Scots undoubtedly encountered many hardships during their inland tour, and perhaps they might have mildly derided as a merry jest the idea that a century or so later palace cars would daily roll in and out of Fort Churchill, the point selected on Hudson Bay as the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific for its projected line to that vast inland sea, destined as it is at no distant day to dispatch its grain-laden ships to Liverpool, which, owing to the curvature of the earth, is only 2,900 miles to the east. Hudson Bay, 1,000 miles long and 600 wide, is open for three months of the year, and the 700-mile railroad from Saskatoon to Fort Churchill will effect a saving of 800 miles as compared with the route via Montreal and 1,200 as compared with New York.

Great rivalry prevails between the various Provinces, and the Albertans have performed wonders in the past ten years, for Calgary is now a city of 75,000 inhabitants, and Edmonton, the capital, is

about the same size. Calgary is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, a branch line leading to the seat of legislation, 200 miles to the north. Edmonton is on the main line of the Grand Trunk, which has in contemplation the building of a railroad to Dawson City, in the Yukon Territory, in order to tap the gold fields and various beds of ores for which that district is justly noted. Negotiations are now being made in London—from whence comes nearly all the funds for the tremendous development of the Far Western Provinces—for the inauguration of this line to the affluent land of the midnight sun. A "skyscraper" seems an incongruity on a spot over which roamed the deer and bison a few years back, but we find a railway erecting a magnificent thirteen-story hostelry in Calgary, its cost being computed at \$3,000,000; and taking the strenuous city as a whole, one would be sure to claim for it a much larger population, especially when we understand that in 1912 not less than \$20,000,000 was put into new buildings of various designs; \$276,000,000 also represents a fair amount to annually pay through the Clearing House.

A city that quadruples its size in five years, raises its bank clearings in the same period from \$30,000,000 to \$221,000,000, building permits from \$1,000,000 to \$14,000,000 and land assessments from \$10,000,000 to \$123,000,000 (there being no tax levied against houses or business structures) shows a very high degree of development; but this is what Edmonton has accomplished in half a decade. Everything is hustle and bustle in this cosmopolis of 75,000 people. Moreover, there are said to be countless tons of coal in its "cellar," for the capital is built on the site of widespread coal beds, the product being delivered to factories at 75 cents per ton and to householders at \$4.50. Jasper avenue presents an animated picture during business hours, while the magnificent hotels, fine business houses, modern street railways, Parliament buildings, churches and parkways easily denote the town as having been founded many generations ago. The University of Alberta is a beautiful edifice and the Oblate Fathers' College, though smaller, is of attractive design.

The Torrens system of land transfer in vogue in Edmonton is a method by which all interests in land are transferred by the examination and registration of titles by Government officials and a guarantee of title to protect the purchaser. After it is seen that the title is perfect in every respect, a certificate is issued in duplicate, one copy is filed in the Government land titles office, the other given to the owner of the property. Whenever there is any transfer of any interest in that land, a record is made on both copies of the certificate. The property cannot be sold or mortgaged without

sending the title certificate to the registrar, together with the deed, mortgage or contract. In case the examiners should make a mistake in examining the title, and any other person than the certified owner should be found to have an interest in the property, the person holding the certificate still holds the property, no part of his interest can be taken away from him, and the Government pays the other person whatever he has been damaged by loss of his rights in or to the land.

We might continue to extol the progress of various centres, but so intense is the intercity competition—a competition meaning banishment (or worse) for the bombastic braggart—that an humble litterateur deems it expedient to leave this Utopian land for the scenic hills that roll toward the west.

Man has accomplished much in this *ne plus ultra* region of the earth; nor has he hesitated to proclaim with boisterous fanfare the results of his endeavors. But as the palatial Imperial Limited plunges westward, supercilious man begins to dwarf and finally becomes extinct within the encompassing shadows of those imposing temples, lofty spires, boiling cataracts, ermine fields and captivating terraces where giant demigods and fascinating nymphs have held high carnival since the orb of light first crimsoned the eastern sky. Calgary is the eastern outpost of the Rocky Mountains Park, and of course the foothills are visible as we rush along towards the Gap, a sirenic portal the gentle elves of fairyland have so kindly thrown apart for those who would stroll about the alluring aisles of their enchanted gardens. Up and on two powerful moguls draw the spellbound visitor; to the left we behold the Three Sisters, garbed in the immaculate raiment of celestial queens; to the north imperious Cascade disdainfully casts his frigid glare upon the hills and vales below; on the west profound chasms and sunken galleries waft high their sirenian breath. Such is the endless panorama stretching along the line to Banff, in the famous Bow River Valley of Alberta, a favorite spot for those seeking health or pleasure, the hot sulphur springs possessing curative properties for various ailments. Stop-overs are allowed at any point in the mountain district, and here we find a first-class inn with moderate rates, whence touring cars convey the tourist along scenic plazas unrivaled on the globe, for rising thousands of feet above us, colossal shafts, romantic fields and sun-kissed glaciers appear in endless profusion at each and every zigzag of the well-kept mountain highway, to finally approach the captivating Lake of Minnewanka, a mile above the sea, and sail for sixteen miles upon its peacefully shimmering ripples, surrounded on every side by aerial fountains, mausolean

palaces and edenic landscapes at once entrancing and sublime. A place of health and beauty, the Canadian National Rocky Mountains Park is indeed a mundane paradise beyond compare.

The increasing prospect tires my wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Three days speed like Atalanta before the wind, and from the open railway observation car a bend brings a fleeting view of the Lake Louise and the Lakes in the Clouds, near Laggan, the surrounding scenery of these altitudinous inland seas being a masterpiece of nature; small electric launches dart to and fro upon the placid surface of the water like diminutive toys of our juvenile days. On the east a stupendous snowfield known as Mount Victoria climbs 12,000 feet amidst the blue; on the west an immaculate avalanche thunders down the rugged escarpments of Castle Crag, and the atmosphere is so delightful that one regretfully returns to a vast old English-like chateau, which seems such a picturesque incongruity ensconced within the boundaries of kaleidoscopic tiers unknown to civilization a few years ago. Six miles west of Laggan a large rustic arch announces that we are passing "The Great Divide," summit of the Rockies; spanning a narrow stream, under which the waters diverge into two small brooks, one rivulet deviates towards the ice-cold tides of Hudson Bay, the other rolling on to the Pacific's swell. Such is the baffling work of nature.

We might elaborate unto the crack of doom upon the glorious amphitheatre of lofty spectres reaching out in every direction as the car winds along in the direction of Vancouver; but let us pass the wonderful spiral tunnels near Field, loops that called forth the wit and genius of able minds, and view the sublimity of the west. The Great Glacier seems to be within walking distance, but an easier method to secure a focus is by swinging the large telescope that commands a full sweep of the arrogant monarch and the thousand streams washing his ponderous sides. Covering 157 square miles, the hoary brow of this cloud-piercing king is at times befogged by a gloomy pall; soon the brilliant sunbeams disperse the sombre mist, and we scan the giant bedecked in all the scintillating jewels of his rank. The Glacier House is quite a resort for mountaineers, who are conducted up the ridges by guides of Swiss nativity, their chalets at Edelweiss being a replica of those familiar to sightseers in the Alpine republic. Let us trust that the day is not remote when airships shall transport passengers to feast their souls upon the gigantic boulders and giddy steeps piercing the crystalline dome 12,000 feet above the level, upon the gorgeous Caves of Nakimu

and the treasures of the Kootenays, for though it is beyond dispute that fair Switzerland enjoys a thousand charms that fascinate the most blasé, can it be said that the majestic ranges, fathomless chasms and diversified flora of Valais and the Engadine transcend the awe-inspiring sentinels, chaotic ice caps, stalactic glens, sparkling cascades and widespreading gardens on the peerless Selkirks?

We now permit the boisterous Kicking Horse to continue its circuitous flight to the south, while throbbing engines draw us on to spend another day winding up and down terrific breastworks giant strategists of an ancient epoch flung skyward to arrest the malevolent machinations of a cunning adversary, to finally roll into the ambitious city of Vancouver, the metropolis of British Columbia, a vast Province 700 miles in length and 400 in width, covering 400,000 square miles (thrice the area of Italy), with 400,000 people and an equable climate. "Mineralized all over" is merely repeating a threadbare platitude, but the claim can be easily substantiated, especially when we recall that coal, copper, iron and timber lands are numerous, and the salmon fisheries are said to be the greatest in the world; agriculture, of course, is an important asset; imports and exports of commodities average nearly \$50,000,000 yearly, the largest per capita commerce of any nation. Probably no similar area outranks the possibilities of this favored land, and when the old prejudice against the "intense cold" is dissipated, we may look for "very big things" in this opulent region. The Japanese Current, which bears the same analogy to the Western coast that the Gulf Stream does to the Eastern countries, has a tempering effect upon the frigid blasts from the Arctic, and even as far up as the 62d degree, 750 miles north of Edmonton, which in turn is 1,000 miles above Denver, Colorado, according to Hon. Elihu Stewart, Superintendent of the Dominion Forestry Service, the growth of vegetation in the Mackenzie Basin is surprising, the summer sun being daily visible for about twenty hours. On July 15, 1913, at Fort Providence, near Great Slave Lake, on the Mackenzie River, he saw wheat in the milk, potatoes in flower, peas fit to use, tomatoes, turnips, rhubarb, beets, cabbage, onions and other garden products; strawberries had been ripe for some time, and the people had currants and gooseberries. At Fort Chipewyan the mercury registered 100 degrees in the shade for several days and nights; Indians coming from Alaska had lost two dogs from heat in the Arctic Circle. Mr. Stewart announces that systematic exploration will show a vast amount of good lands extending down from Slave Lake to the distant Peace River country. Our friends the energetic and satirized Doukhobors are performing wonders around their settlement at

Waterloo; it is to be lamented that other races are not following in their intelligent footsteps.

Vancouver is one of the best-equipped towns on the continent, containing fine public buildings, lofty business blocks, modern stores, churches, hospitals, residences and parks; during the past four years bank clearings doubled in amount to \$200,000,000, thus displaying much activity on the part of its 130,000 citizens. Possessing a good harbor and being the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, which operates a first-class fleet to Orient and Antipodes, the city is rapidly becoming an *entrepôt* of great importance; indeed, a drive along Hastings and Pender streets, or a stroll about the numerous mansions of cultured Shaughnessy Heights carries the conviction that Vancouver even now is a mart of much affluence.

When our progenitors deemed it judicious to found a community in a specified locality, the first settler pitched his habitation on an agreeable spot; others did likewise, and so on until all available terra firma was occupied by domiciles of every species known to the art of the architect—and on highways as crooked and circumscribed as those familiar to pedestrians of mediæval London town; but New World methods have shattered the ideals of the antiquaries, and hence we find after a pleasant two-days' sail a vast metropolis-to-be—Prince Rupert, Western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, 500 miles north of Vancouver, 1,500 above San Francisco and only 3,800 east of Yokohama, compared with 4,800 from the Golden Gate, due, of course, to the contour of the globe. Millions are being spent by the company for the development of the 24,000 acres of the embryo port and city along the most modern lines known to the engineer; and it is interesting to know that the town, which is in the same latitude as London and forty miles south of the Alaskan boundary, enjoying a mild climate, is now (on paper) a centre of a million souls, with its Strands and Broadways, Central Parks and Champs Elysées in great abundance. Even the wide business avenues, aristocratic boulevards, reservoirs and parks possess names and locations in this bustling cosmopolis of the future, one-fourth of which is owned by the British Columbian Government. This deep and accessible haven will eventually be connected by rail with the projected line leading to Dawson City, in the Klondike region. Beginning at Moncton, N. B., the Grand Trunk Pacific touches Quebec, runs far to the north of Montreal and the capital of Ottawa and continues along above Lake Superior to Winnipeg, Edmonton and the Coast; then there are innumerable branch lines which act as feeders to the main stem; and it is stated that 1915 will see fully 28,000 miles of track in operation within the broadspreading con-

finer of the Canadian Dominion, essentially a self-governing nation, having an appointed Senate and an elected Commons. There are many who regard our progressive neighbor as being without a superior politically, materially and socially.

The pioneers of this Northwestern land are drawn from many nations, led by Americans and men of British blood. There are scattered colonies of French-Canadians, Ruthenians, Germans and Galicians, many of whom are Catholics. The Church, however, is greatly handicapped by the paucity of priests and the great area to be traversed; moreover, as a rule, the faithful are not overburdened with material riches, and it is feared that many newcomers will be lost to the Church if financial assistance is not soon placed at the disposal of the various Bishops.

WILLIAM S. LONG.

Camden, N. J.

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## THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

### THE ANCIENT MEXICANS AND THEIR CIVILIZATION.

IT has been said that our country has no antiquities, no ruins, no moss-covered turrets, no temples and pyramids that speak of nations long since passed away. And yet it is nevertheless true that some four or five centuries ago the heart of American civilization lay in the lofty Valley of Anáhuac—the “region of waters” or the “lake country”—in which the proud capital of the Mexican Republic now stands. Nay, more; upon careful investigation we shall find in that country the ruins of cities and fortifications which bear unmistakable evidences of having been constructed years before the landing of Columbus upon our shores, and by a race of men contemporary, perhaps, with Egyptians and Romans.

The average American school boy or girl will not hesitate to tell us that at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus nearly the whole of its broad expanse was inhabited by wandering tribes, of whose history very little is known. But the aboriginal Mexican differed greatly from the masses of the American races. He had made considerable progress in civilization, had very good notions of agriculture, built flourishing cities, rich with edifices remarkable for their wonderful architecture, and had a regular form of government.

Thus we find that about the year 1325, when American history,

according to some authorities, would seem to begin, the Aztecs, hard pressed by warlike neighbors, established themselves in the Valley of Anáhuac, built their first *teocalli*, or temple, and gathered their scattered populations around it, so that three centuries later, when the Spanish invaders first appeared upon the scene, their city was said to contain 60,000 houses and 300,000 inhabitants. Aqueducts brought water from the hill of Chapultepec (grasshopper hill); fountains played in its plazas; gardens and canals, along which countless canoes plied back and forth, contributed to life. Palaces and temples rose on every hand, whose architecture, more or less imposing, was wonderful, because all the building material used in their construction was transported by human effort and not by the aid of beasts of burden, which were unknown to the ancient Mexicans.

There appears to be a great diversity of opinion among authors who have written upon the early history of Mexico, and we cannot stop now to examine the claims of Acosta, Gomara, Sigüenza, Boturini or Torquemada. Upon one point, however, they all seem to agree, and they are supported by Clavijero in the opinion that the Toltecan nation was very ancient. The Chichimecas did not arrive at Anáhuac until "after the ruin of the Toltecas, whose buildings they met with in their travels," and the remains of which they found along the banks of the Mexican lakes and elsewhere. The Chichimecas, according to Clavijero, arrived at Anáhuac in the twelfth century, probably in the year 1170. From the seventh to the twelfth century many races succeeded one another on the soil of Mexico, and as if to leave to posterity a memento of their existence, they left their temples, their public edifices and their pyramids.

These nations, besides those already mentioned, comprised the Alcohuanas, the Tlascaláns, the Aztecs and others. The last nation or tribe to arrive at Anáhuac was the Mexican. The following appears to be the order of the arrival of the principal nations: Toltecas, 648; Chichimecas, about 1170; the first Mahautlacas, about 1178; the Alcohuanas, about the end of the twelfth century. The Mexicans arrived at Tula in 1176, at Tzompanco in 1216 and at Chapultepec in 1245. The Otomies entered the Vale of Mexico and began to form communities in 1220.

Neither time nor space will permit us here to dwell upon the various changes wrought upon these people as one nation succeeded the other, nor on the progress they made in the arts until they eventually passed from hunting to an agricultural people. When the Mexicans entered the Valley of Mexico they were treated kindly, but were later on enslaved by the prince who claimed the



territory. They escaped from his control, and after wandering for some time, arrived at the borders of a lake, where they determined to settle. No sooner had they taken possession of this spot than they erected an altar to their deity, and built a city which they first called Tenochitlan and later on Mexico, signifying "the place of Mexitli," the name of their god of war. The present City of Mexico was built by the Spaniards on the ruins of the ancient city.

Nearly two hundred years intervened between the foundation of this city and the conquest by the Spaniards, and during that time it made great progress; its powers and revenues were increased by conquest and alliance. As a result of all this, the patriarchal form of government developed into the monarchical, so that when Cortez entered the capital he found Montezuma II., the ninth monarch, by election, seated upon the Mexican throne.

The Toltecas are said to have been the most polished among the early nations that peopled Mexico, and their influence was felt by the Mexicans. They understood the art of working in gold and silver, and had also a knowledge of astronomy and chronology, as we shall see later on. The art of painting, said to have been derived from the Toltecas, was unknown among the Mexicans. It was the means by which, with hieroglyphical symbols, they recorded their history. Monseñor Zumárraga, first Bishop of Mexico, in a letter to the General Chapter of Franciscans assembled at Tolosa, Spain, in 1531, says: "The Indians are temperate and ingenious, particularly in the art of painting. They are not deficient in mental talents, thanks be to God."

These paintings, as has just been observed, recorded particular events; some were mythological, others codes of laws, while still others were astronomical, representing their calendar, the position of the stars, the phases of the moon and eclipses. As an evidence of this a study of the Calendar Stone will convince us that they were acquainted with the causes of eclipses, that they constructed sun-dials, devised a simple method of notation and measured time by a solar year composed of eighteen months of twenty days each, adding five complementary days to make up the three hundred and sixty-five, and interlacing twelve and a half days at the expiration of every fifty-two years, which brought them almost within an inappreciable fraction of the length of the tropical year as established by the most accurate observations.

They had a large stone zodiac, the centre of which was 11 feet 8 inches in diameter. This stone was carved at Tenochitlan out of a mass of finely porous basalt. It was discovered in 1790, in the great square in Mexico City, buried underground amongst other ruins occasioned by the devastation of the Spanish conquerors.

As stated above, the months were divided into weeks, not of seven, but of five days each, and the days of the month were designated by words signifying (1) a sea animal, (2) the wind, (3) a louse, (4) a small lizard, (5) a serpent, (6) death, (7) a deer, (8) a rabbit, (9) water, (10) a dog, (11) an ape, (12) twisted grass, (13) a reed, (14) a jaguar, (15) an eagle, (16) a bird, (17) the motion of the sun, (18) silex or flint, (19) rain and (20) a flower.

The cardinal points were designated in the same singular manner. The first point was to the east, and was represented by a cane; the west was named a house, north a flint and south a rabbit. The face in the centre of the Calendar Stone is supposed to represent the sun. It would take a long time to enter into a minute description of the many figures carved upon this stone. Suffice it to say that the days, weeks, months, years and centuries are fully and correctly represented. Gama tells us that there are delineated on this stone the dates of the five principal positions of the sun, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

The historical interest of the Calendar Stone depends upon its resemblance to the calendar system of Central and Eastern Asia, where among the Mongols, Tibetans, Chinese, etc., series of signs are thus combined to reckon years, months and days. For instance, the Mongol cycle of sixty years is recorded by a zodiac, in a series of twelve signs: a mouse, bull, tiger, etc., combined in rotation, with the five male and female elements; fire, earth, air, water, wood, etc., as the "male-fire bull year," etc. This comparison is worked out in Humboldt's "*Vues des Cordilleras*" as an evidence of Mexican civilization being borrowed from Asia.

The Mexicans were equally skilled in the casting of metals, mosaic work and sculpture. Many of the Tolteca statues were preserved up to the time of the conquest. Clay, wood and stone were the materials used for statues, and the implements used in this work were made of copper and flint. Clavijero (Vera Cruz, 1720) tells us that "the miracles produced by the Mexicans in casting metals would not be credited if, besides the testimony of those who saw them, a great number of curiosities of this kind had not been sent from Mexico to Spain. The works of gold and silver sent by Cortez to Charles V. filled the goldsmiths of Europe with astonishment, and, as several authors of that period assert, they declared they were altogether inimitable." Among these were two circular plates, one of gold, the other of silver, and as large as carriage wheels. The one representing the sun was richly carved, or in relief, with "tufts of plants and animals." It was valued at \$300,000. The silver wheel weighed some fifty pounds.

At Tlascalá, with other presents from Montezuma, were embossed gold plates or zodiacs. In a pond in Guatemozin's garden the soldiers of Cortez found a "sun," as it was called; this was one of the zodiacs, or Aztec calendar wheels. Benvenuto Celine saw one of these wheels, and was loud in his admiration of their artistic design and workmanship.

Oviedo, who was an eye-witness, tells us that the "Indians knew very well how to gild copper vessels or those of low gold and give them so excellent and bright a color that they appeared to be gold of 22 carats and more. . . . The gilding is so well executed that if a goldsmith of Spain or Italy possessed the secret he would esteem himself rich."

The laws of the ancient Mexicans were based upon principles of the strictest justice, and were far superior to those of ancient Greece or Rome in their proudest days. It is true that those laws were never written, as ours are; but it is also true that they were enforced, as ours are not. They were handed down in the minds of men not only by tradition, but also by paintings and hieroglyphical symbols. Children were carefully instructed in the laws by their parents to prevent their violating them. After the conquest the laws of Mexico, Alcohuan, Michoacan, etc., were written in European characters. Don Francisco de Alba Ixtlelchocilt wrote the eighty laws formally published by his royal ancestor, King Nahualcojotl, in Spanish.

The laws of the Mexicans were made the subject of careful study by the Spaniards, by command of their sovereign, and thus it is that they have become so thoroughly understood. "Many of them," says Acosta, "were worthy of our admiration, and those nations, even in their Christianity, should still be governed by them." After the establishment of the monarchy the King was elected from among the brothers of the deceased monarch, and, if there were no brothers, from among the sons of former kings. This prevented the eldest son, or any other, who might be unworthy, from succeeding to the throne by right of primogeniture or other rights. The electors were selected from among the body of the nobility, which included the suffrages of the entire nation, and their electoral power terminated with the first election.

The judicial forms of the Mexicans afford many useful lessons. The diversity of rank among the magistrates contributed to their good order; their attendance in court from sunrise to sunset hastened the trial of cases and prevented many "crooked" practices which might have influenced their decisions. "The capital punishments against prevaricators of justice," says Clavijero, "the promptness of their execution and the vigilance of the sovereigns

kept the magistrates in check, and the care taken to supply them with every requisite at the expense of the King rendered any misconduct on their part inexcusable." The assemblies which were held before the sovereign every twenty days, and especially the General Assembly of all the magistrates every eighty days to decide upon all cases pending, besides obviating all the evils of a delay of justice, made the wisdom of the more learned magistrates available to the general body and made the King better acquainted with the men to whom he delegated his authority and made the ends of justice more readily reached. The accused could be convicted only upon testimony of competent witnesses, and appeal was permitted from the tribunal of Tlacatecatl to that of Cihuacoatl in criminal cases.

The Mexicans visited the most severe punishment upon all crimes especially repugnant to human nature or prejudicial to the State, such as high treason, murder, theft, adultery, incest and other offenses; also sacrilege, drunkenness and lying.

It is true that in some cases these punishments were excessive, but it is also true that Cato and Hortensius were safer in Rome than in Mexico. The laws of marriage were far more decent than those of the Romans, the Greeks, the Persians or the Egyptians. Marriage was forbidden to persons of the first degree of affinity or consanguinity. Men born of slaves were free; the law allowed the slave the ownership of his goods and in everything he acquired by his own industry and skill. The master had no authority over the life of his slave, nor could he sell him unless he had, according to law, declared him intractable and incorrigible.

Great care was taken with the training of the young. Children were instructed in the customs of their nation, and they were taught, together with the arts, religion, modesty, honesty, sobriety, industry, love of truth and respect for their superiors.

When a child was born, the midwife, after giving the infant the attention indispensable to its existence, washed it, saying these words: "Receive this water, for the Goddess Chalchiuhcueje is thy mother. May this bath cleanse the spots which thou bearest from the womb of thy mother; may it purify thy heart and give thee good and perfect life." Then taking the water again with her right hand, she breathed upon it and anointed the mouth, forehead and breast of the child with it, and after laving the whole of the body she said: "May the invisible God descend upon this water and cleanse thee of every sin of impurity and deliver thee from misfortune." Next turning to the child, she addressed it as follows: "Lovely child, the gods (Ometeuctli and Omecihuatl) have created thee in the highest place in heaven, that they might send thee into

the world; but know that the life on which thou art entering is sad, painful and full of trials and miseries; nor will thou be able to eat thy bread without labor. May God assist thee in the many adversities which await thee." This ceremony was followed by congratulations to the parents. (We are struck by the strong resemblance to the forms of Christian baptism evident in the ceremony just recorded.) It is to be regretted that these people were not permitted to live forever under such wise and beneficent laws; but with the growth of power and wealth came ambition, and, as in our day, the stronger nations absorbed the weaker, until in the course of time authority became more concentrated, the empire sprung up and its last days were marred by the despotism it gave rise to.

Among the ancient Mexicans there were different classes of society—the nobility, the merchants and the common people. The King was an absolute monarch, who united the functions of warrior and priest. Next in rank were the lords of powerful provinces; next came the lesser lords, down probably to those whose chief title to nobility was the uninterrupted holding of entailed lands through many generations. Then there were three military orders—the Princes, the Eagle and the Tiger—established to reward deeds of bravery. Some titles of nobility descended from father to son in perpetual succession; others were attached to particular offices or conferred during life as marks of personal distinction. So marked and firmly established were the various gradations of rank, from the monarch down to the meanest subject, and so scrupulous was each class in the exactions of courtesy and respect from inferiors, that the very genius and idioms of the language became thoroughly influenced by it. The condition of the common people—merchants, artisans, tradesmen and laborers and the poor—was very much as it, unfortunately, is to-day among more pretentious nations, except, perhaps, that people were better satisfied with their lot.

The language of the Mexicans was copious, regular and abounded in beautiful figures of speech, and gave ample play to the talents of the orator and poet. Those who evinced a talent for oratory were instructed at a very early age in the use of language. In their poetry the Mexicans observed the laws of cadence and measure. The language was brilliant, pure and agreeable—figurative and embellished with frequent comparisons to the most pleasing objects in nature, such as flowers, trees, rivers, etc. The subjects were not restricted, but consisted of hymns of praise, petition and thanksgiving to their deities, historical poems reciting the glories of the nation and sung at profane dances. Some, again, were odes

containing moral lessons; some were love songs and others treated of the chase and kindred subjects. The priests were the chief poets, but many celebrated compositions were written by King Nazahualcojotl.

Dramatic and lyric poetry were in great repute among the Mexicans. Their theatres, like those of the Greeks and Romans, were uncovered. Cav. Boturini says that the Mexican comedies were excellent, and that among the antiques he had in his museum were two dramatic compositions of great merit. Acosta gives a description of a play at Cholula, during a festival given in honor of the god Quatzalcoatl, which was very suggestive of the first scenes among the Greeks, and it is probable that had the Mexican empire lasted a century or two longer the theatre would have improved by slow degrees as did the theatres of Greece.

Let us here take a hasty glance at the books of the ancient Mexicans. It is hardly proper to call them books, as they were only tablets covered with hieroglyphics. No matter what material was used for manuscripts, it was not arranged in leaves like our books, nor in rolls like the Greeks and Romans used. These books consisted of a single band folded after the manner of a fan, hence the name "fan books." At each end were attached light wooden tablets, one above, the other below, so that when the volume was closed it was not unlike a book in appearance; but in order to read it, it was necessary to unfold the entire band and to read from left to right and from right to left, until the entire band had been read through. About the year 660, tradition says, all the wise—men, prophets and astrologers painted a famous book, which they called Teoamoxtli, or "Divine Book." In it was represented the origin of the Indians, the confusion of tongues, eclipses, prophecies concerning the future of the empire, etc., etc.

The early Mexican nations, such as the Toltecas, Chichemecas, Alcohuanas, Aztecs, etc., had, more or less, the same manners and customs, the same forms of worship and the same type of architecture. Their teocallis (holy pyramids), or "houses of the gods," were pyramidal in form and consisted of many layers of stones or bricks placed one upon the other and facing the four points of the compass. The upper layer formed a vast platform. The altars were erected upon this platform, the tops of the chapel cupolas being 170 feet above the pavement of the great square or plaza upon which the temple is erected. One style of the pyramid was built in five stages or stories, and steps led up to it, in such a manner that the whole structure had to be encircled before the ascent could be made from one story to the one above. Upon the upper platform were the cupolas or shrines containing statues of their deities and

the sacrificial stones upon which the victims were to be immolated. Some of these teocallis were constructed upon a different plan; a grand stairway led directly to the upper layer or platform, which was surrounded by a wall. The chapels containing the idols occupied the most elevated positions. The interior of the pyramids was reached by secret subterranean passages, and, as we shall see further on, contained the mortal remains of Mexican sovereigns.

All the offices of religion were divided among the priests. Some were sacrificers, some diviners, composers of hymns and chanters, some of whom sang at different hours of the day and night. Some were charged with keeping the temple clean and in order, others looked after the ornaments of the altars. Others again were assigned to the instruction of youth, the correcting of the calendar, the ordering of festivals and the care of mythological paintings. Four times a day incense was offered to the deities—at daybreak, at midday, at sunset and at midnight. (This is somewhat suggestive of the Angelus.) For incense, copal or some other aromatic gum was generally used, and on great festivals bitumen of Judea was used. The censers were made of clay and some were of gold.

The dress of the priests differed little from that of the laity, except a black cotton mantle, which they wore like a veil, upon their heads. Those who practiced great austerity always wore black. Continence was strictly required. Some priests lived constantly in the temple, and the most severe punishment was visited upon those who failed in any duty; indeed, they were torn to pieces and their bloody limbs were sent to their successors, as suggestive of what they were to expect under similar circumstances. The office of the priest was not, in its nature, perpetual. Some were perpetual, others only while fulfilling some vow. Women were admitted to the priesthood, but only in a limited manner; they offered incense, swept the temple and the like. Chastity was indispensable.

The Pyramid of Cholula is the largest structure of its kind. It rises out of a plain which extends to the Orizaba volcano. It was constructed of four layers of stone and unburned clay, and appears to have been erected so as to face the four points of the compass. It was 160 feet high and 1,143 feet in length. Humboldt and other authorities regard it as bearing a most striking resemblance to the Temple of Belus and other ancient structures of the Oriental world. This pyramid, or mound, has suffered much from decay. Upon being explored the interior was found to contain quite a number of chambers. Nearly a century ago the Spaniards, desiring to straighten the road from Puebla to Mexico, cut through the first story on the north side. They discovered a subterranean

passage leading to a square chamber built of dressed stone. It contained two bodies, two idols in basalt and many painted and varnished urns. The ceiling is supported by cypress beams, and is composed of many broad bricks placed one above the other, but in such a manner that one projects over the one supporting it. It was but a step from this style of building to the arch, which, Clavijero claims, was known to the Aztecs. (The writer of this article has found broad, flat bricks, like those referred to above, in the ruins of the foundations of the Coliseum at Rome.) On the summit of this teocalli there was an altar dedicated to Quatzaltcoalt, the god of air, who was also regarded as the god of prayer and repentance. Mexican mythology teems with miracles performed by him during his life or after having received immortality from the Great Spirit. Humboldt relates the following Mexican tradition concerning the Teocalli of Cholula:

"Before the great Deluge the Mexicans say the country was inhabited by a race of giants. When the flood came they all perished except a few who were transformed into fishes, and Xelhua, surnamed the Architect, who with his six brothers sought refuge in the mountains of Mount Tlaloc. After the waters had subsided, Xelhua undertook to erect a pyramid to commemorate the event. Hardly had the work commenced when the gods, not liking the idea, hurled thunderbolts at pyramids and workmen, and it was never finished."

To prove the antiquity of this pyramid, Father de los Rios says that the tradition of Xelhua was embodied in a hymn sung by the Cholulans at their solemn feasts, commencing with the words: "Toulanian houlouaez," which cannot be traced to any Mexican dialect. He supposes them to be a remnant of the primitive language.

The original chapel on the summit has been replaced by one dedicated to Nuestra Señora de los Remedios.

With regard to the tradition of the Deluge referred to above, there is a picture in existence which illustrates the ancient Mexican's idea of that great calamity. In the upper corner of the picture is a vignette in which are represented a mountain, a boat, a human head and a pigeon, while the main portion of the picture represents a group of men approaching the dove. These symbols may be explained as follows: The water signifies the deluge, the human head and the bird in the water signify the drowning of men and animals. The boat with the man in it denote the vessel, in which, according to their tradition, one man and one woman were saved to preserve the race. The mountain or hilltop in the corner is that of Mount Coluacan, near to which, as they relate, the man



and woman saved disembarked after the waters had subsided. In all Mexican paintings in which mention is made of that mountain it is represented by the same figure. The bird upon the tree represents the dove, which, as they say, communicated speech to men, as they were all dumb after the deluge. The rods issuing from the mouth of the dove towards men are the symbols of languages. (A suggestion: the Christian Pentecost.) Whenever the Mexican paintings allude either to language or words, they employ this form of rods. A number of them in one figure signifies a multitude of languages which were thus communicated. The fifteen men who received the languages from the dove represent so many families separated from the rest of mankind, from whom, as they supposed, descended the nations of Anáhuac.

If in our consideration thus far of the civilization of the Aztecs we have dwelt entirely upon the nobler side of their nature, it is to be regretted that they did not follow the Toltecas in their religious practices. If their civil laws have excited our admiration, their canon laws have been most reprehensible. The Mexicans worshiped the sun under the name of Vitzilipoutzli, and the horrible worship they gave him affords the most deplorable example of the spiritual depths to which human reason can sink when not supported by the light of divine revelation. It was their custom to sacrifice human victims to their idol, and it is estimated that as many as five thousand have been immolated in one day throughout the empire. Not to interfere with the horrible butchery, the Mexicans would, when engaged in wars with their neighbors, endeavor to avoid bloodshed as much as possible, and when they made armed incursions into neighboring provinces they were careful not to kill, but to capture their enemies, that they might later on immolate them upon the altars of their divinities. The idol, which was of natural size, was carefully sculptured in wood or stone and occupied a temple resplendent with gold and silver. The interior enclosure of the temple contained two buildings, where fifty youths and fifty maidens were trained, like Roman Vestals, for the service of the altar, as an inviolable sanctuary. The girls were from twelve to thirteen years of age, and the youths from eighteen to twenty; the strictest continence was imperative. What is most remarkable about the temple is a sort of platform of an oblong shape, built of stone and masonry and covered with a roof. It was reached by a broad stairway. The walls, the floor, the stairs and the woodwork were all covered with skulls carefully encrusted and arranged with the faces to the front. Many sacrifices took place in these temples, the details of which are too revolting to be described here. It will be enough to say that the priests, vested in white tunics striped

with black, and a cap ornamented with green and yellow plumes, their faces painted black or covered with black veils, seized the victim, laid him alive upon a large stone—a sacrificial stone already described in this article—opened his breast, tore out his heart and held it up to the sun, that its first exhalations might ascend to it. To crown these atrocities, the bodies of the victims were distributed among the people and devoured by them. Sometimes the priests would skin the victims and cover some of the subaltern ministers of the temple with them. The latter would then rush into the streets, jumping and dancing, and collect the offerings of the charitable.

We are wont to pride ourselves on the progress we have made in our methods of preserving and restoring health, and we point to our Turkish, Russian and vapor baths as an evidence of what we have done in that direction. The ancient Mexicans were well acquainted with the vapor bath and its benefit to health. Their *temazcalli* or vapor bath was usually built of unburned bricks and looked very much like an old improvised bake oven. The floor was a little convex and lower than the surface of the ground outside. Its greatest diameter was eight feet, its greatest height six feet. The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to creep in. Opposite the entrance was the furnace, which was fed from outside, the smoke passing out through a hole in the top. When the person entered the bath he took with him a vessel containing water and a bunch of herbs or maize leaves. When all was ready, he shut off the airhole in the top, poured water upon the heated stones and thus produced a dense vapor. An attendant beat the vapor downwards and gently struck the patient over the body, particularly upon the part affected, with the bunch of herbs, which had been moistened. Perspiration soon set in, and when the desired effect was reached the steam was allowed to escape and the patient, carefully wrapped in rugs, was carried to his bed.

The *chinampas* or floating gardens of the Mexicans of the olden times were rafts composed of layers of reeds, rushes and willow branches and other fibrous materials, tightly bound together and filled in with clay and loam, until a sufficient basis was formed upon which to deposit good soil. Gradually islands were formed, some reaching 200 or 300 feet in length and three or four feet in depth and varying in width to suit the wants of the owner. On this foundation the thrifty Indian raised maize, vegetables and flowers for himself, his sovereign and his gods. Some of these *chinampas* were strong enough to allow the growth of small trees and to support a cabin for the owner, who by means of a long pole could change his location at will, remove from an undesirable neighbor

and, with his family on board, glide upon the bosom of the lake like some enchanted island of fairy days. In later times these floating gardens increased to such an extent that they completely girded the capital with flowers and verdure, and in the early morning numbers of "gardens," richly freighted, could be seen gliding gayly towards the great market place of the city. Mexico, since the diminution of the lake, has become a high and dry city on the mainland, with its centre nearly three miles away from the water. The chinampa is a thing of the past; small flower beds now divide the narrow causeways, through which the Indian still drives his canoe. These are all that remain of the floating gardens of the olden time.

The Mexicans constructed aqueducts for the convenience of their larger towns. Those of the capital brought water from Chapultepec, which is two miles distant. These aqueducts, two in number, were constructed of stone and cement, five feet high and two paces broad, and were built upon a road raised for that purpose, upon a lake, by which the water was brought to the entrance of the city. From here it branched out through smaller channels to supply fountains, especially those of palaces. Only one of the aqueducts was used at a time; the other was in the meantime cleared of all sediment and foreign matter, as it was desired that the water should always be pure. (Some of our modern city departments might do well to consider this point.) The ruins of some of these aqueducts may still be seen, notably at Tezcutzinco.

We have by no means exhausted the subjects of deep interest with which the study of the history of the ancient Mexicans abounds and which commands the most careful attention of the student. Their mounds, their temples, their symbolism, as expressed in statuary and hieroglyphics, all afford food for the deepest thought, and "conjecture" has not been idle in its attempts to unravel the mysteries involved in these symbols. To the man identified with a people by blood, race, tradition and genius the task is difficult enough; to the man of a different nature it is hopeless. The "I think" of many writers is obviously based on little else than "I." Preconceived ideas, even when honest, too often color judgment.

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## HAS LITERATURE AN ETHICAL VALUE?

OSCAR WILDE, who not so many years ago attracted considerable attention as an eccentric exponent of the æsthetic character of art to the extent that he ignored its ethical value, in a lecture delivered on the occasion of his visit to America, declared that "any element of morals or implied reference to a standard of good or evil in art is often a sign of a certain incompleteness of vision."

Applying the same principle to literary art, and more particularly to poetry, which is the highest expression of that art, he said that "one should never talk of the moral or immoral poem," and further insisting that "all good work aims at a purely artistic effect," he concluded with the profane advice: "Love art for its own sake, and then all things that you need will be added to you."

Thus spoke this poet-dilettante of two continents, buttoniered with the sunflower and a lover of the lily—flowers symbolic of the æsthetic movement in England as representative of artistic beauty, giving to the artist "the most entire and perfect joy." With this message he came to us, enveloped in the mantle of genius, which a certain class of art-devotees are wont to consider capable of hiding every moral deformity in the artist. Needless to say, the many listened and the many likewise applauded.

Oscar Wilde was one of that school of too ready thinkers who mistake the true aim of art, which is to elevate and not merely to please, and who seem unable to understand that there is a difference between apparent good and moral good. The will has for its object that which is good; but it takes the intellect in its search after truth, to differentiate between what is truly good in a moral sense and that which only has the superficial appearance of goodness.

Poor Oscar Wilde, like so many other writers who disgrace more than they grace our pages of literature, sought the good things in life with the immoral sense of the perennial pleasure-seeker, sensualist or voluptuary. It was not until the arrogance and immorality of Wilde was chastised by his imprisonment that he could come, a broken man in spirit and in body, to a friend and ask, with all the confession it implied, for the best life of the lowly Nazarene. He came to his senses even as a Catholic, and acknowledged in his own way the God-Man, who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all else shall be added unto you."

Christianity refined art and gave to it its proper place. The old pagan conception gave way in a large measure to the Christian ideals of art. The pagan was inclined to love art for art's sake.

He worshiped at the shrines of his sculptured gods. In art, as well as religion, he was often merely an idolator. The Christian loves art for humanity's sake and worships before the altar of the God of beauty and of hope, the God of truth and of charity—yes, and the God of faith. As Bulwer Lytton says, "Art, in fact, is the effort of man to express the ideas which nature suggests to him of a power above nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being or in the great first cause of which nature, like himself, is but the effect."

A theory was recognized by the ancient Greeks regarding poetry—and what is said of poetry may be said of all forms of literary art—to the effect that it had a regulative influence on morals, and that its primary office was the conveyance of ethical teaching. Still another view prevailed among them, that poetry was purely an emotional delight and that its end was solely to give pleasure.

The contemplation of beauty, whether it be in nature or in art, should indeed beget pleasure in the beholder. But the highest pleasure afforded man as the result of his looking upon a thing of beauty is not that which rests for its satisfaction in the vision of loveliness before him, but consists rather in the fact that he refers the object of beauty to Him who made all things beautiful in the earth and in the sea and in the sky. For, after all, it is but a selfish contemplation that will not permit man to praise God in His works and to take delight in the beauty of His works, because he beholds mirrored therein God's own infinite beauty, God's own infinite loveliness. When man became so enamored of the beauty of God as revealed in the beauties of nature that he tried in his finite way to paint on the canvas, or to chisel in marble, or to repeat in language the various beauty of the Creator as expressed in the creature, then was art born into the world. Then only is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and then only can it be said with verity and in its fullest meaning that "beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know and all ye need to know," when man the artist delights in the beauty of God's creations and his own feeble imitations, because of their important and highest relation to God and to humanity.

God created nothing to be used for an immoral purpose; nor did He in creating man and endowing him with certain gifts of intellect and will, of mind and of heart, intend a perverted use of these gifts or of special talents. The gift of language, whereby the composite man is able to give visible expression in writing to his thoughts and his feelings in an artistic manner, constitutes one of man's highest prerogatives as the rational being that he is. And as the very relation, that of necessity, exists between the Creator

and the thing created is a relation, the consideration of which is of itself an ethical one, it is evident that the use of the gift of artistic thought-expression in the form of literature, is to be adjudged morally good or morally bad, according as the use of that gift of expression is in accordance with sound or unsound moral principles.

Literature affects the intellect and the will of man, whereby he tends toward God. The object of intellect is truth and the object of the will is good. But truth and goodness are moral means toward attaining God as our last end. And consequently if literature can give expression to what is false and morally bad, it cannot permit the intellect and the will to tend toward God. And thus literature, which can be morally good or bad, surely has an ethical value.

Literature may be defined as the record of man's artistic expression by means of language, of thoughts and emotions, whether based upon thoughts or imaginings. The nature of a work of literature is classified according to its expression and its subject-matter. The artistic expression is taught by the principles of rhetoric, and the conveyance on the part of any given literary production of good or bad thoughts and emotions has to do with ethics. In the very nature of things, therefore, the one consideration does not exclude the other. And this is true even in the case of the expression of what is imagined or fancied by the writer, since even here a proper appeal to the imagination of the reader is, morally speaking, necessary.

It were unreasonable to contend that every literary production should have a direct ethical value. The objection to any such assertion would be to the effect that much literature is necessarily unmoral. But without conceding for a moment that such is the case, we hold that every literary production which has not a direct ethical value has and should have at least an indirect ethical value, if literature is to serve its highest end for the benefit of humanity. We may read, for instance, a certain poem which serves to give us intellectual pleasure without conveying necessarily any moral whatsoever. Nevertheless, inasmuch as the mind and the heart, in a word, the soul of him who reads, is refined, lifted out of himself, as it were, and elevated for the moment, upon perusing, let us say, a given poem—insomuch does it possess an indirect moral value that helps the individual towards the realization of the higher life that result in coming into close contact with lofty emotion and refined thought. In this respect, all literature, no matter what its subject-matter, serves its true aim and makes for the betterment of him who profits by the influence it exerts.

The immortal admiration for any one writer and the product of his pen is only too often attended by the regret one feels that the writer in question should have allowed his work to be tainted at times by that which shocks the moral sensibility of the reader. Hence the frequent necessity of expurgated editions, and hence, too, the unfulfilled desire on the part of authors to retract what, with less thought of the consequences, they dared to give expression to. It is to be regretted, indeed, that our literary conscience is so often tolerant for the sake of a misapplied and misunderstood "art for art's sake" notion or literature for the sake of literature.

Every literary production that fails in some way or other to have a healthy moral influence upon the reader is of no ethical value—not that it is essential to good literature, as such, to have for its immediate object the conveyance or imparting of moral lessons or moral sentiments. Yet every true work of literature should either have its negative value in not teaching bad morals or a positive value by adding to the moral betterment of him who reads and comes under its influence.

A morally good book should make morally good men. A bad book is waste in the economy of true education. False philosophy, morbidity, sensualism and sensationalism can find no place in really good literature or in the literature of a day or a decade. It is a poor immortality that lives to damn and not to save. Baneful and corrupt thoughts, perpetuated in some smart literary setting, are but a worthless contribution to the world's literature and a poor asset to the fame of any writer, be he a great or small constellation in the firmament of literary lights of any age or country.

Literature is not an end in itself if it exists as a means to influence for the better the mind and heart of man. But literature does exist as such a means, and if it does or fails to carry out its purpose as such a means, it is subject to moral considerations and can be judged by moral standards. We admit that a work of literature may be good in itself as a work of art. But this does not prevent it being morally good or morally bad in its relation to man's moral welfare. And this surely is a moral consideration. That is not an end in itself which serves as a means to a higher end. But literature is a means to a higher end, namely, the education, the development and the uplift of the heart and the mind of humanity.

The "Index," to which even we Catholics in this enlightened age of ours sometimes so slightly refer, is by no means an example of a narrow-minded or warped institution of the Mother Church, but it is unmistakably one of the many noble examples of the care which she ever exercises for the moral health and welfare of those

entrusted to her maternal care. If there were no "Index," the greater number of careless readers might be led to think that they have the option of reading what they choose to read, just as they are so ready to think, with their false ideas nowadays, of what constitutes real liberty, that they may do whatever it pleases them to do, irregardless of the consequences. License is but the illegitimate child of that liberty which many erroneously regard as the offspring of what is really meant by the freedom of government, the freedom of worship, the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press.

And when this idea is applied to the literature of two English-speaking continents, it is appalling to note to what extent this world is flooded with productions of literature that are detrimental to the good morals of society.

Art, in its diverse forms, is the expression of an idea in an ideal way. But the value of all art is to be measured by the object it has in view. It gives pleasure, but that pleasure, while it may be sensuous, should never be sensual. If artistic expression is alone to be considered, then we have but the technical value of a work of art, without any regard to its formal value or its higher or ulterior purpose, its moral value. And all artistic productions that seek to do no more than merely to please may readily and erroneously be conceived as the embodiment of some idea, given shape by the artistic touch, which has nothing else to justify its existence save that it is the pretty phrasing or delineation of a fanciful conceit. Pleasure that is immoral can never be considered the object of Christian art.

As soon as art takes the place of religion and becomes for the artist his fetich, his idol before which he bows and offers incense, so soon is the Christian ideal of art shattered and the pagan ideal established in its stead. It is because of this that many great writers must ever bear the stigma of naturalistic and materialistic paganism in many or most of their writings. It is here that the adage, "Art for art's sake," so distinctly applies. Not that the pagan ideal of art is altogether ignoble, but there is no Christian excuse for it. We can understand that the poets of paganism, disgusted with mere idolatry, looked for God as the true and beautiful first in nature and then in art. And so when Keats sings, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know and all ye need to know," we are not altogether surprised. But we are surprised to find that religion and morality played so little a part in the art of some of our greatest poets, as they were so little conspicuous in their lives.

All literature, broadly speaking, has for its subject-matter either



science or poetry, the terms prose and verse designating, as is commonly accepted, merely the garb of language. The code of ethics can readily be violated, whether a particular literary production be a scientific treatise or an essay, a history or a biography, in which may be taught sophistry or false doctrines of one kind or another, and be given excuses for much immoral conduct in life; or whether it be a poem or a novel, which through subtilty of expression may cause the excitement of improper emotions or promulgate charmingly set forth fallacies.

Of all productions of literature there is none perhaps so popular as the novel. The latest novel, like the latest song, is on everybody's lips. Popular novels are dramatized so that some story may be still more vividly presented to the public, while, on the other hand, the popular play is oftentimes novelized, so that it may be largely bought up by readers who have not had the opportunity to see the performance of the play. So reciprocal is the relation between the productions of the novelist and the playwright that it is a question as to which of the two forms of literature constitute the higher bidder for popularity.

The human mind will always long to be satisfied by intellectual entertainment and refreshment, so that the novel as a form of literature has not only come to stay and be popular reading, but it will continue to occupy a position of influence among readers in its ability to prove food for the mind and the heart and to be a source of instruction as well as of entertainment. And while this is so, it cannot be other than a serious source of moral strength or weakness in its effect upon the reading public. The question of morals applied to the novel cannot, therefore, be left a question unanswered.

Readers of all classes are found among omniverous readers of the novel. Although in any given work of literature false principles of philosophy and morality are capable of being imparted to the lay reader, in no form of literature are false notions of philosophy and morals so easily and so insidiously conveyed as in the novel, where the dress of literature often so cunningly hides banal and harmful teachings, as is the case in many novels of the day.

Witness the furore caused by that uncalled for bit of fiction, "Three Weeks." The public was shocked, and the author in turn was shocked at the surprise, to say the least, manifested by a decent public at what had been boldly perpetrated. Her indifference amounted to a feminine shrug of the shoulders and criticism of the public taste, which, as Oscar Wilde would have said, showed "an incompleteness of vision." But Elinor Glyn's moral responsibility did not end there.

The best sellers of the day are not necessarily morally good books, nor even good literature. But they will do more harm if they teach that sin is a pleasant thing and only a term opposite to virtue than if they fail to improve our English. A portion of popular reading, at present much advertised, consists of certain memoirs of European court intrigues and stories of French crimes and courtesans, appropriately embellished with illustrations that help along the mental debauch and spiritual dissipation of him who reads. De Maupassant and others of his school have their droll stories, which are like sugar-coated pills, the authors apparently deeming it necessary to administer their doses of cynical truisms in such a way as to make them more palatable.

Inasmuch as a work of art exists not for itself alone, but as a means toward an end, it has a definite ethical value according as it does or does not carry out its purpose and has a good or bad influence on those for whom it is intended. Nor can a work of art be considered apart from its moral value for still another reason. In the imagination of the poet there exists the material for a poem. He might even write the poem and hide it away or burn it. But as soon as it is given to the world and men come in contact with it by reading and study and analysis, a relation between itself and man is established. This relation is a moral relation, so to speak; that is, its influence upon man is either good or evil. But if a poem in the given instance or any work of literature can influence a reader for good or for evil, it surely has an ethical value.

Let a poet who has a hold upon the people, in other words, who is popular, write a poem which is brimful of unhealthy pessimism or perhaps blasphemy and the thousands who pride themselves as cultured, although their culture be little more than superficial knowledge, will laud the poet and his work to the very skies. His poem is read and repeated, it leaves its virus behind, it saturates their souls, and without reference to morals at all it takes its place in the literature of the day, and does it end there? Is its baneful influence not to be considered? In a word, has it no ethical value? And if it has, why will the reading public not regard it in its true light as a work that with reference to morals has utterly failed of its highest purpose?

It should not be a question whether the artistic merits of a literary composition outweigh the higher consideration of its ethical value. It is a question whether artistic merit is not sometimes mistaken for morbid taste. Human proneness to delight in the sensual, the lurid and the bizarre may account for the fact that so many writers court reputation by catering to a depraved public taste. The "old Adam" stirs in man very strongly at times and

affects not only the reader, but the writer as well. The writer it is who supplies the reader with the material. Let him see to it that he influences the taste of the reading public in the right direction and a high ethical standard for literature, as well as a demand for good, clean literature will be the inevitable result.

Why is it that booksellers and publishers advertise to advantage their unexpurgated editions of certain works that are known to contain filthy passages if it is not because they know that they will find ready purchase among persons who take a special delight in poring over that which is putrid and sensual? It is the same morbid curiosity for that which is morally off color on the part of many readers which packs a theatre to its very doors when a censured play holds the boards of a local theatre, showing that the drama as a form of literature can have a demoralizing influence.

Since the idea of responsibility is the pivotal principle underlying ethics, the idea of responsibility enters into the consideration of every writer and that which he writes. This, too, is true, that the responsibility is commensurate with the writer's power for good or evil.

It is a sacred privilege to be "priest of Partagas," to be allowed to enter into the Temple of Thought. It is a high and mighty prerogative to be one of the chosen few whom Kipling calls "masterless men with the magic of words." But woe to him who profanes the holy of holies or who wastes his talent by using his God-given genius to dethrone the God of nature and desecrate the spirit and debauch the mind.

The boasted Renaissance wrought as much harm as it wrought good. It broke the chains of fettered freedom to such an extent that the idea of liberty in men's minds ran riot and freedom of conscience became license to sin; that freedom of government gave birth to the monstrosity of lawlessness; that freedom of the press or to express one's opinion gave rise to free thinking.

Shelley, the student, writes "Prometheus Unbound," flinging defiance at Jove, and writes, too, "The Revolt of Islam." The besetting sin of writers of his type was the pride of intellect. It was not sufficient that man had sinned with Adam by disobedience that hurled him from Paradise, but he must needs add insult to injury, so to speak, against the Almighty, by sinning like Lucifer, to be hurled from heaven. The vanity of intoxicated reason would dethrone the very God of nature and place upon the throne the idol of self-love, self-worship and sense-worship.

All of us in Adam have eaten of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and of evil. And not content with that, men have dared to revolt against the evil consequences from endur-

ance of which we are to arrive at the proper appreciation of the good, and, like Lucifer at the dawn of creation, men have sinned by the pride of the intellect against the Holy Spirit and have thus committed the sin which may not be forgiven either in this world or in the world hereafter.

The instruction conveyed to us through letters should be such that we must be instructed in the paths that lead to virtue; we must be elevated and refined, so that we may be enabled to shape our final destiny and perfect the stature of our soul and realize and finally rest in our last end, which is God Himself. The emotions or feelings aroused in us by reading works of literature must be such as to impel us to alleviate suffering or to right wrongs or to live lives of moral rectitude ourselves and to help others to live aright, as side by side we push on to reach the goal of eternal bliss in the great beyond, where we who have been guided in our course by high thoughts and lofty emotions shall sit and listen at the feet of the Origin of Arts to the final and eternal lesson of light and of love.

J. B. JACOB.

Washington, D. C.

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#### A GLIMPSE AT THE GREGORIAN RENAISSANCE.\*

GREGORIAN chant is a traditional, venerable, highly artistic manifestation of Christian song worship. Originating from Greco-Roman tonalities, Oriental rhythemics, Jewish liturgical customs, then wonderfully transformed and intensified by the Christian genius, it had its normal periods of formation, progressive development and golden age. Unfortunately, it had also its decadence, but, like the phoenix, it springs from the ashes of decrepitude imposed upon it by too many centuries of ignorance, and our modern times contemplate it soaring up anew into the sky and enjoy its glorious revival.

Any normal soul meeting real Gregorian chant in good faith, with a knowledge of musical traditions and a sense of artistic things, is quickly subjugated by its majesty, sweetness and sincerity of expression. Frequently the enthusiasm of musicians for it increases with age and experience, whereas their taste for fashionable modern music fades away along the same lines.

As an ideal form of sacred music, Gregorian chant is a matter

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\* A paper read before the D. C. Chapter of the American Guild of Organists at the meeting of November 3, 1913, by the Rev. Dr. Abel L. Gabert, instructor in ecclesiastical music at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

of general interest, but more particularly so for Christian Churches of any denomination. To say the truth, most of them dropped the use of the Latin language, thereby checking for themselves the practical utilization of the Gregorian repertory as it stands. But it keeps all its importance from the viewpoints of archæology, history and musical exemplification. And it really is the common property of all these Churches, for the Gregorian art had run its three stages of formation, golden age and decadence even before the ill-fated times when differences arose in the great family of those who are the beloved children of the same Heavenly Father and adore and love above all the same Divine Lord Jesus Christ.

To-day the essential features and requirements of the Gregorian restoration are in our possession. After years and years of strenuous attempts made by innumerable workers at the amelioration of practical rendering at large, attempts preliminary and conducive to some initiative to be taken by way of authority, the Holy Roman See, in 1904, decreed the immediate preparation of a Vatican edition of Gregorian chant, and then published the *Graduale* in 1908 and the *Antiphonale* in 1912. These books supply the maximum of Gregorian genuineness attainable in the present position of archæological science. Perhaps something more might have been done along the rhythmical lines; Rome, however, did not feel obliged to take part in matters still eagerly controverted, and Rome had to act quickly for urgent reasons, and Rome adopted and sanctioned the substantial points thus far agreed upon, leaving the others to further discussion among scientists: a line of conduct evidently wise and pacific.

It would be interesting to trace back and follow along to modern times the causes of the long decadence which made such a vigorous reform necessary. But a short historical sketch of the Gregorian restoration itself in its intense period will be far more practical; let us stick to it. The conspicuous battlefield of the Gregorian conquest was France, and the leaders were the Benedictine monks of Solesmes. To-day the monachal Solesmes is only a memory, as its celebrated monks left France in 1901, and are now sheltered in Quarr Abbey, a short walk from Ryde, in the garden of England, the beautiful Isle of Wight. The old glorious name, however, is still retained.

## I.

The first obstacle Solesmes had to face in the work of Gregorian restoration was a splendid indifference and skepticism prevailing everywhere, even among the clergy, towards the musical forms of the past.

Even from the first half of the nineteenth century much had been written and spoken for the Gregorian cause by theorists and specialists, but to little avail. Solesmes also, under the strong and genial direction of its first abbot, Dom Prosper Guéranger, originator of the liturgical unity, had done much, theoretically and practically, but in the silence of the monastery. Scarcely a foretaste of its work had been conveyed to the public by some writings of Canon Gontier.

The first decisive attempt at serious activity outside began in 1880, when Dom Pothier startled the musical world of Europe by his book, "*Les Mélodies Grégoriennes.*" Short enough, but substantial, this book was a luminous illustration of the following points: excellence and character of the liturgical chant; importance and conditions of a good rendering of Gregorian music; musical writing in ancient times, alphabetic notation, neumatic notation; successive phases of the latter; the neums in their relation with duration or strength of tones, significative letters, Romanian signs; reason of the divers figures of notes and rules of rendering common to all formulas; Latin pronunciation; how to unite syllables in the same word; divisions in reading and singing; melodic runs on single syllables; rhythm special to Gregorian chant; hints on measured rhythm; liturgical recitatives; psalms, anthems and responses.

This was a clever work. It supplied a long awaited code of rational and practical rules of rendering applicable to any, even the most defective, of the plain chant editions then in use. And it was a revelation of the Gregorian horizon, beautifully expanded in eloquent style, well adapted to clerical mentality.

The same year, 1880, in the beginning of October, I entered the Seminary of Grenoble as a student in theology. The professor of plain chant grasped at once the momentous importance of the new book, and immediately strove to bring its principles into sweeping practice. And our Seminary of Grenoble was, as far as I know, the first place that followed in the steps of Dom Pothier and Solesmes. Of course, our attempts were rather timid in the beginning. But in 1881 an ex-monk of Solesmes, Father Velluz, returning to the secular clergy, came to us with a warm recommendation from Dom Pothier, spent a few days in our place and imparted to us the practical secrets of rendering, the living manner and example without which the best books remain dead letter. Then in 1883 Dom Pothier himself visited us, bringing the news of the publication of his "*Liber Gradualis*" with a fresh supply of little secrets for the improvement of our singing.

At the same date and in the same diocese a similar transformation

took place in the "petit séminaire" of La Côte St. André, where I was professor and choirmaster from 1884 to 1894.

Now, let us notice that little by little many other places like ours were won over to Gregorian enthusiasm and did as we had done in Grenoble and La Côte St. André. In Paris, where I was choirmaster from 1894 to 1907, I observed the same work in choice churches, institutions, religious houses, in the Schola Cantorum, St. Sulpice Seminary, convent chapels, sometimes even in concert halls. In the country many churches and colleges and seminaries had been ahead of Paris itself. In short, the Gregorian work was spreading quickly and intensively. Meanwhile methods were published, musical reviews and newspapers advertised the progress of the cause, special reviews were created and succeeded and aroused the interest even of the secular world. In truth, the first essays oftentimes happened to have here or there a character of innocence and clumsiness which did little credit to Gregorian art, but good will and sincere zeal radiated all over the country, despite many drawbacks and accidental failures, and the general movement could be checked no longer. Solesmes had said: "Do not theorize, but train yourselves and sing, and let everybody listen to your singing," and this advice was understood. And Solesmes kept on giving the example; it really was an ideal conservatory of Gregorian music, and very soon became like a place of pilgrimage, where even our best masters were not ashamed to go and confess to the indescribable charm of artistic manifestations at once so old and so new.

From France the Gregorian movement invaded England and Italy, Belgium and Germany, Austria and Spain. Spain was conquered late, eight years ago, but "hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way," and will perhaps leave her Latin sisters behind, if I may so infer from the wonders I witnessed in November, 1912, at her third national congress of sacred music in Barcelona. As the illustrious Spanish master, Felipe Pedrell, had declared at another congress a few years before, "the Solesmes editions of Gregorian chant are to be found everywhere." Everywhere, in fact, and in the New World as in the old one. Everywhere, even in the humblest and remotest Catholic missions. Everywhere, as the directions of the Roman Holy See are heard and obeyed in all places where large or small Catholic congregations have to meet for prayer and worship.

Truly, from their humble retreat the Benedictines of Solesmes, supported only by their artistic faith and trust in the power of truth, led the most wonderful campaign, subdued the most obstinate resistance in the most pacific way, and literally conquered the whole world to their ideals.

But before chanting the victory of our Benedictines we had better take a more extensive view at the difficulties of their mission in the past.

## II.

Another obstacle Solesmes had to confront was the opposition of Rome itself, an opposition that was normal and necessary for a definite period, and which, for aught that anybody knew, might become definitive and irrevocable, and an opposition which was exceedingly torturing to a community well known as eminently faithful and submissive to the Holy See.

In fact, Pius IX., anxious to complete the liturgical unity by the unity of the singing itself, had adopted as official the so-called Medicean edition in 1870, and the Congregation of Rites had accordingly given the publishing firm of Pustet a privilege of monopoly bound to last thirty years, that is to say, until the end of December, 1900. Now, at the bar of archæology the crippled and mutilated Medicean edition had no value at all. Consequently, any new scientific step taken by the Benedictine monks necessarily was a blow at the official plain chant, a threat to the interests of the Ratisbon firm and an indirect criticism of the contract passed between it and the Holy See.

From an early date the broad-minded Pope Leo XIII. undoubtedly was, *in petto*, won over to Solesmes, as were many influential personages in his entourage, but he was obliged to stand for the "status quo" just the same.

Therefore, between 1880 and 1900 the position of the Gregorian cause was extremely critical and gave rise to many incidents, which we followed with an equal dose of anxiety and curiosity, as they were a strange mixture of business, science, authority, diplomacy and sometimes of politics and nationalism. But to relate them in detail, even to sum them up, would lead us too far; it will be better to limit our analysis to a few details of musical information, and we find them admirably condensed in a page written four years ago in the preface to the tenth volume of the *Paléographie Musicale*, by Dom André Mocquereau, the master of masters in Gregorian science.

"Twenty-five years ago," he says, "when Dom Pothier published his 'Liber Gradualis,' the partisans of the official Ratisbon edition manifested an intense irritation; they had so much interest in fostering the belief that their cropped and mutilated edition contained the genuine and authentic chant of St. Gregory.

"The true Gregorian melody, nearly restored in its primitive purity, inflicted upon them a categorical proof to the contrary.



Henceforward, Solesmes was the enemy, and nothing was spared in order to destroy its work and misrepresent the monks and friends of this monastery as disloyal sons in revolt against the authority of the Holy See.

"The adversaries of the melodic tradition at first asserted that the Solesmes edition of 1883 could not contain St. Gregory's chant, as this chant had been lost long ago and could not be found again. In so speaking, they forgot that they had boasted of possessing the same in their own edition.

"An answer was wanted, and at this very moment the only efficient answer was the publication of the documents, the old manuscripts. And the creation of the *Paléographie Musicale* was decided upon.

"The first volume reproduced the Antiphonale Missarum, n° 339, from the library of St. Gall. A comparison between this manuscript and the Solesmes 'Liber Gradualis' showed that the latter contained the true old melodies of the Church.

"So striking a proof, it would seem, should convince the most obstinate adversaries. It did not. The adversaries of the melodic tradition pretended that one single manuscript was no proof, that the manuscripts spread all over the world were not in agreement with one another, and that, owing to these divergencies, the restoration of the genuine Gregorian melody was impossible.

"An assertion without the slightest foundation. But how could we publish the hundreds of codices scattered among the libraries of all countries?

"Finally, a piece, the Gradual 'Justus ut palma,' was chosen and reproduced after 219 antiphonaries of various origins, from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries. All the churches in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, Belgium, England and Spain were called upon to give evidence in this inquiry, and all of them bore testimony in favor of the melodic tradition by pouring out into our collection the same melody, always the same, the one of the Solesmes 'Liber Gradualis.'

"The proof was established. Then the adversaries took refuge behind the great name of Palestrina—Palestrina, author of the Medicean version, of the Ratisbon edition! What an argument! But Monsignor Carlo Respighi and the Rev. Dom Raphael Molitor were quick to dispel this phantasmagoria. And the cause was gained."

This conclusion took place in 1899. At the same date the old Fr. Pustet wrote to me: "I have a feeling that the battle is lost for us."

Indeed it was. The privilege of the Medicean edition expired

in December, 1900, and was not renewed. And on May 17, 1901, Pope Leo XIII. sent the Right Rev. Paul Delatte, abbot of Solesmes, the famous Brief "Nos quidem," freely, at last, and proudly praising the Gregorian work of Solesmes. And when Pius X. succeeded Leo XIII., one of his first preoccupations was to give us a code of sound regulations for sacred music and to decree the true Gregorian restoration and to herald the archæological principle.

By way of short digression, let us pay homage to the wonderful *Paléographie Musicale*, a scientific quarterly started in 1889 and still in full life, devoted partly to the publication of facsimiles of old Gregorian manuscripts and documents, and partly to the diffusion of Gregorian science by means of explanations and even regular treatises which might supply materials for years of teaching. Of the *Paléographie Musicale* we have a complete copy in the Catholic University and are subscribers to its future numbers. But I do not think you will find it in the Library of Congress. Two years ago, as Dom Mocquereau had written to me that the same periodical had no subscriber in New York, I happened to express my astonishment before a manager of G. Schirmer's, whereupon the head of the firm directed that a copy should be ordered for himself, an honorable sacrifice to American pride. Are there other copies in this country? I do not know; but I know that there are in the world five hundred copies of the first year's, and that the printing number was afterwards raised from five to six hundred. Truly, we should have our fair share of them on this side of the water.

Now, let us run through a third phase of the sorrows of Solesmes, that always seem to go along on parallel lines with its triumphs.

### III.

In the seventh volume of the *Paléographie Musicale*, published from 1901 to 1905, Dom André Mocquereau revealed to the musical world all the secrets of Gregorian rendering previously known and practiced in his monastery, and expressly taught not only by Dom Mocquereau himself, but by Dom Pothier also, as by any monk who had to take part in rhythm teaching. The main point of the system was an absolute freedom, for the tonic syllables of the text, to take place on any kind of rhythmical beat or at any part of the same. This principle is compulsorily imposed by the whole economy of Gregorian composition. In fact, for the Gregorian composers of the classic epoch, the Latin tonicity included: 1° the primitive Greco-Latin concept of melodic elevation; 2° the Latin

concept of intensity, brought into use after Cicero's time, and nothing else. The concept of quantitative accentuation was created by the Renaissance, and has little to do with the Gregorian repertory.

Besides, in 1903, the Benedictines published a new edition of Gregorian chant; it realized a great melodic improvement on Dom Pothier's *Liber Gradualis* of 1883, and even on the *Graduale* and *Antiphonale* published by Solesmes in 1895, and by means of a conventional system of rhythmical signs inspired by tradition it made Gregorian rhythm very much easier for all classes of practitioners.

Now, even before 1900 the monks of Solesmes had their opponents on the rhythmical field, or along the line of their so-called "rhythmical tradition," but not in the crucial way which was to mark the following period. The most prominent among these early opponents were the Rev. A. Dechevrens, S. J., and George Houdard, both dead, the former in 1912, the latter in 1913. Both worked on the same documents as the Benedictines, Father Dechevrens trying to establish for Gregorian melodies the same rhythm as for modern figured music, George Houdard striving to demonstrate that any unit of the primitive Gregorian notation, either single note on a syllable or group of two, three, four or more tones, is a temporary beat, an isochronous subdivision of the rhythmical line. From the traditional viewpoint neither system seemed to be viable, but the author of each one was an intelligent man and a splendid worker, and Dechevrens was supported by the Jesuits and Houdard by his own wealth, and having been intimate with both, I may testify that both were disinterested, dignified and lofty men, in spite of a certain exasperation and intemperance of language that blotted Houdard's last period. Opponents they were, no doubt, but loyal opponents, such as are required in any serious cause to make it lively and conspicuous.

Perhaps it is not quite easy to view from the same angle certain other men who were procreated to Gregorian life, fostered and brought up by the candor and benevolence of Solesmes and became its enemies, at least to some extent, when their scientific personality and influence were sufficiently established. Here I am on burning ground; many secrets that were entrusted to me have to be kept for the present, although they will be a part of the history of to-morrow. I may, however, risk some hints or put in a true light things already known.

In August, 1892, the periodical *Revue du Chant Grégorien* was created in my native Diocese of Grenoble for the diffusion of the teaching of Solesmes, and its early stage of life was certainly

secured by Solesmes itself. At the end of the directorship of its third "rédacteur en chef," Canon GrosPELLIER, who died in July, 1908, this review became lukewarm toward Solesmes. And the next rédacteur, Dom Lucien David, Dom Pothier's secretary, opened a kind of regular war against the work of this monastery, more particularly against Dom Mocquereau's rhythmical signs and his suppression of "broken mediation" in the practice of psalmody.

In January, 1895, the periodical *La Tribune de St. Gervais* was created in Paris as an official organ of the "Schola Cantorum." The latter is indebted to Solesmes for the totality of its own Gregorian standing, and I well remember, as early as 1896, dining at a mutual friend's in Paris with Dom Mocquereau and Dom Delpech, who had come for Gregorian lectures and performances in collaboration with the said Schola Cantorum, which at that time was, believe me, a very humble Gregorian entity. And *La Tribune de St. Gervais* has followed about the same course as the *Revue du Chant Grégorien*."

Besides, some noted Gregorianists, like Mr. Amédée Gastoué, professor in the same Schola Cantorum, and Dr. Peter Wagner, professor of Gregorian chant in the University of Freiburg, were not careful enough to keep aloof from unnecessary and systematic opposition to Solesmes. A few other names of minor importance might be mentioned in this connection, but let us pass on.

In July, 1910, while visiting Quarr Abbey, I found Dom Mocquereau intent upon the project of creating a new review, intended to be the genuine work of the Benedictines of Solesmes and the faithful channel of their teaching. It was to be called *Revue Grégorienne*, and its first number came out in January, 1911. In less than two years its noble standing won more subscribers than the two above-mentioned periodicals had been able to do together in twenty years.

A bold attempt, however, had been made at palsying this new review in its very cradle. A decree of the Congregation of Rites, signed on January 25, 1911, came out the next month discrediting the addition of rhythmical signs to the plain chant books of the Vatican edition. It is well known to-day that this blow at Solesmes had been directed by Dom Pothier himself. Perhaps it will not be quite untimely to say a few words more about him.

Dom Pothier is almost an octogenarian. His has been, no doubt, a wonderful career. He was the second man entrusted by Dom Guéranger with the study of Gregorian science. The first man, Dom Jausions, having died in 1870, Dom Pothier was invited in 1880 to start the Gregorian campaign outside the monastery, which was done with great success. The no less celebrated Dom Moc-

quereau, now sixty-three years old, was initiated by Dom Pothier in Gregorian art, and in 1889 received from the abbot orders to take the general direction of the singing in the monastery. At the same date the *Paléographie Musicale* was started, an enterprise which, happily in vain, Dom Pothier is said to have opposed at the outset. Then began a dark period, the manifold troubles of which I do not want to reveal, a period after which, in 1893 or about, Dom Pothier, body, soul and heart, left Solesmes, and was sent to Ligugé. To leave Solesmes was to leave the home of Gregorian knowledge, the atelier of its elaboration and development, the sanctuary of the documents and manuscripts, the salutary companionship of a phalanx of ideal workers. This was the end of Dom Pothier as a man of science, at least of his progress as such; but the world did not know that, did not even suspect the fact that day by day the other monks were going ahead of the old man, and, therefore, Dom Pothier retained his former prestige.

Let us take a jump of ten years. 'In November, 1903, the famous "Motu Proprio" about sacred music came out. A few months later a Vatican edition of Gregorian chant was decreed in principle, and on April 25, 1904, a second "Motu Proprio" appointed for the purpose a commission of some twenty members and consultors, with Dom Pothier as president, and Dom Mocquereau and a few other monks of Solesmes were made redactors of the musical text. This was an ideal plan; unfortunately it was not pursued. Let us omit the details and come to the crude conclusion that, fourteen months later, on June 24, 1905, the Cardinal Secretary of State unexpectedly directed Dom Pothier to assume himself the task of preparing the musical text. Thereupon the monks of Solesmes retired quietly. And Dom Pothier became what he craved to be, the "only one" in the question.

The last and prominent feature of the battle against Solesmes was the Decree of January 25, 1911, above mentioned. But Dom Pothier's blow at Solesmes was in reality a blow at himself. Overworked by his redaction, he had not paid sufficient attention to the many intricacies of business and diplomacy involved in the question of rhythmical signs. Quickly did the consequences develop, and the administration, being put in straits, was obliged to investigate. And the absolute reliability of Solesmes was once more evidenced. And our liberties in matter of rhythmical signs were practically given back to us by two declarations issued by the secretary of the Congregation of Rites on April 29, 1911, declarations which became a regular Decree in July, 1912. And a decision of the Congregation of Rites, published in August, 1912, granted us our freedom in matter of "broken mediations," despite the

"Cantorinus" previously published by Dom Pothier under the auspices of the same Congregation.

Last year, 1912, during a trip of musical investigation in Europe, I spent five weeks in Paris, two in Quarr Abbey, one in Grenoble, two in Rome and one in Barcelona. What I heard and saw, the confidences I received, the rush of information that whirled around me, might supply materials for a regular book and give abundant justification to the convictions and impressions disclosed by the present paper. Much might be said about the facts that Dom Pothier worked out the Vatican edition of Gregorian chant with the help of a ridiculously small number of documents; that he was paid a royal price for a work the monks of Quarr Abbey would have done much better for nothing; that many an important personage willingly and openly declares that he does not consider the Vatican edition as definitive.

But definitive or not, with respect and love we accept it as it is, because it comes from the Holy Father, because it creates a very honorable unity and because it saves us from all the fakers who might tease us with other editions of their own make. The corrections and improvements will come later, in due time and in the most pacific way. For the great Gregorian cause much has been done already, but much remains to be done. In his address to the congress of Rome, in 1904, Dom Mocquereau claimed that fifty years more of strenuous work were needed to secure the definitive version of Gregorian chant. Such being the state of the question, let us cling to the real and genuine Solesmes or Quarr Abbey, watch the work of its monks in the future as we did in the past and benefit by it.

To close, let us remark that in Gregorian matters our English literature is extremely poor. Now, you well know that without proper book the diffusion of Gregorian chant is almost impossible. Oral teaching may procure good practice, even is necessary for that; but practice will not be stable and persevering if not supported by scientific enthusiasm, and the latter is supplied by serious books much more than by lectures, because spoken words fly and pass into oblivion.

Therefore, Gregorian books are badly needed in this country.

In the beginning of 1911 the publishing firm of G. Schirmer enthusiastically promised me to give us an English edition of "*Les Mélodies Grégoriennes*," by Dom Pothier, and of "*Le Nombre Musical Grégorien*," by Dom Mocquereau. But this firm has been so poorly repaid for its generous efforts in behalf of the Catholic music repertory that the promise has been forgotten. This year I tried to win over the firm of Pustet to the publication of

other Gregorian books in English, and I met with a courteous and absolute refusal, at least for the present, if not for a good while to come.

My dear friends, you are a select body of musical capacities. If your knowledge and experience and influence ever may find any ways and means of helping and promoting the Gregorian cause along the lines suggested by these last statements of facts, it will be an excellent thing to go ahead.

And this is my conclusion.

ABEL L. GABERT.

Washington, D. C.

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### A POETICAL KEMPIS.

*Sad are sung songs, but how more sad  
The songs we dare not sing!*

**T**HUS sang Francis Thompson, the Catholic poet of this century, unknowingly proclaiming himself the poet of mystic sadness. His was not a morbid or a selfish sadness, for his poems would have got no further than the editor; his was the sadness that clings around the minds of great poets and great saints. At first sight the word sadness seems to have been coined in the mint of grief and tears. But such is not the case. There is a higher sadness, too sacred for tears, almost too elusive for words. Many people have declared that Thompson ought to abandon the ranks of the poets, because his sadness is too personal, too pessimistic. To a great extent this is true. There is a strain of pessimism in Thompson's poetry. Thompson, however, learned that "the still, sad music of humanity" comes nearest to the heart of every man.

The high seriousness which Matthew Arnold required of a true poet is never lacking in Thompson's poetry. The knowledge that "the heart of man is perverse from his birth," that the world is nothing more than a temporary resting place for the soul, that the end of this life must terminate in either eternal grief or eternal joy, so possessed Thompson's mind that he longed to renew in poetry the same message that Christ held for the listeners on the Mount or by the lake in Galilee.

Thompson, though he spurned Shelley's principles of anarchy, free love and atheism, adopted the chief theme of the Skylark as his special message to the world. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," sang Shelley, and Thompson, uttering

the same song, stripped it of its lawless surroundings and clad it with Catholic ideals. This theme of sadness taken collectively in all Thompson's poems is like the "principal subject" in Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique." The subject is continually recurring. After a solemn outburst we catch the melody in the "Night of Forebeing," viz.: "The little sweetness making grief complete," which melody is resumed in the eighteenth stanza of the "Mistress of Vision," in the third stanza of the "Dread of Height," and further on this melody appears under a different notation in the "Orient Ode." Thompson's grief encircles the whole world, it peers into the hearts of the passersby, it pities the weary-laden, it uplifts the downfallen, it cheers along the wavering. Such a sadness is discernible in the works of Kempis and St. Bernard.

When Thompson chose to draw his inspirations from Catholic beliefs he deliberately forfeited his birthright to universality. Once before when he preferred the poet's pen to the surgeon's knife he had cut himself off from his father's good pleasure and fortune. Now, when he allowed Catholicity into his poems, he disowned himself of a universal audience and fame. The ideals clearly discernible in Thompson's poetry (every line is fit for the tenderest conscience) were those that Lionel Johnson had upheld for the mystic poet. "Mystic poetry," writes Johnson, "is the child of theology, the flower of art and creed." Consequently the mystic poet must be able to pierce the truths of the Godhead, to keep aflame in his poetry the faith that burns in his heart.

After we have read such poets as Byron, Keats or Swinburne, whose productions very often cross the boundaries of morality, we naturally conclude that poetry has fallen upon hard times. Francis Thompson in his essay on Shelley bewails the fact that the Church had allowed poetry to stray from its doors. With her influence gone, poetry fell. And it is just the duty of the mystic poet to uplift poetry to its former exalted station, to urge the Church to call for the fattened calf, because "he who had strayed away has now been found."

The circle of mystic poets, both on account of the knowledge required and the standard of morality to be retained, is not very large. Crashaw, Southwell, S. J., Patmore, Francis Thompson and Christina Rossetti are the loftiest and the deepest Catholic mystics of modern times. Once when Goethe was questioned, "What are the requirements of a poet?" he responded: "A poet should have an entire knowledge of philosophy. When he is composing he ought to forget that he has learned philosophy." These intellectual requirements of an ordinary poet must be coupled with a poetic expression. The calling of the poet is indeed a high one,



and it exacts much knowledge, but the vocation of the mystic poet aspires to loftier heights. Patmore asserts that the mystic poet ought to be deeply versed in the "Summa."

The gift of poetical expression should even be more marked in the mystic poet. And this gift is at once discernible in the poetry of Francis Thompson. Richness of image, depth of thought and intensity of emotion go hand in hand with an expression which at times falls this side of the incredulous. Faults in diction and expression Thompson undoubtedly had, and serious ones at that; but these faults are overshadowed by the mere fact that underneath them all beats a heart that has seen as much of "God's passing by" as the protecting hand of God would allow. Francis Thompson has embodied in poetical thoughts and emotion the love of God for the sinner, the love of Mary for her children, the fear of eternity and the glories of heaven. In concluding these remarks on the mystic poet it can be safely stated that the mystic poet, so long as he keeps a tiresome pietism or a too forcible statement of his doctrines from his poetry, will be entitled to the highest place among the poets, because he is making of religion a living poem. And what touches the heart of man more than the message of the poet?

Francis Thompson is not a uniform poet. And by this I mean that the balance displayed between his emotions, his imagination and his thoughts is not equal. This inequality shows us two things: that Thompson is not a first-class poet, therefore he will not attain a world-wide reputation; that Thompson in certain qualities surpasses the first-class poet. When we speak of Shelley, immediately we are apt to remark something about his imagination; when we talk of Byron, emotion is the general topic we deduce; when R. Browning is discussed, depth of thought is the conclusion of our debate. Thus in each of these poets there are certain qualities which predominate. But in a first-class poet we require a uniform balance between every poetical quality. When Shakespeare is studied, we are at a loss to decide whether thought predominates over imagination or whether emotion is more stirring than either thought or imagination. Francis Thompson's imagination far surpassed his emotional and thinking faculties. His imagination developed to almost infinite proportions and overshadowing his thought and emotion—thus losing to him a chance for first honors in poetdom—produced deeper and more brilliant images than all the first-class poets have been able to bring forth, with the possible exception of Dante and Æschylus. Thompson has used images, the splendor and awfulness of which we look in vain for in Shakespeare.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, that creator of paradoxes, has stated that

Thompson's imagination was as small as it was great. And by this he meant that Thompson's imagination could produce such vast images that another mind could scarcely grasp them. The greatness of his imagination is shown in the fact that Thompson could liken the night to a monk or the sun to a vessel sinking in the golden vortex of the west. The other attribute of Thompson's imagination, the smallness of it, is entirely the opposite of its greatness. He can give us a sentence which can be worked out ad infinitum. Thus from the phrase "Pontifical death" Mr. Chesterton says that he has found ten or more suggestive thoughts. Should we sift and refine Thompson's imagination in this fashion, we could almost discover as many products as have been found in the atmosphere or in the ocean.

A poet who can perceive a point of comparison in such widely different subjects as the earth and a thurible must have had an enormous amount of intermediate comparisons from which he could have made his choice. If Francis Thompson was always looking for originality he could not have found a better means than by choosing the more remote comparison. In his poem called "Sunset" we can properly measure the width of Thompson's imagination. The first picture that presented itself to the author's mind was a tangled forest formed by the clouds of sunset. A child could imagine such a picture. This is the entrance of Thompson's imagination. Soon he leads us through paths scarcely trod before by man. The next scene is a "mist in reefs of fire."

From these

A hundred sunbeams splinter in  
An azure atmosphere  
On cloudy archipelagos.

The second stanza opens with a vast ocean, and as quickly changes,

As if some giant of the air and the vapors drew  
A sudden elemental sword.

The series of pictures have by no means come to an end. We are now, as it were, crossing a brook, and the steps in Thompson's imagination are becoming more and more difficult. "A cupola of gold" changes into a "bloody battlefield," while the third stanza presents

A mighty crocodile with vast irradiant back.

What connection is there between a crocodile and a palace or a palace and a mountain? Yet these are the pictures of the fifth stanza. Suddenly

The fearful cloudy edifice  
Ruins immense in moulded wrack,

changes into a mountain range

And each inverted cone  
Hangeth, peak downward, overhead like  
Mountains overthrown.

Thompson's imagination is now like a spent runner who sees his goal in sight, makes one final spurt and falls fainting over the line. The next images complete the measure of Thompson's imagination. We have reached the end. These images exemplify the dictum of Mr. Chesterton exactly. The greatness of Thompson's imagination conjures up a hurricane, a waterspout, a thunderbolt, hell, and when the sun sinks, the smallness of his imagination belittles the sun into a "globe of iron" which rolls down the west.

Thompson has often been rightly censured for introducing into his poems too many images in rapid succession. The first ten lines of "An Anthem of Earth" contain as many different images. To grasp and retain all these images at the first or second reading would be impossible. To appreciate them at the fourth would be a clever feat of mental gymnastics. Naturally the patience of the reader is taxed in his endeavor to become acquainted with our poet.

One reason, no doubt, why Tennyson has been and is admired is because clearness and arrangement are perfect in his poems. Even the "Edinburgh reviewers," whom he so severely scores, agree in this point. This virtue of restraint would have brought Thompson to poetic perfection. Besides, had Thompson this virtue, had he chosen fewer details and given more space to his principal idea, there is no telling to what heights of emotion and depths of feeling he could have continually attained. There is no doubt that Thompson always felt these intense emotions surging in his soul when his imagination presented such vast images to his intellect, but his readers, who do not expect such images and, what is more, cannot comprehend them, are not able to enjoy these emotions. Consequently Thompson does not continually arouse the emotions which he wishes in his readers' souls. This defect of overcrowding his images is one which the reader must overlook and become accustomed to if he is desirous of passing many profitable hours of intellectual pleasure. Critics were not wrong, however, when they stated that the "Hound of Heaven," crowded as it is with images, is one of the most emotional odes in the English language, because they had arrived at this conclusion only after continual perusals, when each image produced the emotion which the image contained and when all the subordinate and complex details had become perfectly arranged in the critics' minds—as much patience is required on the reader's part in understanding Thompson as there was labor on Thompson's part in composing. Or, in other words, if one wishes to be an ardent admirer of Thompson, this one should

cultivate as rapid a passive imagination (i. e., an imagination which grasps another's, not forms one's own pictures), as Thompson's imagination was active or creative.

This smallness and greatness of Thompson's imagination makes its appearance in two distinct manners—his love of the stars and planets and his affection for children. In his "Anthem of Earth" the stars appear on the mental horizon of the reader in six varying degrees of brightness. The first quite early in the poem:

Through the loud vast and populacy of heaven.

The others appear at almost regular intervals.

Tempest with gold schools of ponderous orbs.

And so on to the sixth, as follows:

Amazing the installed eyes of heaven.  
Lifts in his hands the stars, weighs them as gold dust.  
With the gold tessered floors of Jove.  
Whose nostril turns to light the shriveled stars.

Thompson has poems to the "Sinking Sun," to the "Setting Sun," to "Creation," to the "Orient." Even in his "Ex Ore Infantium" the little child asks Jesus if He ever played marbles with the stars. This love of Thompson for the stars shows us that his imagination was always stretching out toward the Infinite. It shows us also that had "Paradise Lost" never been written, Milton might have found a worthy substitute in Thompson.

One scientist gets as much profit and pleasure from perusing his studies by means of the telescope as another by using the microscope. The former is used because it brings large and distant objects near at hand; the latter because it gives small or even infinitesimal matter a relative size. Thompson made use of both of these instruments in the construction of his poetry—the telescope to bring home to us vast and elusive images—the microscope in searching the heart of childhood. And what wonders did he find there? The innocence and simplicity, the tender affections and the naiveté, the chief virtues of childhood, are apparent in a score of songs. The "Sister Songs" are a tribute to childhood, and the "Ex Ore Infantium" could be rivaled by Blake perhaps in simplicity, but never in the deep religion shown therein.

Since Thompson's imagination was so paradoxical he did not hesitate to make use of paradox in the strict sense. An evident paradox always comes to the reader as an unexpected surprise. To the poet, besides offering a chance of giving pleasure, a paradox also gives an opportunity of compressing his thought. In the following line from the "Orient Ode" there are two opposite

thoughts which take a whole stanza to express; besides there are two opposite emotions, that of grief and that of joy. The line is:

The deathfulness and lifelessness of fire.

We all know how fire destroys, and yet how it can be used as a purifier, or perhaps Thompson wished to say that at the same time fire was dealing out death, it was using the objects on which it dealt death to further its own life. There are times, however, when a paradox is not in keeping with the thought, and that is when the poet gives the paradox too much prominence. The result of this fault would be a detraction on the reader's part; consequently, while he would be laboring over the paradox, the main idea of the poem would either be weakened by distraction or forgotten by the novelty of the paradox. The mind, had it no knowledge of philosophy, must labor and toil over this paradox from "The Night and Forebeing"—

And strife  
Is the negation of the negation.

The same mental process must be gone through in the two following selections; the first is from "Grace of the Way;" the second from "The Ode to the Sinking Sun"—

A calm of intempestuous storm,

and the second—

Immutability mutable  
Burthens my spirit to the skies.

The occurrence of these faulty paradoxes, however, is rare in Thompson's poetry. On the contrary, the greater majority of his paradoxes fulfill almost perfectly the functions of a paradox.

There is something ethereal about Francis Thompson's poetry, because he personifies the abstract and makes it act as if it were the concrete; yet in this personification Thompson is showing again how paradoxical is his imagination. What more opposed to the concrete than the abstract? Thompson sees no difficulty in joining both together, thereby obtaining something elusive, but, nevertheless, if I may say so, tangible. As a rule, the poet has to break up the abstract into the finer, more digestible concrete. Only an Æschylus or a Shelley could properly handle the abstract and break it into living emotions. The followers of Dryden and Pope who were wont to write an abstract, like hate or love, with a capital letter, were personifying hate and love so that they became, as it were, living beings. This kind of personification used moderately in their day was allowable, but now it would be severely criticized. Thompson, however, avoided the mistakes of the eighteenth century,

though he frequently fell into the conceits of the Elizabethan period. The realization of the following lines, the substance of which, time, winds, the world's great pulse and the train of life are abstractions, comes to the reader with a jolt of surprise.

Time's beating wing subsided  
And the wind's  
Caught up in their breathing, and the world's great pulse,  
Stayed in mid-throb, and the wild train of life  
Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.

The last abstract, "hush," is made something tangible—an island, where shipwrecked crews are said to be stranded. To my mind, though Thompson's other numerous abstract comparisons, such as "Titanic Glooms," "chasmed fears," "hollows of sweet," his poems to autumn and July, are far above the ordinary, still I think the most wonderful of all his abstractions is in his poem, "Love Declared," which is "Yet dreams snapped links cling round the limbs of waking." Here an utterly abstract noun takes on a concrete form, binds, as it were, the sleeper with chains, and when the sleep is broken the chains are snapped.

This faculty of personifying, shared in by so few poets, was not the greatest of Thompson's gifts. He possessed one which almost entirely separated him from most poets and placed him within a narrow circle. Few poets were able and are able to see likenesses between each sense. Thompson, however, threw aside the bounds that hem in the senses and perceived a similarity existing between touch, sight, smell, hearing and taste. We sometimes hear one saying this food tastes like the smell of roses. The two senses of taste and smell, which are almost twins, have been confused, and a likeness which belonged to the sense of smell has been applied to the sense of taste. We never hear one saying this sight appears like the sound of a beautiful harmony, though the saying could be made, were one comparing the beauty of the sight with the beauty of the harmony. The reason why we never make comparisons between the sense of seeing and the sense of hearing is because the points of comparison between these two senses are too delicate. Were these two senses developed as much as the senses of taste and smell, a comparison could be made with more propriety. Some of the poets, however, who have so developed their senses that it was an easy matter for them to make a comparison between one sense and another quite indiscriminately, give manifest signs that with their senses so delicately attuned, their imaginations as a consequence were more active and piercing. In a choral "Ode of the *Cædipus Rex*" Sophocles says, "The oracle flashed forth." Here the author confuses the sense of sound, or the oracle, with the sense of sight, or the flash of light. A much

more recent poet, Swinburne, in a poem called "A Child's Laughter," says:

Very sound of very light  
Heard from morning's rosiest height.

Here again the poet has broken through the territory of another sense in his search for a proper comparison. There is, besides, an intermediate station between the senses; that is, when we cannot tell exactly which of two senses the poet had in mind. Thus when Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," says "light thickens," meaning, of course, that morning is ready to dawn, we can apply that word "thickens" to the sense of touch as well as to the sense of sight.

This comparison of the senses is seen to some extent in Thompson's poetry. It is an integral part of his imagination. In his poem the "Mistress of Vision," perhaps the most difficult of all his poems to understand because it is so ethereal, we read:

East, ah, east of Himalay,  
Dwell the nations, underground  
Hiding from the shock of day  
Of the sun's uprising sound.

In this selection daylight has so affected the poet that he imagines he hears a tumult of sunbeams as they strike against the black wall of night. Again, in one of his later poems, Thompson says:

"Sobs ooze through the webbed gold" of the girl's fan.

Here the sense perception is not so direct, for though the action of oozing which is seen by the eyes has been applied to the sense of hearing in the word "sobs," yet it is difficult from the context to say exactly by what sense the action of oozing is perceived.

Shakespeare is the only poet on record who in this manner has confused the sense of touch with sight. Thompson, however, has confused the senses of touch with smell. Thus in the "Corymbus to Autumn" we read:

What is this feel of incense everywhere?

From all that has just been said concerning Thompson's imagination I think the reader will agree that Thompson's poems, even for the advantage and stimulation they afford, are worth many hours of studious pleasure. And yet what untold wealth is in store for the reader when he peers below the surface of Thompson's poems, when he comes to realize some of the thoughts and to feel some of the emotions, when he believes that here is a soul, intensely earnest and earnestly Catholic!

One looks in vain for a spirit of worldliness in the poems of Thompson. All of his thoughts seem to have been gathered by deep reading and wide experience, yet the atmosphere of his thoughts,

rendered in poetry, must have been gained by his long hours of contemplation in the Premonstratensian Monastery. Catholics are thankful to Dante Gabriel Rosseti for his sonnets, but they often wish that Rosseti in his poems had spent long hours of contemplation on the standards of morality. Many an older person would hesitate to place Rosseti's poems in the hands of a young reader; the air of worldliness and beauty for beauty's sake which has frequently crept into his poems might be mistaken for high morality, and consequently lead the young reader into serious harm of soul. Thompson, however, never forgot that mystic poetry was the "child of theology, the flower in art and creed;" he always strove for his ideal, and never failed. He manages to throw around his poems an atmosphere which makes us feel as if we, too, were present at his lonely vigils before the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes by means of direct religious thought, at other times by his use of sacred similes and metaphors, similes which carry with them a world of holy memories, metaphors of the Mass, of Benediction, of the rites of the Church. On this account his poems will find greater appreciation among Catholics than among Protestants. If Thompson, however, took up a purely religious subject, he did not treat it in an everyday fashion, but breathed into it his own feelings, of fear, of sadness, of love, of hate.

And what a love he had for her who should be and is the queen of poets! While Thompson was dreaming and singing about the stars, his fancy must have often strayed to her whom he called the "gardener of the stars." To Thompson the stars were more than planets which we coldly survey, then catalogue; they were the entrances to heaven. In the following poem we find a clue to Thompson's love for Mary and the mystical meaning he attached to the stars. This poem is to "A Dead Astronomer" (Stephen Perry, S. J.):

Starry amorist, starward gone,  
Passed through thy golden garden's bars,  
Thou seest the Gardener of the stars.

She about whose mooned brow  
Seven stars make seven glows,  
Seven lights for seven woes;  
She like thy own Galaxy,  
All lustres in one purity:  
What saidst thou, Astronomer,  
When thou didst discover her?

When thy hand its tube let fall,  
Thou found'st the fairest star of all!

One has only to glance over the titles of Thompson's poems to find out the depth of Thompson's love for Our Lady. "Assumpta Maria," the "Mistress of Vision," the "After Woman" and the "Grace of the Way" are some of the poems which Thompson has



dedicated to Our Lady. In almost every other poem there is either a direct or an indirect allusion to her. She it was, no doubt, who gave him inspiration to sing of such lofty subjects and to rise above the praising of carnal man. True, some of his thoughts are trivial, but the most of them, born of the earlier years of his grief and mellowed by his later years of seclusion, are of a solemn cast. Those words which Our Lord spoke by the shores of Galilee, words which have kept so many men in the right path and which have made so many saints: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" were constantly ringing in Thompson's ears. Time and time again we see the same thought, sometimes openly expressed, sometimes hidden under a clever disguise:

And thou hast lore of all,  
But to thine own Sun's call  
Thy path disorbed hast never wit to tame;  
It profits not withal,

is the thought in Thompson's "Retrospect." The poem "Whereto Art Thou Come?" presents the thought less clearly:

But woe to him who takes the immortal kiss  
And not estates her in her housing life  
Mother of all his seed.

And in the "Orient Ode" we find another example:

Yea, not a kiss which I have given  
But shall triumph upon my lips in heaven,  
Or cling a shameful fungus there in hell.

These thoughts so solemnly uttered might lead one into the impression that Thompson is a confirmed pessimist, but it is not so. What hope lies behind those dreadful words of the "Hound of Heaven"—

Ah, must—  
Designer Infinite!  
Ah, must thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

The remainder of this poem shows that Thompson, even though he so continually before repeated "What doth it profit a man?" kept in his mind those other words of Our Lord, that He will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed. After Thompson had felt the caressing hand of God upon his soul, could he not joyfully sing in his "Heaven and Hell:"

For all can feel the God that smites,  
But, ah, how few the God that loves!

And in the last song he uttered could he not lay down his pen, stop up the mighty flow of his intellect and chain down his colossal imagination with the words:

If I have done a little good,  
I have not failed.

We might devote some time to Thompson's method of presenting his images and his thoughts, but we will leave this task to other hands. Suffice it to say in general that the magnificence of Thompson's metre suggests the heavy, but grand style of Milton; that Shelley's influence is shown in the refinement of Thompson's imagination; that whole lines once seen in Shakespeare have been turned to Thompson's use. Even the splendor of the later Elizabethan, Crashaw, is seen on almost every page, while the diction and some of Thompson's thoughts have a distinctly Keatsian flavor, and then, too, the reflective mood, so common with Wordsworth, has been used frequently by Thompson in most of his longer odes, "The Night of Forebeing," the "Corymbus to Autumn" and the "Ode to the Setting Sun."

As every man possesses his faults, so every poet has his drawbacks. The startling imagination of Thompson, his profuse and reckless use of images and his elaborate vocabulary are difficulties which stand in the way of a higher appreciation. Frequently he coins words which would tax the ingenuity of a philologist. To conclude, we ought to refer the readers to a recent book notice\* concerning Thompson's poetry:

"But if Thompson partook of the weakness of some other poets, he was happily free from their wickedness. His song is a virginal song, pure and innocent of guile. His passion only warms and glows; it does not scar. Rarely has any singer so contrived to keep to the higher airs of inspiration and to avoid dabbling his wings in sensuous passion. The abandon, the swift tumultuousness of Thompson's verse is checked and chastened by a constant purity. In word, in imagery he may be wanton at times, and wild, but his thought is always chastened and controlled. His faith has done this thing for him, and it is a supreme blessing. Happy is the poet who leaves behind him only songs that youths and maidens may read without a blush. To have done otherwise is a supreme misfortune."

ROBERT A. PARSONS, S. J.

Woodstock, Md.

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\* By E. F. G. in *America* for August 2, 1912.

## Book Reviews

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**NOVELS AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS** by the Best Catholic Authors. Free by mail, \$0.50 per volume; fifty volumes assorted, \$22.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Most persons reading this announcement would jump to the conclusion that these books are printed from small type, on poor paper and meanly bound. They might also conclude that they are by unknown authors and on uninteresting topics. Nothing could be farther from the truth. They are by the very best authors, on standard subjects, well printed and substantially bound. In fact, they are books worthy of a place in any library, and have sold for twice, and in some cases three times, the price at which they are now published. They are in no sense cheap books except in price. The mention of a few titles will convince any one of this. For instance, "Dion and the Sybils," that classic of early Christian times, which has been compared to "Ben Hur," and excels it; "Fabiola" and "Callista," Wiseman's and Newman's masterpieces of Christian fiction; "Agatha's Hard Saying," Rosa Mulholland's best story, and the "Tempest of the Heart," by Mary Agatha Gray.

In devotional works we have "Lives of the Saints," adapted from Alban Butler; Cochen's "Life of Christ," and the "Explanation of the Mass" by the same author; an "Explanation of the Sacraments, the Commandments and the Creed," by Dr. Rolfus.

In history we have Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," and "Lourdes," by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.

These quotations will suffice to show the excellence of this collection and to win for the publishers that applause which they have earned and the patronage which they deserve.

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**THE BLESSED SACRAMENT BOOK.** By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 16mo., pp. 1200. New York: Benziger Brothers.

From the Introduction we quote:

"While the 'Blessed Sacrament Book' is adapted to serve as a book of devotions for the faithful in general, it is designed especially as a *Vade Mecum* for daily attendants at Mass, for frequent communicants and, above all, for the members of our various Eucharistic associations while engaged in performing the Holy Hour or the Hour of Adoration.

"The present work contains many of the old forms of prayer that have become indispensable favorites, it seems, with devout

souls, besides numerous new features of devotion which, we trust, will appeal to all whose delight is to visit Jesus in His prison of love and to make Him some return of love for abiding with us all days.

"Of things both old and new which we thought might be productive of sweet and wholesome fruits of devotion, we have to the extent of our opportunity given the measure described by our Lord—'good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over.'

"We call particular attention to the numerous devotions for Mass, for Holy Communion, for the Forty Hours, of which the complete liturgy is given; then, again, to the many little offices and pious practices and reflections for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and above all to the variety of methods for keeping the Hour of Adoration.

"It aims to cultivate the spirit of the contemplative life—that is, the spirit of prayer and penance and sacrifice for the interests of our holy mother the Church, for the sanctification and salvation of souls, for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the nations of the world. It is the spirit of the brave and zealous apostle, the cry of whose loving heart was: 'Da mihi animas!'—'Give me souls!'"

The author has made the field of prayer books his very own. His "My Prayer Book," "With God" and "The Blessed Sacrament Book" form a trinity of devotional manuals which ought to produce fruit a hundred-fold.

ROMA: Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By *Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D.* With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Published in eighteen parts, bi-monthly, each part \$0.35, postpaid. Subscription by the year, entitling to six parts, \$2.00, postpaid. New York: Benziger Brothers.

When this announcement first appeared it was recognized at once as one of the most important of the year. It excited universal interest.

The fascination of Rome is not confined to those who have been there. It is at once the most interesting city in the world to every man that knows a page in history. It has ever held the centre of the stage of human interest. This present work will surprise and delight the reader. The average book on Rome is one-sided or superficial. The guide book to the Eternal City is naturally too brief. A thorough history is too long. Here is a work by an eminent Benedictine who has the scholarship and the opportunity to give to the world a treatise on Rome that is complete, yet brief and succinct. The style is rich yet popular, and the rich pleasures of new and modern Rome were never better presented to the public.

Ancient and modern, sacred and profane—it is the author's purpose to lead the reader through it all. He will act as guide to its Catacombs, its churches, its ruins and its monuments. In addition to his learning, the author has that enthusiasm and power of expression which are essential in a work of this kind.

But even all this, and the most facile pen, is not sufficient. There is still need for a wealth of illustration, and this need is supplied without stint. Nearly a thousand pictures will embellish its pages, many of them full-page, and supplemented with three plans in color.

The work is of universal interest. Those who hope to visit Rome cannot make a better preparation than to peruse its pages; those who have already been there cannot visit it again in spirit with this book before them, recalling vividly all their impressions of the Eternal City, and making them more vivid and permanent; those who have not had the pleasure of a visit, and cannot look forward to one, have here the best substitute. The text is so full and so clear, the illustrations are so numerous and so well executed that the gifted author seems to have the power to make its pages speak eloquently.

The work deserves the most generous patronage.

**DIURNALE PARVUM, sive Eptome Ex Horis Diurnis Breviarli Romani.** This new edition has correct references, and embodies all of the latest changes of the Little Hours.

**RITUALE ROMANUM.** Cui accedunt Benedictionum et Instructionum Appendices Duæ. Editio Typica. 8vo.

**EPITOME E VESPERALIS ROMANI.** Editio Ratisbonensi. 8vo. Neo Eboraci: Fr. Pustet.

This is the first of the "Horæ Diurnals" under the new law, and is not a Diurnal in the full sense. Though only an extract from the Diurnal, this new book can be used on about 300—320 days of the year. It contains the hours (excepting, of course, Matins) for all feasts of the ecclesiastical year, for all Sundays after Epiphany, Easter and Pentecost, for all feriæ per annum and temporis Paschalis, for the privileged vigils, for November 2d, for the Officium B. M. V. in Sabbato and for the Festa pro aliquibus locis.

The Offices for Sundays and feriæ of Advent, for Sundays and feriæ from Septuagesima to Easter, for the Ember days in September and for the usual vigils have purposely not been included. All Commemorations occurring—even those of the days mentioned—can, however, be made.

This new edition of the Ritual is a beautiful book in every respect, as well as a useful one. Formerly the Ritual was so

large that no one thought of carrying it except when strictly necessary and excerpts were almost invariably used. This often led to confusion and inconvenience, because one cannot always foresee what part of the Ritual he may need, and excerpts are at best far from complete or satisfactory.

Pustet's recent edition of the Ritual in 18mo. provided the remedy admirably by supplying a complete book which could be carried in the pocket as conveniently as an excerpt. Now they improve even on that, for in the present edition we have a book large and dignified enough to be used on public occasions, and yet so compactly made that it will fit easily into a side pocket or a full bag. Achievements of this kind are triumphs of bookmaking.

In this Epitome of the Roman Vespers, Pustets supply a book that answers all the needs of small communities, seminaries and congregations. Its authenticity is vouched for by the proper authorities, and its correctness is assured by the reputation of the house of Pustet.

**PARISH SERMONS** on Moral and Spiritual Subjects for all Sundays and Feasts of Obligation. By *Rev. Walter Elliott*, of the Paullist Fathers. 8vo., pp. 457. New York: The Paullist Press, 120 West Sixtieth street.

Father Elliott says: "Sermons of a lifetime might be the title of this volume, for the discourses are, nearly all of them, my notes for sermons and conferences during a long series of years, now revised and fitted together."

There are two sermons for each occasion, so that the collection includes a great variety of subjects. They are noteworthy for simplicity, clearness, directness, brevity and a wealth of illustration. It seems presumptuous to praise them: Father Elliott's name is sufficient guarantee of their excellence. His long and fruitful years in the ministry, his widespread experience as a missionary, his perfecting practice as a teacher of homiletics in the missionary colleges and his splendid equipment as an ideal exponent of the spoken word all combine to recommend his sermons to preachers far more warmly than the most lavish praise that can drop from the pen of any reviewer.

**WOMAN IN SCIENCE.** With an Introductory Chapter on Woman's Long Struggle for Things of the Mind. By *H. J. Mozans*, A. M., Ph. D. 8vo., pp. 452. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In an elaborate introduction Dr. Mozans traces the struggle of womankind for things of the mind from the days of ancient Greece and Rome, through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance down to our own times. Then, after outlining woman's capacity for scien-

tific pursuits, he takes up, step by step, her achievements in all the departments of pure science—mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, the natural sciences, medicine and surgery, archaeology and invention.

Besides this, he discourses upon woman as a collaborator and inspirer in science, and concludes with a most hopeful forecast of her future in this field.

The work has much historical and scientific value, for Dr. Mozans has endeavored to give a place to every woman who has achieved distinction in science since the world began. Of course, he has not succeeded in this, and reviewers will be able to call attention to more than one woman worthy of a place in its pages who has been overlooked, for no one doubts the author's sincerity of purpose. Some persons also will differ with him in regard to the relative merits of certain historic characters, but the book is very interesting, especially at the present time of so much discussion concerning woman's rights and prerogatives.

**SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.** A Cycle of the Year for Young People. By *Mother Mary Salome*. 12mo., cloth, illustrated, net, \$1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Every one will love this book of stories. Mother Salome has gone to the lives of the saints and the volumes of Church history and has gathered a great variety of episodes and adventures. Temptingly they are laid out before us. Each is chosen to illustrate some virtue or to excite some well doing.

The teacher of children will also appreciate these bright and snappy tales as will the parish priest, who will find in this book a wealth of illustrations useful in instruction or sermon.

**THE FAIRY OF THE SNOWS.** By *Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J.*, author of "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," etc. 12mo., cloth, with frontispiece, \$0.85. New York: Benziger Brothers.

After a period of literary inactivity covering twelve years, due to the calls of busy parish life, Father Finn has again taken up his pen to give us another of his unequaled stories. His is still the charm and naturalness that characterized "Percy Wynn," and those companion books of Catholic school life that have kept our boys and girls enthralled for almost a generation. It is the author's kindness, cheerfulness, earnest sympathy and idealism that endear him to his readers, and in "The Fairy of the Snows" these shine forth as never before.

"The Fairy of the Snows" is a girl who stands out as a strikingly

original character. Around her Father Finn has built a beautiful story that is intimate with the lives of God's and the devil's poor. Humor and pathos are found in every chapter, for the work is a faithful reproduction of actual life among the city's tenements. The author himself writes of this book: "It is the story of a girl, but will be read by boys, girls and adults. It is thought by those who have read the manuscript that it will appeal to a larger audience than any of my other writings."

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**THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S "AIDS" TO THE BIBLE: The Old Testament.** By *Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M.* With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.35. New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is true there are in existence many admirable books on the Bible written by non-Catholics. But these all labor under a twofold defect. In the first place, non-Catholics can never regard the Bible in the same way as we do. And the other defect is equally dangerous, though it is rather negative than positive. We refer to the absolute lack, in these non-Catholic works, of all appreciation of the work done by Catholic writers on the Bible. To read some of these non-Catholic works one would imagine that previous to the Reformation the Bible had been a sealed book.

The book is enriched by a valuable preface by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, who says: "The need of a Catholic manual of equal amplitude with the non-Catholic manuals, of the same scholarly character, alive to every modern source of elucidation and fully cognizant of the most recent pronouncements of the Holy See, has long been urgently felt by those who study, and by those who in varying degrees are called to be the teachers of Holy Scripture. In the 'Catholic Students' 'Aids' to the Bible' this great need has not only been adequately, but generously supplied."

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**THE "SUMMA THEOLOGICA" OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS (In English).** Literally translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part I., in three volumes, and Part III., Vol. I., are now ready. Price each, net, \$2.00.

Benziger Brothers have the pleasure of announcing that in consequence of its very favorable reception at the hands of the Catholic press and public, the Dominican Fathers are proceeding with the translation.

As Part 3 is of more immediate urgency, in view of the many doubts and difficulties that are now daily raised in religious controversy, the translators decided to proceed with that Part next.



The first number containing the Treatise on the Incarnation is now ready. The second number will contain the Christology, which includes St. Thomas' Mariology, and his Treatises on Our Lord's Birth, Life, Doctrine, Miracles, Passion and Death, Resurrection and Ascension. The third number will give the Treatises on the Sacraments in General and on Baptism, Confirmation and the Eucharist, and will conclude with Q. 83.

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**AN AVERAGE MAN.** By *Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson*, author of "King's Achievement," "By What Authority?" "Come Rack! Come Rope!" etc. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"An Average Man" is a story of a little circle of average persons in a London suburb. We are introduced to a number of interesting characters about whom the author with rare skill weaves a story of fascinating interest and depicts the influence of environment with telling effect. It is an able study of modern people and modern conditions, in which Mgr. Benson compels the recognition he has won as a man who understands the faults, the weaknesses, the redeeming qualities of his fellow-man; and even the most critical cannot refuse unstinted praise to the excellence with which he has portrayed the people of to-day.

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**A DIVINE FRIEND.** By *Rev. Henry C. Schuyler*. With an Introduction by Right Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. 12mo., 142 pages, five illustrations. Illustrated in colors. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly.

Men of to-day, as men of all ages, are famishing for friendship. In his present volume, Father Schuyler treats of the friendship of Our Saviour for those with whom he was most intimately associated. In this Divine friendship there is the ideal that men should imitate in their relations with those of their fellow-men whom they call friends. Much of the unhappiness in the world to-day is due to incomplete or false ideas of friendship and to an imperfect appreciation of the value of real friendship.

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**CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1914.** New York: Benziger Brothers.

This popular handbook of general information for Catholic families, now in its thirty-first year, fully meets the high standard set by former issues. The Calendars of Feasts, Fasts and Saints' Days, together with the Astronomical Calculations, are accurate and convenient for reference. The stories and articles are by the best Catholic writers.







THIS VOLUME DOES NOT  
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